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Humorist.

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NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE GREAT PARIS FETES.

[The accompanying narrative, which has reached us somewhat circuitously, but with full permission to give it to the world, contains a faithful record —apparently—of the hospitalities of our excellent friends the French, on the occasion of that gathering of our countrymen in Paris which will hereafter form an era in the annals of both nations.

It is difficult to imagine anything more graceful in conception or more magnificent in execution than the whole series of *Fêtes* on which our generous rivals—rivals now in the arts of peace alone—displayed the resources of their fertile minds, and expended the substantial treasure which they called in aid, to welcome and entertain those who, as Lord Granville happily observed, had, "for centuries, had no opportunities of knowing anything of the French people, except their bravery and their military genius."

From the highest to the lowest, from the first moment to the last, every Frenchman extended the hand of cordiality to his brother Englishman. President and Prefect—corporate bodies and private individuals—the cultivated men of art and the scantly-lettered *blouses*—all vied in the endeavour to do honour to their guests; and, in that effort, succeeded as only a nation can succeed whose aims have ever been directed to the attainment of the highest reach of civilisation.

Honour to each and all in this noble emulation! May it prove the first link of a chain of enduring friendship, to be rent asunder by no mistaken interests, to be severed by no unworthy jealousies! Let France and England henceforth and for ever show the world how two great people can meet and admire in each other the bright qualities which distinguish either, without the slightest alloy of hostile or envious feeling!

Of one thing we are certain: no Englishman will, from this time forward, set his foot on the shores of France without feeling assured that

there, too, he finds a home. Instead of apostrophising the soil as he crosses some celebrated battle-field, and exclaiming with the poet,

> Our countrymen were warring on that day—

he will only remember that it was by France the impulse was given which shall at no distant time obliterate every recollection of all former feud. Again we say, honour to France; nor in that general wish must we exclude one who has long been domiciled with us, and who, in his individual and public capacity, so greatly assisted in rendering French hospitality perfect: we mean M. Salandrouze de Lamornaix, the chief French Commissioner to the Great Industrial Exhibition.

But, in thus expressing our sentiments of thankful recognition for the kindness of our French hosts, we have a few words to say respecting the manner in which the *élite* of this country was represented during the *Fêtes.* Amongst the Royal and Executive Committees, and in some other instances, names of British subjects appear of whom England is deservedly proud; but a most elaborate mistake was committed by those who had the ordering of the arrangements, in affording facilities, too great to be neglected by persons of their *caste*, to the hangers-on and dependents of the Corporation of London, to figure as the most notable and the most distinguished amongst the hundreds to whom the hospitalities of France were extended. The *Times* has justly asked, "What must be thought in France of England and the English if a batch of Aldermen and their civic fugleman are accepted as specimens of the highest breeding and most distinguished manner extant in this country?" and we—to whom opportunity was given to notice the "breeding" and "manners" of the civic "batch" and its long *queue* of retainers—have ample reason for repeating the question. "Of course, we won't let anything go out of the city, if we can help it," appears to have been the motto inscribed on the brazen badge of the London Corporation; and in every instance that fell under our own observation, the worthies who represented that body (and Great Britain into the bargain) took care to act up to its spirit.

No privacy could repel, no delicacy restrain, the obtrusive resolve of these "privileged" persons,—and if England has not suffered in the estimation of our neighbours, it will be more owing to the innate politeness that would not see a fault, than to any desert on the part of those who arrogated to themselves all the honours of these memorable festivities.

We need not say more: the tale which Mr. Clutterbuck tells in the following pages, is a sufficient exposition of the spirit in which Aldermen and Common Councilmen set forth on their travels.—EDITOR *N. M. M.*]

THE GREAT PARIS FETES.

BY MR. CLUTTERBUCK, OF CRIPPLEGATE.

CHAPTER I.

THE START FROM LONDON.

A FEW words will do to say who I am, and why I write this account of my late visit to Paris.

Being a Common Councilman of the City of London and a Past Warden of the Whipmakers' Company, I naturally move in the first city circles, and am proportionably intimate at the Mansion House, where I have shaken every Lord Mayor by the hand for the last twenty years.

My place of business is in Fore-street ; most people in the city know it, and most of 'em go there when they want a good whip or saddle, or an undeniable set of harness. I have a villa at Brixton, a paddock with a run for three horses when I turn 'em out to grass, a wife, two grown-up daughters, a bull-dog called "Snap," and a son at the University of Oxford, studying for the Church I am fifty-eight years old myself, Mrs. Clutterbuck is—no matter for her age—but she's a splendid woman still, and my daughters are two as fine gals as ever went to a ball at Guildhall. I don't see any reason why I should say any more about my family at present, as they had nothing to do with my excursion, except the pride and pleasure of knowing that I was particularly invited by the Preffy of the Seine himself, as all my friends can satisfy themselves of when they've a mind, for Mrs. Clutterbuck has stuck the Preffy's note into the frame of the looking-glass in our front drawing-room, and that's a place few people forget to cast their eyes on, whether they're handsome or the reverse.

Well, I've been a supporter of the Great Exhibition ever since his Royal Highness came to unfold his mind about it to us in the city, on which occasion I put my name down for ten pound, and the cheque went through Jones Loyd's, where I keep my account, next day. In the next place I was appointed chairman of the local committee of the ward of Cripplegate-within for collecting subscriptions for the building; and last of all, I wasn't forgotten on the international jury when it came to the question of what was what in the way of saddlery and such like, for I didn't exhibit, not I; if folks want anything of me, I'm easily found, as I said before. Besides, vainglory isn't in my line. I'm straight-forrard, and there's an end of it.

I suppose I've said enough now to show that the Preffy wasn't far wrong when he had the honour, as he said in his note, to send me an invite to Paris, though Mrs. Clutterbuck was almost beside herself with vexation when she found that she wasn't included. My girls laughed,

and said they were puzzled to know how I should get on in France, as I didn't understand the language; but "never you mind," says I, "about that; I've got a tongue in my head, and what I want I'll ask for,—and what's more, I'll get it too, or my name isn't John Clutterbuck!"

The Preffy's note wasn't long of being answered; I didn't do it myself, because I don't speak French like a native, but my daughter Jane does, and she wrote: for the matter of that, her sister Susan could have done it as well, for they both of 'em learnt when they were at Mrs. Clack's finishing academy at Clapham Rise, as I know to my cost. All I did was, to tell Jane to say that the Preffy *should* have the honour of my company; and in three or four days there comes back an answer—most polite—from the Commissioner with the long name in George-street, Hanover-square, enclosing a lot of *billies*, pink, and green, and blue, to admit me, "Mounseer Clutterbucks"—(the first time *I* ever was called a Mounseer)—to all sorts of entertainments at the Hotel de Wheel and the Palace of Wersales, where—so Jane translated it—"the great waters enjoy themselves from three to five hours." Besides this, the letter said I was to send the address of the hotel where I "descended in Paris"—those were the very words—to No. 23, on the Poisonous Bullvard,—wherever that might happen to be,—and that a good many more invitations would follow. There was a paragraft also which stated that a special train would be ready at London-bridge at nine o'clock on the morning of the 1st of August, to transport me and the Royal Commissioners, the Executive, and so on, to Paris,—free of expense,—not that I cared about the expense: I'm sure I shouldn't have minded franking the whole kit of 'em myself.

I had my trials, however, before the day arrived, for it came to Mrs. Clutterbuck's knowledge that ladies *had* been invited; and "she didn't see any reason," she said, "why *she* should be left out, no more than anybody else; she was quite as good as Mrs. Deputy Bullock, and it wouldn't have done the Preffy of the Sane—*in-sane* she called him—it wouldn't have done him any harm to have inquired whether there was a Mrs. Clutterbuck, or whether she hadn't got two handsome daughters ——"

At this point, of course, the gals broke in supporting their mother's view of the case, but vowing and declaring, at the same time, that they hated and detested Frenchmen, and everything that was French, and that wild horses—or something to that effect—wouldn't be able to drag *them* to Paris after such a slight.

"No," said I, laughing—for I do like to tease 'em a bit,—"horses wouldn't, wild or tame, perhaps—but steam might;" on which they all puffed and screamed as if they'd been so many engines in a hurry to start. I took no notice, however, but went on:

"As to hating what's French,—why, look at the very gowns and caps you stand in; them 'visits,' too, what's they, I should like to know?"

"That," said Mrs. Clutterbuck, tossing her head, "is quite a different thing."

"And Frenchmen, too," continued I; "pray where did that gent come from as took Jane into the crypt at Guildhall when the Queen was at supper, after they'd tried to dance and couldn't?"

"Papa!" exclaimed my eldest daughter, with an air of offended dignity,

"your remark is brutal;" an observation Mrs. Clutterbuck clenched by an expression of her own—a favourite one when she's angry, I'm sorry to say—which made the matter rather more personal.

"A brute!" said I, kindling—"a brute, am I?—Didn't I buy you all season tickets for the Exhibition, and hadn't you all new dresses and new bonnets to go in? Look at the wear and tear of my horses' feet ever since, 'specially on Saturdays, when the poor animals is so done up that they can hardly crawl to church on Sundays! Look at all your relations, Mrs. Clutterbuck, from Ipswich and Bury St. Edmund's—first one set, then another, till they've pretty near eat me out of house and home,—and more of 'em coming, for what I know. I think I've paid for the Exhibition, and I think I've a right to indemnify myself, and, what's more, I will,—and that," said I, putting on my hat and giving the breakfast-table a blow with my stick that made the tea-things dance again—"that's all about it."

This bit of domestic shindy took place on the Thursday morning, and when I came back at six to dinner there was no Mrs. Clutterbuck to help the salmon.

"Ma's got a nervous headache, Pa," said Susan, with a sniffle, and looking as red about the eyes as a young ferret: "Ma's laying down, and Jane's watching over her!"

So we two had a silent "*doseydoe*," as the French call it when two people are left together and one of 'em's sulky and won't speak.

There are only two ways that I know of for soothing an angry wife; one is, to knock under—the other, to stand out. Which I did, I leave anybody to guess, and they'll do that easy when I say that knocking under isn't my fashion. However, before I got into bed that night, I made Mrs. C. a handsome present, and promised the gals a run over to Bulloan for a month or six weeks this autumn; and I couldn't help laughing to myself when I saw how quickly they dried their eyes, and forgot how they hated the French.

I'm an early riser,—business has made me so: it wasn't, therefore, any hardship for me to get up at five o'clock on the morning of the 1st of August; but if it had been, I'm not the man to give in to a difficulty. Mrs. Clutterbuck had recovered her "serenity," as Jane said to her sister, and made the tea like an angel, while I made play at a cold tongue and a "yesterday's quartern," and the gals cut a pile of ham and beef sandwiches for the journey, and packed up half a dozen hardbiled eggs with a screw of salt to 'em; I topped my breakfast with a thimbleful of brandy, which made me all right, and then, after kissing 'em all round, got into the four-wheeled chaise, with the boy and my carpet-bag and portmanteau behind, and drove off to the London-bridge station, where I arrived just as St. Saviour's was striking eight.

There weren't many people on the platform when I got there, but they soon came thick enough, and in the course of five-and-twenty minutes I rather think there *was* a crowd. I've fought my way to supper at the Lord Mayor's ball,—I've been to the pit of the Opera on a Jenny Lind night,—I've stood a pretty good cram at a Converting-of-the-Jews-Meeting at Exeter Hall, where there was some tolerable screeching and kicking a-going in,—I saw Fontelory executed, and George the Fourth crowned—but this crowd beat everything that ever I saw. It wasn't so

much on account of the numbers, though a couple of thousand people jammed into one small pen is as like a crowd as can be, but the scrimmage for every man—and every woman, too, for that matter—to get close to the barrier was the thing. It was well for me, being a goodish-sized man—I measure pretty nearly a yard across the shoulders—or I should have been squeezed as flat as a biffin. As it was, I'm of opinion I must have spread out at least an inch in the struggle; such driving and tearing I never saw out of Smithfield, and as to the cussing and swearing, neither Newgate nor Exeter Hall ever came nigh it. There was Deputy Bullock and his "lady," as he calls Mrs. B., right in the middle of the crowd,—I knew her at once by the blue bonnet and yellow feathers which she wore at church the Sunday before, and which Mrs. Clutterbuck took such a dislike to,—besides she's a head taller than Bullock, and safe to be seen, like the monument, anywhere; but as for her husband, if he hadn't given tongue in the most uncommon manner, he might have been suffocated, and nobody a bit the wiser till the platform was swept up. At last, after swaying about like a collier in the pool without a rudder, Mrs. Bullock somehow got turned round, and seeing me, called out for me to help her.

"Bless you," said I, laughing, "I might as well try to fly as stir a peg from this spot. It's as much as I can do to keep my elbers out of my own ribs, let alone helping other men's."

Mrs. B. didn't seem particularly pleased at this remark; but that was no time for picking and choosing one's words, and I'd hardly uttered my joke before plump comes a man's head, like a battering-ram, right into the pit of my stomach; and if there had been room for doubling up, doubled up I should have been.

"Halloa!" said I, "where are you coming to? Dammee, I'm not a target. Take your head out of my wescot-pocket."

"I will," says the individual, "as soon as I can; but if you'd had a forty-horse power portmanteau driven into your back, you'd have made a start too, I think."

The speaker raised his head, and who should I see but Bullock himself.

"I might have known it," says I, "by the way you came at me. What were you hollering at just now?"

"When a man's got his boots full of corns," groaned he, "and every one of 'em's trod on at once, it's time to holler, I think. Oh! there goes Mrs. B. Do stop her, like a good fellow."

"I will if I can," says I; "but it's no easy matter getting hold of anything in such a crowd as this; and when you've got it, you can't keep it. Gently, sir. Where *are* you a shoving to?"

"Pardon, Musseer," says a Frenchman with a beard like a fire-shovel, and as rusty as a cinder—"pardon. I will to get in here; I have my billy. Ah! excusez, madame. A leetel more shov dis way. Now you get him in."

This was addressed to Mrs. Bullock, whose arm I had managed to seize, and was dragging her by it to the barrier.

"Oh, Lord!" she cried, "do take care! I wish you'd take care, everybody! There!—there it goes again—four-pound-ten—my new visit. I sha'n't have a rag of it left."

"Hold on, Mrs. B.!" says I; "this is a reglar visitation, and no mistake! Oh, here comes the Lord Mayor and Mr. Macgregor!"

"Make way, there, for the Lord Mayor!" "Now then, keep close—now's your time!" "Elbers down, gentlemen!" "Oh, Lord! I shall be stove in agin this rail!" "Now for it!" "Let this lady pass!" "What a brute you are, sir!" "Policeman!" "I shall faint on the spot!" "Oh, my back!" "That infernal umbrella's gone right into my eye!" "Pity it wasn't your mouth!" "I'll have satisfaction for that when I get out." "Who are you a shoving of, I should like to know?" "That's more than I can tell you; if *you* don't know who you are you've no business here." "I've lost my pass!" "I've lost my wife!" "Has anybody picked up a card with a blue border?" "Who's got a wife that don't belong to him?" "Well, this *is* a go!" "Thank goodness, we're in at last!" "Which *is* the carriages?" "Where *is* my carpet-bag?" "Whatever's become of the luggage?" "Tickets here, tickets, here, ladies and gentlemen,—now then, easy, one at a time,—pass on, if you please!"

This was something like the conversation that took place while everybody was striving and straining and fighting and pushing to get through the barrier all at once. Hats were jammed down, coat-tails tore away, feet trampled on, shins kicked, backs pummeled, as if a legion of devils had just had their orders to do the very worst they could think on to damage and irritate mankind. At last, as everybody said, we did get through, but there was no getting at the carriages—no getting near anything. I just caught sight of little Bullock, half-smothered beneath a heap of carpet-bags, *and none of 'em his own,* while Mrs. B. was trying to pull him out by the scruff of his neck, and he gasping and getting blue as if he was strangulated. I broke my shins over a sharp-cornered deal box—a lady's box, of course; full of finery, no doubt—and tore my pantaloons against a nail that was sticking out, and never found *my* portmanteau after all, though I could have sworn I saw it not a moment before I measured my length on the platform.

However, there was no help for it. and, limping along, I made the best of my way to the train, was hoisted into the carriage by a rush from behind, plumped down into a lady's lap and bounced off again into an empty seat opposite, as if I had set down on a corking-pin—which most likely I had—for the lady laughed when she saw me rubbing myself. The door was closed behind me with a bang, the steam-whistle sounded, and I had hardly settled down into my place before the train was in motion. That was a comfort, at any rate; but I'd fairly earned it, for I was bruised and battered as though I'd been at a prize-fight. The first thing I did was to see if all was safe about me—puss and watch, and so forth; they were all right enough, but when I came to feel in my coat-pockets for the eggs and sandwiches, a pretty mess I found there. What *had been* eggs was all jammed into a sort of compo, whites and yolks and shells, as flat as a crumpet; and as for the sandwiches, if anybody could have told me which was outside, the bread or the meat, I should have called *him* a clever fellow. However, I didn't say anything about the matter, but made up my mind to drop all quietly overboard when once I got into the steamer. One reason why I didn't empty my pockets out of the window was on account of the lady oppo-

site, who fixed her eyes on me the moment I set down, and didn't seem to be in a hurry to take 'em off again. There was a smile on her face all the time, as if she was enjoying some private joke of her own, and wanted some one to tell it to. She was very good-looking, and as there was no one I knew in the carriage, I thought I'd make up to her.

Accordingly, when I had just mopped a little with my silk handkercher —for the tustle had made me rather warm—I observed that this was a splendid occasion, and very proud and happy I felt to belong to it. The lady replied that it was much more agreeable than it had been a few minutes before. She had seen me tumble, I suppose; but I took no notice of that, and answered as if she had been only speaking of the crowd. I said there *had* been a tolerable squeeze, and wondered how she had managed to get through.

"Oh!" replied she, "I came another way. For half an hour I am in this carriage."

"Friends at court, ma'am," says I, pointing over my shoulder. "Relation of the Lord Mayor, perhaps? Can't have better interest in the city. First man in Europe at this moment, the Lord Mayor!—not a doubt of it!"

The lady smiled, showing two rows of the whitest teeth I ever saw, and said she had never seen the Lord Mayor, and, what was more, wasn't an English woman.

"Not an English woman?" says I; "why, you speak English as well as I do. What country, may I ask, ma'am?"

"I am French, sir."

"God bless me!" I replied, "I didn't think the French ladies had been half so handsome."

The lady coloured at this compliment, and turned away her head. I followed her with my eyes, and then noticed, for the first time, that there was a foreigner sitting next her with a large pair of moustayshios looking at me as fierce as a tiger-cat. "What's in the wind now?" thought I. "I hope I haven't put my foot in it at the very beginning." So I made up my mind to tell the lady at once who I was, that she might see that she had got into good company.

"I'm one of the Internationals," says I,—"friend of the Lord Mayor, Prince Albert, the Commissioners, and that set—hand and glove with 'em all—name, 'Clutterbuck'—well known in the city—pay my way with any man—expect to be knighted one of these days—got a particular invitation from your Preffy."

As I told her this I took out my pocket-book, and showed her the billies with my name on 'em. I didn't say anything about Mrs. Clutterbuck and the gals, as that wouldn't have done them any good—nor me neither."

The lady turned to the foreigner who was sitting beside her, and spoke to him in a low tone of voice. I don't understand much of French, but I heard her call him "mong ammy," and that, I know, means "my friend."

"Oho!" says I to myself; "'friend,' hey? There's no mistake about *that*. No wonder he looked so confounded jealous just now."

What the lady told her friend besides I don't pretend to know, but it made him look more civil, and he said something to me in his language.

"No parly-voo Francey," says I; and shook my head, as much as to let him know that it was of no use.

"Musseer does not speak French?" asks the lady, addressing me.

"I comprenny a little," says I, "but I'm not quite up to parley-vooing."

So she turns round once more to her "ammy" and gabbles away ten times faster than she did before—the only words I could catch being my name and something that sounded like "shovel-here." When she had done, the "ammy" spoke to me again, trying it on in English this time—but such English! I was quite ashamed to hear him talk so nonsensical. I think if foreigners are allowed to come to England, the least they can do is to talk so as to be understood. But they can't learn, and that's the fact. I'm sure when I was four years old I could speak better English than he did.

'Saar Cattle-box," says he—and I thought I should have split as soon as he opened his mouth—"Saar Cattle-box, we have a fine time to-day—he is vaary handsome—yas, but superb—you go to Paris once nevare before?"

"No," says I, at a venture, for the deuce a bit could I make out what he meant.

"Ah!" he replied, "it is one grand pleasure for my nation to show herself. You shall rest some days is it not?"

I suppose I must have looked rather blank, for the lady struck in here and explained her friend's meaning, telling me how happy everybody would be to see us in Paris. I then comprehended him perfectly.

"Oh, wee, wee," says I, and burst out a laughing; and then the lady laughed and so did her friend, and we soon got very pleasant and sociable, and by the time we reached Folkestone we were as thick as you please; and I had told 'em pretty nigh everything about myself—leaving out Mrs. Clutterbuck, who didn't seem somehow to fit into the conversation.

Chapter II.

THE JOURNEY TO PARIS.

The Whole Duty of Man—when he is on the rail—is to take care of Number One. That's a maxim I laid down when I first took to travelling by it. Women are nice things in *their* way, but when they get in *ours*, the case is altered. Now, as my fair companion, if I may be allowed the expression, had already got a "friend," it was his duty, not mine, to attend to her; so, as soon as the train stopped, out I bolted to look after my own concerns. Of course I did the polite thing, and told her I should be glad to see her again, when she was comfortably settled on board the steamer, but it wasn't to be expected among such a rush of people that I should inconvenience myself by waiting for her.

I therefore made the best of my way down to the boat, to secure a good place on deck; and well it was I did so, for, before you could look round you, the place was full even to the paddle-boxes and the captain's walk between 'em. I thought I caught a glimpse of the lady and her "ammy" coming down the steps of the wharf, but I was too busy watching the baggage as it was put on board to pay much attention to anything else.

It was very vexatious that I couldn't see my portmanteau and carpet-bag anywhere, though they were bran new, and had my name on 'em quite conspicuous. What was I to do if they were not to be found? Where should I get any things to put on? All my best clothes were in my portmanteau, and not only them but the regimentals I used to wear when I was in the "S. L. O.," as Sir Willum Curtis called us, and which I meant to wear at the ball at the Hotel de Wheel, having heard that most of the aldermen and common council meant to do the same, just to give the French an idea that there were some military men among us after all. I asked the sailors, who were lowering the baggage into the hold, if they'd seen anything with the name of "Clutterbuck" upon it, but all I got from them was a surly recommendation to stand out of the way, or perhaps I should be knocked into the hold myself. As the boxes and bags came rattling down on deck as fast as a dozen pair of hands could pitch 'em, I took their advice and went back to my seat, into which I got just in time to prevent a female from occupying it. She wanted me to give it up to her; but, as she was neither young nor pretty, I told her the best thing she could do was to go below. If it had been wet or windy she should have had the place and welcome; but on a fine day, such as this was, I thought it uncommon selfish in her to ask it.

The captain of the *Princess Helena*—that was the name of the steamer—kept shouting to everybody to make haste, and when I had made myself all snug, I didn't care how soon we shoved off, and joined in the cry not to let any more people come aboard, for they crowded in so fast I was afraid they would sink the vessel. At last the paddle-wheels went round, the ropes were cast off, and we got clear of the jetty. It was smooth enough inside the harbour, and I had a good laugh at a parcel of Frenchmen who were lying in a heap on the deck, like a lot of calves (only their faces were hairier) being taken to market, the mere smell of the salt water being enough for them; and I dare say I shouldn't have been any the worse for crossing over if this calm would have lasted. But the moment we got outside, there was what the steward called "a nasty jabble of a sea," and the sensations I felt were anything but pleasant. It was like coming down in a swing when you prepare for a shock and don't get it, and something keeps fluttering about the pit of your stomach like a bird that tries to get out of its cage and can't. I wasn't sick exactly, but qualmish and all-overish, and didn't dare to turn my head right or left for fear I should be. However, there was others worse than me, that was my comfort. Even the Lord Mayor took a turn over the side—at least so my friend Sharples said, who was sitting next to me, for I was afraid to look round. Sharples keeps the great pickle ware'us in Barbican; he's got the constitution of a horse; nothing makes *him* ill, and he did nothing but cut his jokes on everybody he saw gasping about us.

"I say, Clutterbuck," says he, "look at the Lord Mayor—can't see him, hey? Well, I can, and I'll tell you what he's doing. Just put up the first lot—genuine property of a nobleman going to the Continent—no further use for the same—premises cleared without delay—Alderman Moonshine has his mouth open—valuable reversion—going, going—gone!"

And if I hadn't called for a glass of stiff brandy-and-water and swallowed it without winking, I should have been "gone" too.

But the Frenchmen were the worst of any; there they lay, the colour of their own beans afore they're biled, with no more sense in 'em than so many sacks of taters. Sharples compared 'em to oysters just opened with their beards on. As I was running my eye over the heap, I caught sight of Mounseer "Ammy" amongst 'em, and about as bad as he well could be. When he saw me looking at him he tried to grin, but the effort was a most ridiculous failure, and put me in mind of what I'm told the French call "laughing yellow," which means on the wrong side of the mouth. Having found him out, it wasn't long before I lit upon the lady, who was sitting very quiet on the opposite side of the deck, propped up against a pile of cloaks, a little paler than when I last saw her, but quite as handsome as ever. "Now's the time," thought I, "for putting that fellow's nose out of jint." So up I got and made a movement to cross over to her side; but just as I had got on my legs the vessel gave a pitch, I gave a heave, and what followed it's not necessary for me to mention; all I need say is, that Sharples behaved most unfeeling, and, alluding to my profession, observed, with a loud laugh, that "Clutterbuck had got into the stir-ups at last."

Of course I couldn't, under these circumstances, think anything more about the lady, and I shouldn't, indeed, have been sorry to have had Mrs. C. by me at that moment, just to have held my head and steadied me a bit; but it's always the case: a man's wife is never of use to him when he most wants her. I dare say she was amusing herself all the time I was suffering at the Surrey Flower Show or the Zoological Gardens, and thinking more of the orang-outang and a parcel of capering monkeys than of her own lawful husband. Such at least were my thoughts as I was rocking about on board the *Princess Helena,* and you may be sure I wasn't sorry when I heard somebody say that we were close upon Bulloan.

A few minutes after this announcement the steamer run in between two pier heads, and brought up alongside one of the wharfs, that was covered with people, who set up a tremendous hooray in their language; the women, who all wear red petticoats, and short ones into the bargain, screaming—as women always do—louder than all the rest put together, "Veeve langley tare, veeve layzangley!" and all the while the guns kept going off fit to split one's head into shivers. We were not all of us in the best possible trim, but there was a pretty good muster round the gangway as we shouldered up to the ladder following the Lord Mayor and the Executive ashore. The odd part of sea-sickness—though, perhaps, it's only natural—is, that you're so confounded hungry directly afterwards. This was my case. I felt uncommon peckish, and so I made a push to get on shore as soon as I could, that I might get a good place at the breakfast-table, for I'd heard something said about an entertainment that the Lord Mayor of Bulloan had provided. A good many more were of the same way of thinking, for where there's grub to be had we City gents don't like to be behindhand; but I flatter myself I was one of the first to put his foot on the French terrify-me, as my son says when he talks Latin. It was terrifying enough to see so many muskets and bagnets and drawn swords bristling round one in every direction, but it was only the weapons; for when I came to look at the little fellers that carried 'em, I thought it wouldn't be a very difficult

matter to eat half-a-dozen of such Jack Sprats for breakfast myself, and pick my teeth with their bagnets afterwards. "If the grand nation," says I to myself, "can't turn out anything bigger than these gents in red pants, it's no wonder that one Englishman is more than a match for any amount of French whippersnappers." But I was mistaken it seems. The red-legged soldiers were only what they call troops of the line—mere nobodies when compared with the Nationals, who were of all sizes, and some of 'em as fine fat men as any of the Corporation of the city of London. Whatever they were, however, there was plenty of 'em; and what with the flags of liberty, the bands of music, the presenting of arms, and the bowing, scraping, and jabbering of the Mounseers, one had enough to do to keep oneself from being thoroughly and entirely flabbergasted. What pleased me most were the women in the short petticoats, with nightcaps on their heads, and large gold earrings, and hearts and crosses on their breasts, and blue stockings on their legs, and wooden shoes on their feet. They call 'em *mattlotts,* which means a sort of she-sailors, but the proper name for 'em is fishfags, for that's their occupation. Sharples, who would have his joke, said it was no wonder the French navy was so badly manned, when they made the women do all the duty for 'em.

The Bulloan authorities seemed a good deal struck with the appearance of the Lord Mayor, though he hadn't his robes of office on; and the common council of course came in for their share of admiration; one of 'em did at any rate, for I saw several mattlotts—handsome ones too—eyeing me very hard; indeed, I may say that they paid us all manner of attention, and showed us into the carriages that were waiting to take us to the railway station, as if they really felt the honour we were conferring upon 'em, which no doubt they did.

That station was as prime a place as I'd seen for a long while, all hung out with banners and garlands, and red and white curtains, and, what was more to the purpose, with jolly rows of tables covered with what the French call the "come-at-ables," pies and hams and lobster salads, and no end to champagne. A lot of us "blues" from the city—I mean such as had the "blue tickets," free to go into everything—got together at one end, and I think we contrived to astonish the Frenchmen. There was me and Sharples, Moonshine, Kidney, Brownmother, Grabbs, and a few more;—ah! it would have done any one good to see our appetites after the sea voyage. We were much too old travellers to wait for their ceremonies, and set to work the moment we sat down, leaving all the speechification to the Lord Mayor of Bulloan and our "first Lord," who, however, made short work of it, being quite as ready to fall to as any of us. It seems to me that Frenchmen don't understand this sort of thing right. The eatables are good enough, I won't deny that—'specially the savoury pies—but, they never give you time enough to get 'em down. I thought Kidney would have choked himself trying to bolt a large lump of *dobe*—something made of turkey and tongue, all done up without bones—for just as he'd got his fork into it, the bell rung, and everybody made a rush to the "convoy" to get the best places; he wasn't one to let go—he's a regular bulldog for that—so what does he do, but whips the *dobe* into his mouth just as it was, and there it stuck, and—something like "the Baron" who can't take his seat in Parliament and won't make room for anybody

else—would neither go in nor come out. He got quite black in the face, and I began to think there'd soon be a vacant gown in one of the wards, when he made a desperate effort, and down it went. Sharples bust out a-laughing, and clapped him on the back, telling the aldermen not to mind what he'd taken, as it was only *forced meat.* Kidney didn't seem to relish the joke; but there was no time for looking glum, as the steam was whizzing, and the Lord Mayor making the best of his way to the train.

In we all got as fast as we could, some of 'em who made a mistake and got into the wrong carriages being left behind to come on how they could, but we "blues" took care of ourselves; wherever our Lord Mayor went we followed, and as we were the first people, why, of course, everybody made way for us. The first place we stopped at was the city of Ameens, where there was another turn-out of "Nationals," besides priests in long black petticoats and broad-brimmed hats turned up at the sides —the Quaker's hats are fools to 'em—and plenty of pretty women, and young "polytechnics," with long-tailed coats and cocked-hats and swords by their sides, looking as fierce as rats with their whiskers singed. Here they gave us what they call the "vangdonner," which is French for "the loving-cup," only instead of mulled claret it was champagne, and while we were drinking of it—out of tumblers, you'll observe—the drums they set to beating, and when that row was over—and a precious row French drums *can* make when they've a mind—the Preffy of Ameens jumps on his legs and makes some sort of a speech, as much as to say "You're welcome to these parts." Of course our "first Lord" had to reply, and so he did, telling 'em we were very happy to see 'em, and then the band struck up a tune, "God save the Queen" some one said it was, but it wasn't much like the one we're accustomed to in the city. Sharples said the reason of the difference was owing to *change of air.*

Off we went again, and in about an hour's time stopped at a place they call Creel, but only just long enough to get a snack. There were no Preffies nor any of that nonsense here, but only a batch of railway officials, who showed us into the station, where we helped ourselves to hot patties and glasses of brandy, just to keep the wolf out of our stomachs; and after that we'd no more stoppages—leastways that I know of, for I fell asleep as soon as the train moved off again, and didn't wake up till it stopped at the "Gar" -that's the "station"—in the fobug Mount Marter.

There's some pretty good long counters in the retail line in the city of London, and a goodish amount of business is done over 'em every day, but if you were to put all the counters in London on to each other, and pile 'em up with goods how you pleased, you couldn't come nigh the length of the railway counter in the "Gar," nor equal the number of bags and boxes that was heaped a-top of it. This was our baggage, and such a scramble to get at one's own I hope I may never have again. I was hoarse with hollering to the stupid fellers, who wouldn't understand what I said when I told 'em what I wanted.

"Donny moy mong box," said I, as plain as I could speak, "je voolly mong bag!"

But I might as well have talked Dutch or anything else; for as often as I told 'em, they at me again with something about "mal" and

"sack," till Sharples, who kept close to me, and is up to a thing or two, said he'd "Give 'em the sack if they didn't look out," and then they began to tumble over the things in earnest; and at last I discovered my identical carpet-bag and portmanteau, and laid hands on 'em "with a will," as the city bargemaster says, when he sits in the stern-sheets on a swanhopping day, and gives the oarsmen a hint that it would be agreeable to him if they'd pull a little harder. As soon as I'd got *my* things I left Sharples to look out for himself, and got into a carriage provided for the specials, along with Grabb, Moonshine, and Kidney, and away we drove through the streets of Paris till we got to the Hotel de Wheel, where, after a hearty meal on cold fowl and sassage—my stomach was too weak to take anything else—we were shown to our bedrooms, and turned in for the night; not sorry, *I* can tell you, to be at last between the blankets.

Chapter III.

THE DINNER AND CONCERT AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE.

When first I opened my eyes next morning it puzzled me to make out where I was, the room was so large and high, the winders so queer, and the place altogether so strange. The chairs, or "shays," as the French say—though why they should call a chair a shay is more than I can tell—were all covered with red velvet, the tables had marble tops, and the floor was as shiny and slippy as ice. I found that out to my cost, for the very first step I took, when I got out of bed, sent me slap on my back, just as if something invisible had come behind and tripped me up; and every time I tried to get on my legs again down I went as flat as a flounder.

I was almost afraid to stir after this, but somehow I managed to shuffle on a few things in a sitting posture, and seeing a bell-rope hanging down by the bed side, I crawled towards that, and gave it a good hard tug, but I had to repeat it more than once before anybody came. At last the door was opened, and a man in a short linen jacket and apron, with a pair of curling-irons in his hand, made his appearance.

"Cur deseery voo, musseer?" says he.

"Help me up," says I; "this floor's so cussed slippy I can't keep my legs."

The man stared at me with all his might, and then shook his head.

"Donny maw a lift," says I, making another attempt to rise.

He appeared to understand me at last, for he put down his curling-tongs, and came and hoisted me up.

"Tomby!" says I, pointing to the floor.

"Ah, parky!" says he, "wee, wee, tray glissong."

He paused a moment, as if to consider, and then, uttering something that sounded like "shareshy pantoofles," rushed out of the room.

Presently he came back, bringing with him a large pair of list slippers, which he flourished over his head, clapping them together like a pair of cymbals. He then went down on his knees, thrust them on my feet, and cried out, "Marshy, marshy, traçy bang," as much as to say,

"You'll do now." I *was* able to walk across the room, and, going to my portmanteau, took out my dressing things.

"Jer bezwong mer shavy," says I; "avoy voo any hot water?"

"Freezy?" says he, taking up his tongs.

"Freezy?—no, hot!"

The man pointed to my head, and repeated what he'd said before. I then guessed that he was a barber, and pulling off my nightcap, showed him my head, which is as smooth as a saddle, and no more hair on it than there is on a soup ladle. As soon as he saw it he bust out laughing, and I took up a razor and made signs with it as if I was shaving. He nodded his head twice or three times, and disappeared again, returning after a while with a thing like a work'us coffee-pot, full of hot water, which he slapped down on one of the marble tables, grinning like a Cheshire cat, and crying out, "Voilar, musseer!" I then shaved, and he stood by, evidently enjoying the sight. How long he'd have stayed is more than I can say—most likely till I was quite dressed—but, "Antwong! Antwong!" cries a female voice on the staircase, and away whisks the barber like shot out of a shovel. I then finished my "tylet," thinking all the time that my French must be pretty good after all, since I'd made that barber understand what I wanted.

As soon as I was dressed I had another pull at the bell, for I wanted my breakfast. This time there comes a man dressed all in black except a white wescot, with his shirt collar turned over a black satin stock, as spruce as if he belonged to the London Tavern. "Dejuny," says I,—"Sweevy maw," says he,—and down stairs he goes, and me after him. He led the way through all manner of passages until, at last, he stopped at a door and threw it wide open, standing by for me to pass him. It was a large "sallong," where ever so many people were at breakfast. I didn't much notice who they were till I'd taken my seat, and then I found I was right opposite our Lord Mayor.

"Morning, my Lord," says I.

"What, Clutterbuck!" says he, looking up from a dish of mutton cutlets that seemed to be disappearing very fast; "why, how came you here?"

"Here! my Lord! I slept here!"

"The doose you did! I thought none but my sweet was invited to the Hotel de Wheel."

"Sweet or sour," replies I, "here I am, and here I mean to stay. Never slept better in all my life. I'll trouble you, my Lord, to shove that ham my way."

The "first Lord" opened his eyes very wide, and looked as if he was trying to put me down; but he wasn't Sir Peter, and if he had been I'm not Joseph Ady, so I fell to without more ado, just as if I'd been at home at Martingale Villa, and his Lordship was wide-awake enough to see that if there had been any mistake in my taking up my quarters at the Hotel de Wheel, the best way was to say nothing about it. What do they call it a hotel for, I should like to know, if everybody can't use it whenever he pleases? One sign's as good as another;—what's in a Wheel, that I shouldn't put up there as well as at the Spread Eagle or the Bull and Mouth?

When breakfast was over, the Lord Mayor came up to make me a sort of apology for having been so short, explaining that the Hotel

de Wheel wasn't a place where a man could order his dinner and bed when he wanted 'em, but answered to the Mansion House.

"Hows'ever, Clutterbuck," says his Lordship, "least said's soonest mended, and as the Water Bailiff, whom I meant to have brought with me, was too ill to come—he hasn't got over our last whitebait dinner at the Trafalgar—why you can fill his place."

This was agreed to, and I took the title of "W. B." all the time I stayed in Paris.

We then said we should like to have a look at the sights, and half a dozen French Internationals, who had picked up some English while they were over here, volunteered to show us about. So we turned out in a body, and at it we went. Some took one way and some another; but I and Grabb and Moonshine and Kidney kept together. The first thing they showed us was the quays; but what's the value of quays when there's no shipping? There wasn't so much as a lighter to be seen on the river, and the washerwomen seemed to be the only people that made any use of the water; there they were, in long floating houses moored at each end, leaning over the sides, and dipping and splashing, and battering and scrubbing, and making such a hollabaloo that one would have thought the Frenchmen had only got one shirt apiece, and were waiting at home to put it on. Talk of houses! why the Impregnables at AlbertGate are nothing to 'em for height! There they go shooting up to the sky, one story after another, till it cracks your backbone to look up at 'em. I counted ten storys in one house, that went tapering off till at last there was only one room left, and in front of it there sat a man in a blue smockfrock, in a sort of garden full of bird-cages, singing with all his might, as if he'd got the grandest voice in Paris, and wanted everybody to hear it. "The Paris people must be fond of children," thought I, as I glanced my eye along the quay where we stood, for on the front of every third house was a picture representing a new-born infant in long clothes, being dandled by a stout lady in hat and feathers, as if she was most uncommon fond of it. These pictures had all of 'em got somebody's name written underneath, with the words "suge femme" after it. From the quay we crossed over to the church of Noter Dam, and saw the Hotel Doo—a perfect "do," as Sharples said, who joined us on the spot, for it's not a hotel but a hospital. Then we went to the Palley de Justice, which is the French Old Bailey, where the judges wear square caps, like our painters and glaziers, only they're black; then we looked into the Scent Chapel, built by one of the King Loocys, so called, I suppose, on account of the smell, which made me sneeze a good deal directly I went in. After that we went to the Morg, the Paris dead-house, where they lay out the fellers that drown and fix themselves with charcoal, for everybody to look at, and claim if they know 'em: they hang their clothes beside 'em, and when one sees how the common people dress in Paris, it wouldn't surprise me if I was told that the bodies was claimed on account of the clothes. As soon as we'd done with this part of the town, we crossed the Pong Noof, and made for the Loover, and the Tooleries, and the Bullvards, and I don't know where all, for I can't remember half we saw; and everywhere we went there was great posters on the walls, in all sorts of colours, announcing the different Feats that was to be given in honour of us. While we were looking at some of these

bills, the Lord Mayor passed us in his state coach on his way to the Assembly, and it would have done anybody's heart good to see how the French people ran after him, and how the *gammons* of Paris—that's the boys—shouted out, "Veeve noter grand-maire," which Sharples told me, though I dare say he was quizzing, means "Long live my grandmother!" In this manner, with one thing and another, we made out the day very well till it was time to go and dress for the banquet at the Hotel de Wheel, which was to be the beginning of our festivities.

Half-past six was the hour named on the billies for setting down to dinner, and ready enough I was when the time came; but the Preffy of the Sane kept us waiting a full quarter of an hour, which, I must say, wasn't the ticket, seeing that we hadn't had anything that could be called a dinner since we left home. At last, as Grabb and Kidney was beginning to grumble, he arrived, and, taking the Lord Mayor by the arm, led the way into the Grand Sal, where the banquet was served. I thought, when I first went, in that the lights would have put my eyes out, there was so many of 'em in the chandeliers that hung from the ceiling—a matter of three thousand wax candles which, as Alderman Dip said, must have cost a tremendous sight. Nothing can be done in France without flags, and in this Sal there must have been a flag for every man to eat under—a much pleasanter thing than fighting. Who the people were, besides our nobs, it's quite beyond me to say, except as to a few that was pinted out,—such as Mounseer Carrybaldhead, the Pope's Nunsher—Longtin, the President of the Municipals—Call-here, the head of the police (answers to Daniel Whittle)—Doopin, the French Speaker—Marshal Excellent—General Magnum—Hairycat de Tory, one of the French Commissioners—and Mounseer Cockroach, the Minister for Foreign Affairs. The Presidong of the Public wasn't present, but his bust was, and, as everybody praises him for doing nothing, he couldn't have had a better representative.

Next to the dinner itself the number of servants most astonished me; there was one behind almost every chair, and our "first Lord" wasn't content with that, but had three of his own, in their state liveries, to wait upon him. I should say the French had never seen such fine fellows before, for they scarcely took their eyes off 'em. But the dinner was the thing. I got a French gent who sat on my right to read the bill of fare to me while I was eating, and he kept telling me all the best dishes, seemingly as pleased as Punch to see how I pitched in. I'll just mention, as well as I can recollect, what I partook of. I began with soup, of course—not so good as ours—not thick enough—properly speaking, your spoon should stand upright in it—however, it wasn't bad, though it didn't stick to the ribs like turtle or ox-tail. Then I had a plateful of Dutch turbot—another of salmon dressed with salad—three or four young wild-boar chops, capital they were—some fillies of fowl, the French call 'em supreme, and they're about right—a dish of things tasting all game and gravy, just large enough to put in your mouth and let 'em melt there, called "busheys" on that account, I wish Mrs. Clutterbuck had the receipt—something else that he said was "Kremouskies," I never heard tell of them before, but they was uncommon nice, and I helped myself three times—half a dozen quails roasted in vine leaves, ate 'em bones and leaves and all—the wings and breast of a turkey poult, or "ding-dong-o," crammed

with trooflea—a slice or two of roast beef, just to see how French roast beef tasted, and 'twasn't bad, but then I heard the ox was a Hereford—a cut of Westphalia ham done up in jelly,—and some of the primest venison I think I ever set my teeth into, with lots of fat four inches deep. These was the solids,—now for the sweets: first I had a Roossian Charlotte, put me in mind of Charlotte at Joe's, only this was a good deal colder than her—then followed maccarony timbles—green flagelets, quite a new kind of thing—vanille cream—cabinet pudding—and a parcel of haw-doovers, such as lobsters' claws, gooseliver pie, prawns, anchovies, and pickled "tongs," which last ate very like sturgeon. Then for the drinking,—there was three bottles of champagne before every knife and fork, to begin with,—Sherry and Madeira, and Romany and Margo, and the doose knows how many more; but when we came to the cheese, I must say one thing was left out that certainly ought to have been there. It will hardly be believed that there wasn't a glass of port wine to be had,—and the cheese—Rockfaw's the name of it—wanted something to make it go down, for it was higher than I'd been used to, though I like a thing that's gamey; I was obliged, therefore, to content myself with brandy. If I had time I could say a good deal more about this dinner, but I must get on with what followed.

As soon as the dessert was put on the table, without any "Non nobis" or grace of any kind, up gets the Preffy of the Saue and proposes the health of the Presidong of the French Public, after which he makes a bow to the Presidong's bust in front of him, and then he gave "The noble guests of the city of Paris," meaning our noble selves. Lord Granville, who's got what I call a tongue in his head, gave him a reply in our names; but as he spoke French just the same as the natives, I didn't quite understand what he said, and there was a many more of us in the same predicament; but it told tremendous, and was the speech of the evening. Mounseer Longtin spoke next, and toasted the Corporation of London; and then the Lord Mayor put the finish to it in his speech, which, for a private reason of his own, was delivered in English. The Frenchmen thought it was all over when the Lord Mayor set down, but they was mistaken; for then I riz, and, giving the signal, up we all got, and gave 'em three times three in the English fashion, till we made the walls of the Hotel de Wheel ring again. When this was done with, we made a move for the drawing-rooms, which we found filled with ladies and gents who hadn't been to the dinner on account of the number of invites. There were as many there as would have filled Guildhall twice over, and I met fifty—ay, perhaps a hundred—of our city people; some with their wives, some with their daughters, and some, like me, luckily, with neither. I never saw such a swell as Alderman Clinker had made himself. He lost his luggage altogether, and as there wasn't time to fig him out in a new suit—he's so big he takes an acre of broad cloth to cover him—he'd been persuaded to hire a dress from a masquerade ware'us that was made for Looey the Eighteenth, and hasn't often been worn, few Frenchmen being fat enough to fill it. He seemed amazing proud of the royal tights, and showed as fine a pair of Mollies—that's calves—as ever shook on a footboard. Little Bullock and his wife had got there among

the rest, and he'd a long story to tell about being shut up in a luggage-van and nearly smothered; but I was obliged to cut him short, on account of the amusements that was going on. One was a play of somebody's of the name of Mollyer, but I fell asleep directly it begun, and didn't wake up till it was over; so what it was about I can't pretend to say. The entertainments finished with a concert; but, except horns and drums, I'm not fond of music, so I stole away as soon as I could, and long before they'd done I was snoring on my pillar.

Chapter IV.

THE GRANDES EAUX AT VERSAILLES—THE FETE AT ST. CLOUD: LORD NORMANBY'S RECEPTION, THE GRAND BALL, AND THE GREAT REVIEW.

As nothing disagrees with me in the way of eating and drinking, provided its good of its kind, and I get enough of it, I was as fresh as a lark next morning, and ready for anything. This was the day for the "Granzo" at Wersales, and at breakfast we made up a party to go together; but as the waters wasn't to play till the afternoon there was plenty of time for other things before then; and, being Sunday, Moonshine, Grabb, little Whipcord, and your humble servant, thought we'd go to church first. So we told our Commissioner to get us a *city-deen*—that's a cab—and drive to the best church in Paris: he took us to the Magdalen on the Bullvard, out and out the splendidest place I ever saw—very different from our Magdalen over by the Surrey,—but as to its being a church, there wasn't no signs of such a thing. It was all picturs, and coloured glass, and gold and silver, and not feeling over-comfortable at being there on a Sunday morning, we told the Commissioner it wouldn't do, and asked him to show us to another. We then went down to St. Rock, but had some difficulty in persuading Alderman Grabbs to go in,—he didn't like the name, as it put him in mind of somebody he's not over-fond of,—but he was repaid for doing so, for we heard a French sermon, a thing I should never have believed if anybody had come home and told me, being of opinion that preaching sermons ain't much in their line.

When the service was over, as there was time to spare, we thought we'd do the polite thing, and make a few calls on some of the gents as dined at the Hotel de Wheel; and having brought lots of cards with us we sowed 'em about pretty thickly at the "Presidong's," our Ambassador's, and such of the Ministers' hotels as lay within reach. I found out afterwards that I'd been leaving my shop cards instead of my private ones, having forgot to put my spectacles in my pocket, and not seeing the difference. However, perhaps it won't do me any harm in the end, as Loocy Napoleon and the rest of 'em will know where to apply when they want a nice bit of pigskin. Why, there's the Lord Mayor himself has done a good stroke of business by letting 'em know he's professional; if the French hadn't heard that he was a *commissary preezer*—a reg'lar knock 'em down—they'd never have employed him to sell off their Exhibition goods, as I'm told they have!

As soon as this job was over we drove to the station, and took the rail to Wersales. Carriages was ready there to convey us up to the Palace—the biggest I should say in all the world. Why, you could put Buck-

ingham House, new front and all, into the courtyard inside the grill at Wersales, and not stop the way neither. I needn't tell anybody that there's no king lives there now—they've made a Mewsy of it, and crammed it full of pictures: there's acres of 'em, and there's need to be, to represent all the battles the French have fit; for if ever there was a nation of wild cats their sogers is that. If we hadn't been took into a private salong and had some refreshment I think I should have dropped, I was so tired of looking at all their scrimmages; but the French are never tired of looking at 'em—not they. Talk about fighting, and say anything but "Waterloo," and you'll hear enough about the grand monarch and Napoleon to last you all your life.

I mentioned, when first I begun to write this account, that the waters was to begin playing at three o'clock. They didn't though, and there we set for two hours on the turf slope round the principal fountain, without so much as a bubble stirring. The little 'uns scattered about the garden spouted fast enough; but such as them can be seen any day at Hampton Court. What we wanted, was to see the big feller they call Neptune at it. It seems that the Lord Mayor had missed his way somehow—come down by one rail and gone back again to Paris by another before he found out his mistake, and then had to make a fresh departure; and the Preffy of the Sane wouldn't let the main be turned on till his Lordship came. If I'd been water-bailiff in earnest, and had the key of the plug, there shouldn't have been no waiting. However, at last my Lord made his appearance, the signal was given, and splash went the water from five hundred places at once, fizzing up and spouting across, and gushing out right and left, as if a million of bottled rainbows had been let loose, or a sea of soda-water suddenly set flying in all directions. Several of the ladies who went too near, and weren't prepared for a shift of wind, got tolerably well sprinkled; Mrs. Deputy Bullock's blue bonnet and yellow feathers came in for a good sousing, and, to judge by the redness of her face, I'd rather not have been Mr. B. for the rest of the evening, though, poor feller, he wasn't to blame that I could see. I fancy I caught a glimpse of the French lady and gent—my companions on the rail—but if it was them I missed 'em in the crowd. The disappointment, however, didn't take away my appetite; and if ever a Frenchman wanted to see how a City of London party could say ditto to yesterday's feed, he need only have gone to the Hotel Rezzerwaw, in the town of Wersales, after the "Granzo" was over, and he'd have been satisfied. Savage, the M.P., who's a dab at French, ordered dinner; and as he always wears the red ribbon in his button-hole that was given him by Looey Philip, the waiters took him for one of theirselves, and let us want for nothing; not that we didn't pay for what we had, and pretty handsomely too, but everything was of the best, particularly the drink, for which I strongly recommend that house to any one that's fond of Burgundy. Moonshine and Kidney complained of splitting headaches next day; but as they couldn't keep from singing all the way to Paris, it was more likely their own voices disagreed with 'em than any fault of the wine.

Amongst the new billies that had been sent to us since we arrived, was cards of invite from the Presidong of the Public himself, to see the shatto and gardens of Saint Cloo. This was on Monday; and Moon-

shine, who told us he was hand-and-glove with Looey Napoleon, resolving to do the correct thing, hired a carriage and four long-tailed white horses, which he filled inside and out with as many as it would hold, and to Saint Cloo we went, all the Paris gammons hooraying like mad as the postilions cracked their long whips and we shoved our heads out of the winders. If the people at Saint Cloo didn't make such a row as the gammons, they was quite as much on the *kee vee* to see us when we alighted at the gates of the shatto; and for the matter of that, we was equally on the *kee vee* to see them. There were thousands of holiday-folk thronging into the park, laughing and talking as if they were the happiest people on the face of the earth, as I dare say they would be if there weren't no demmycrats nor newspapers. Give the French plenty of feats and fireworks, and you may ride 'em without a curb.

The inside of the shatto of Saint Cloo is a wonderful place. There's the state bed that old Nap shared betwixt his two wives, being much too fine to think of sleeping in by himself, which was the reason why he married again. Then there's the gallery of Apoller, where Boney's last marriage took place, and "little Joey" (Napoleon) was christened; the *salong* of Mars, all filled with Heathen Gods and Goddesses—most of 'em in their buff; the *salong* of Looey Says, turned into a billiard-room, and hung with patchwork, representing Mary de Medicine and her Court; and the *salong de Jew*, which Alderman Moses, who was of our party, thought very handsome, and meant as a personal compliment. It took us a good two hours to go through these rooms; the heat of 'em was stifling, and glad I was when we got into the gardens and spied the refreshment-tables laid out in the building where they keep their potted orange-trees in the winter. Kidney and Grabb and I made a rush at the glass doors the moment we saw 'em, but the doose a bit could we get any further; they was bolted inside, and was to be till all the company had assembled, so we were forced to promenade about and fill our eyes if we couldn't our bellies. There certainly was everybody to be seen, as was anybody—prime ministers, opera-dancers, representatives of the people, and mountebanks of all sorts in every kind of dress that ever was thought of. Some of the rummiest of the lot was the soger-officers, who looked as if they would bust out of their scarlet breeches, they was so fat and active. I was in plain clothes; but if I'd known that so many military men would have been at Saint Cloo, I should have turned out in the tights and hessians of the S. L. O.; however, I didn't forget 'em afterwards.

But although I'd been in France a matter of three days, I hadn't yet seen the Presidong of the Public, and I says to myself, "My fine fellow, if you went about as much as our little Queen does, I should have seen you afore now;" for it's not our custom in England—let alone in the city—not to make use of our eyes and elbers when we can have a stare at royalty. Just, however, as it was striking three by the clock of the shatto, I heard the word "Presidong" flying from mouth to mouth; and, upsetting little Whipcord, who got right in my way, I made a drive at the spot where I was told he was. I expected to have seen him on horseback, covered all over with ribbons and crosses; but there he was dressed in black, as you or I might be, walking along with a lady on his arm, and bowing to every one as affable as you please. I took a good

look at him, that I might tell my gals, when I got back, what he was like, and didn't pay much attention to the lady. But she, happening to turn her head, completely flabbergasted me, for who should it be but the identical lady that was in the same carriage with me coming from London to Folkestone! A stuck pig was a fool to me on the occasion. You might have knocked me down with a feather. "Where's her *ammy* now?" says I to myself, as soon as I could think. And when I looked again, there *he* was, walking behind the Presidong, in a fine military uniform, covered with stars and garters, and a sword, six feet long, under his arm!

"Who's that?" says I to a Frenchman beside me, pointing to the officer.

"General Somebody," says he. I couldn't catch the name for the life of me.

"And that there lady?"

"Oh, that's Madam his famm."

"His 'famm!' Why, that means his *wife!* Blest if I haven't been making love to a French general's wife, and he sitting beside her. I'll make myself scarce!"

And so I did, as quickly as I could, without turning round to look at the Presidong or any one else; and I don't mind saying that my feelings was anything but agreeable as I was cutting away, and thinking every minute that two or three inches of cold steel was probably close to my hind quarters. You might have wrung me out by the time I had fairly pushed through the crowd, and got safe on the other side.

I was rather done up with thinking of my narrow escape, and was obliged to set down for some time before I could recover myself, and before I got up I took a private oath that I would not think of any woman but Mrs. Clutterbuck as long as I stayed in France. While I was a setting still, Sharples came up; he'd been wondering where I was, and, catching hold of my arm, he lugged me along to the orange-house, where, he said, the grubbing was going to begin. This put some sperrit in me, and I was soon well up with the foremost. It wasn't an easy matter to get through the doorway, but Sharples and I did it, and there was the buffy before us. As luck would have it, we got into the first row, and out of that I wouldn't budge, in spite of all the elbering, and kicking, and screaming that was going on all round me. My plan was this: I held on to my plate and glass with one hand, while I dug my knife or fork, as it might be, into the nearest thing I saw, and into that I pegged, drinking wine with myself, and taking care of myself just as everybody else was doing that wanted *you* to help *them.* Sharples was fool enough to listen to some request for a glass of champagne, and the moment he did so, a French colonel seized his plate and glass, and all that was on and in it, and before he could turn round again, the patty, and tongue, and wine was down the Frenchman's throat. One feller tried it on with me: "If you pleeeese Saar!—paarmeet me,—oon damm!" But I was up to a thing or two, and d—d him in return, without looking round. At last the squeezing became so tremendous that I thought the buffy must have given way, and, having eat as much as I could, I gave my place to Mrs. Bullock, who told me she was mad for something to drink,—and when she got it she was madder still, for about half an hour afterwards I saw her

kicking up her heels under the trees, dancing a gallop with a French officer, and rattling along as hard as she could pelt. I didn't dance myself, as it don't suit me after a meal, but I sat down on the grass and looked at 'em whisking and whirling about, and that, perhaps, was the pleasantest part of the day's entertainment, for Alderman Grabb had managed to get hold of three or four bottles of Sillyry, and silly enough we made 'em before we'd done. That put an end to Monday.

On Tuesday we had a turn-out of a different kind. Lord Normandy gave what they call a "reception" in his garden. None of the raffs was there, but only us and the *alleet*, and so we got a capital lunch without any scrowging, and some of us was introduced to the Presidong, who hadn't anybody on his arm this time, and wasn't follered by that general officer.

We did it this way—for Lord Normandy said he couldn't—'twasn't the ticket: Moonshine, who's an optician, and a politician into the bargain, had made a telescope for Looey Napoleon—that he might carry it about like his uncle—and the Presidong shook hands with him; and then Moonshine, giving us the office, introduced Clinker, and Clinker introduced Kidney, and Kidney me, and me Sharples, and so on, till all our set was quite familiar with his royal highness, and was beginning to converse with him, when he was suddenly called away by affairs of state, and couldn't be introduced to any more. This was a disappointment to a good many, and especially to Mrs. Bullock, who came bustling up as soon as she saw me talking to his royal highness; but I kept my eyes off her, though I felt her sharp elber in the small of my back, nudging me to turn round and present her. "No, no," thinks I, "you sha'n't have that crow over Mrs. Clutterbuck and the gals—it's bad enough as it is;" and when once I've made up my mind not to be moved, why nothing stirs me. That's what I call firmness.

As I wanted to keep myself light and airy for the ball that night at the Hotel de Wheel, I didn't accept no invitation to dinner from any of the ministers or ambassadors, which I might have done if I'd liked, for it was open house with 'em all, and who should have the city gents; so a few of us did a private little thing in the Pally Royal, at the "Provanso," as the best restorong is called. The dishes are mostly dressed with *ile*, and that makes 'em slip down easy, so that you may swaller a good deal before you actually find out you've been eating at all.

The ball turned out a stunner, as I expected it would, for I noticed at different times Mounseer Shevvy's people going in and out of the Hotel de Wheel all the day; it was him that supplied the dinner on the Saturday, and whatever he's got to do he takes care and does it perfect. It was a comfort to look into his shop-winder, as I did on my way to the Provanso, and to think that in a few hours' time I should be at supper, walking into everything I saw there.

People of fashion don't go so late to parties in Paris as they do in London, and by nine o'clock the Hotel de Wheel was as full as it could hold,—leastways the rooms fitted up for the ball. I got nigh one of her winders, and looked out on the Plass de Grave, where the folks seemed gay enough now, and of all the sights I ever saw, *that* beat 'em. There was thousands and thousands of people upon the quays, and so it was with the carriage-company inside. I don't think I shall ever be dazzled again: you

can't put a feller's eyes out more than once,—but if you could, the lights at the ball was enough to do it. People may talk of the big di'mond in the Crystal Palace, but give me the drops of the chandeleers keeping time to the dancing. As to saying who was there, the only difficulty was to say who *wasn't.*

I don't think I've made any mention yet of the Chinee that lives aboard the Junk in the Thames, and goes everywhere whether he's asked or no. Well, there *he* was among the crowd, capering away with all the pretty women just as if he'd been brought up to it, and simpering at 'em as if a Mandarin wasn't the next remove from a monkey!

But he hadn't all the game to himself, no more had the French officers with their cherry-coloured pants and narrer waists. The Corporation of London did its duty on that occasion as it had done on so many others; and what with Lieutenants of the city and Deputy-Lieutenants of counties,—the Artillery Company and such as had been in the Volunteers years and years ago,—there was as grand a show of uniform as ever turned out on Wormwood Scrubs, or at the Brighton Pavilion in the time of the Prince Regent. Alderman Moses had on a scarlet coat, gold epperlets, white kersey shorts, pink silk stockings, buckles in his shoes, and feathers in his cocked hat; and what with his whiskers, his eyebrows, and the hook to his nose, he looked so fierce and warlike that some took him for Charley Napper, some for Lord Goff, and some for the Duke himself. As I wore cavelry regimentals, it was supposed I was either the Marquis of L—— or the Marquis of A——, those ornaments of the British service,—and under this impression a *Neddycong* of the Presidong's came up and informed me—as well as he could in English, poor fellow—that I should have a "mount" for the review next day. It wasn't for me to say "no" to a good offer, so I told him I should be proud and happy, and all I hoped was that the Presidong had got a horse in his stables that was equal to my weight,—for I ride two-and-twenty stun when I get into the saddle.

"Be not frightful," says he, with a grin, when I let him into this secret; "the beast shall resemble you completely, but large and heavy—oh, certainly, yas!"

But I didn't go to the ball merely to be stared at; so I handed out Mrs. Bullock, and stood up with her in a quod-rill. She gave me a hint about woltzing afterwards, but I didn't think the seams of my tights would stand that, and begged to decline. I think her head's turned with all that's happened to her since she came abroad; and what Bullock will do when he gets back passes my comprehension. Unless he goes in for Sheriff next time, I think Mrs. B. will be off with the first Frenchman that asks her—only he'll be a bold man that does.

Well, what with dancing and promnarding, and eating ices and taking a quiet glass of champagne in the passages now and then, as the waiters was carrying the bottles into the supper rooms, I made it out tolerably well till supper-time; but after that I can't distinctly recollect what happened. I believe I got to bed about five o'clock in the morning, and have some idea that I dreamt I was dancing with the general's lady, and when I went to give her a salute I found it was Mrs. Clutterbuck, and that woke me, or perhaps I might have overslept myself and missed the review.

But it's my plan always to get up whenever I open my eyes. I'm like "the Duke" in that respect. So out I got, and on went the S. L. O.'s. I'd a breakfast to eat, however, before I started for the "Sham de Mars"—so called on account of the sham-fights that take place there—and a good 'un it was, being given to the London corporation by the French municipals. It was something like supper and dinner both in one. Trust old Shevvy for knowing what he's about when there's prog to be served out; and trust me for knowing what to do with it when it comes within my reach! Prawns is the things I'm fondest of in a morning, and there they was among the lumps of ice, as big as lobsters. There was pine-apples, too, and boar's-head and chocolate, and hot partridges and *Vang de Bordo*, with a *bookey* to it that the Winter Garden won't beat whenever it's built. It was all served up, too, upon gold plate, which the French call *worm-eel.*

As soon as breakfast was over some of the party went with the Preffy to see the prisons; but as I didn't think they'd any in Paris that beat Newgate, I stayed behind till it was time to go to the Review. The Neddycong was true to his word, and sent up his orderly with a charger for me to ride. The saddle was rather higher in the cantle than I altogether liked, but it wasn't a bad saddle neither, though I question if it would stand wear and tear like some that I know of. It hadn't got the spring that's put into the pigskin in Fore-street, Cripplegate, neither had it quite enough "spread." However, as I said before, the saddle was good enough, and what with the holsters and the shabrac, and me in my regimentals, the turn-out was anything but bad. The horse, too, wasn't amiss for a French horse—a little too much of the carter in him—more bone than blood, but master of my weight, which was all I cared for.

Kidney and Moonshine looked on rather envious as I mounted at the steps of the Hotel de Wheel, and the *gammons* gave a loud hooray; but as I knew the outside of a horse didn't suit either of them, I advised 'em to be content with the special tribunes, for which they'd got tickets, and then I left 'em, and rode off to the Sham de Mars.

It's not to be expected that a man who hasn't done military duty for thirty years, and finds himself all of a sudden among a parcel of whiskered foreigners who don't know what duty means if it isn't military, could give as good an account of this review as if he was the writer of the "Wellington Despâtches," or had been at the battle of Wagram, where the French charged and fired till nobody was able to wag and nothing was left to ram. You'll excuse me, therefore, if I refer you to the military correspondent of the *Times* newspaper, who'll tell you how the *core darmeys* bivouacked on their flanks and debouched on their rears—how they battered each other's breaches and breached each other's batteries,—how they attacked places that wern't defended and defended places that wern't attacked. I had a beautiful place, the Neddycong told me, directly behind the Presidong; and after the sham-fight begun all I saw was smoke. Looey Napoleon asked me what I thought of it, and I said he couldn't do anything better, and General Magnum, the commander-in-chief, who heard what I said, smiled to himself, as much as to say it isn't Lord Granville only that knows how to pay compliments. I waited to see the French troops defile before the Presidong, as they always do on public

occasions, and then I came away speculating in my own mind what the members of the Peace Society who saw the sham-fight thought of it, and whether it seemed likely to them that fellers like the French, who are so ready to fight amongst themselves, whether in fun or earnest, wouldn't be ten times readier to fight with strangers if they only had a chance. You may tickle a tiger through the bars when he's sleepy and had his bellyful, but open his cage when he's hungry, and ask him to give you a paw, and where are you then? Tigers are fine things to look at—as long as you're friends with 'em—and so are the French,—but rile either of 'em, as Jonathan says, and then see! However, I've no call to say anything against the French; they've behaved uncommon well to me, and I shall carry back with me to Brixton—together with a bonnet apiece for Mrs. C. and the gals—a most agreeable recollection of my visit to Paris.

But though the Review was over, the entertainments given to us wasn't. In the evening, we all went in state to the Grand Opera, and, after hearing some sacred music out of those two religious plays, the *Joove* and the *Hewgonots*, were regaled with a fancy article, called *The Nations*, expressly got up in honour of the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London, in which England and France were represented by young ladies in very thin muslin skirts.

On Thursday we went in a body to shake hands with the Presidong once more, and wish him good-by—and, in taking my leave, I said then—what I say now—Good luck to him!

THE PATRIARCH.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

Give me my staff and lead me forth,
And let me see the sky,
That I may feel the warm sunshine
To glad me ere I die,
Beneath the waving chestnut-tree
Remove my old armchair,
And let me look towards the West—
My only hope is there.

I do not mourn that time has cast
His shadow o'er my brow,
I only grieve that I should live
The trunk without the bough,
While all the branches of my house
Lie sleeping side by side,
The patriarch only lives to tell
Of those who earlier died.

The oak that stands a thousand years
At last must quit the ground,
But ev'ry spring and summer rears
Its progeny around;
Not so the human tree, if once
Its roots are rent in twain,
Extinct the noblest race becomes,
And never thrives again!

THE ENGLISH IN AMERICA.*

The United States have grown up in population, prosperity, and power, as it were, under the very eyes of our immediate ancestors, and yet, strange to say, the history of their origin, that is of the separate states, of the progress of population and prosperity, and of the gradual rise to power, by the cementing of social, commercial, and political bonds with one another, are almost as little known in this country, and from peculiar circumstances as much involved in obscurity, as the early annals of Germany or Gaul. The way in which this occurred is briefly but explicitly alluded to by Judge Haliburton, the well-known author, in the work now before us. The early settlements made by the English in America were effected either by individual speculators or associated companies. They were in general situated at a distance from each other, having at first little or no connexion among themselves, and deriving but trifling assistance, and less protection, from the mother country. They grew up into powerful colonies, in neglect and obscurity, with a rapidity and vigour that astonished Europe. They were without precedent in the previous annals of England; and the political agitation of the public mind at the time unhappily afforded no opportunity for establishing their relation on a proper foundation, or arranging a consistent and uniform plan for their government. The accounts we have of them, therefore, are detached, and their interest is destroyed for want of continuity. Every plantation has had its annalist, but the narratives are too local, too minute, and too similar in their details to be either interesting or instructive. No attempt has been made to separate the political from the provincial, and the general from the individual and petty personal history. This, doubtless, is the reason why so little is known of the old colonies previous to her independence, and so little benefit has accrued from past experience, either to Great Britain or her dependencies.

Judge Haliburton argues that it is a great mistake, and a very common one to believe that the American Republic took its rise in a successful resistance of the provincials to an attempt on the part of Great Britain (in a parliament in which they were not represented) to tax them without their consent, and that resistance led to a revolution in which they asserted their independence, and finally obtained it in the year 1783. On the contrary Republicanism in America, he asserts, took its origin from the wonderful working of a variety of accidental causes, and its success has been contributed to by the ability, unity, energy, and practical skill of the people, who worked the machine and kept it in order and repair. Republics, or at least Republican institutions, he tells us, were coeval with the colonisation of the United States, for one was first formed at Plymouth, in New England, in 1620, and another far more extensive and flourishing one was erected in Massachusetts, in the years 1628 and 1629; both which subsisted in full force for a period of more than fifty years without submitting to the power or acknowledging the authority of the parent state. These independent communities founded the institutions and disseminated the democratic opinions that were subsequently

* The English in America. By the Author of "Sam Slick, the Clockmaker," "The Attaché," "The Old Judge," &c. 2 vols. Colburn and Co.

adopted by the continental provinces. The former are, with some small modifications, such as are in existence there at the present day, and the latter are identical with the views of their descendants. It is then from this new starting point, and with the episode of these little known commonwealths, that the "History of the English in America" commences. The author says that in so doing he enters into no speculations, and, above all, he offers no opinions as to the durability of this great Republic of the Western World, or how it will work when the population shall be proportionably as large as that of Europe. To the question as to whether there is anything analogous in Europe to those circumstances which were most indispensably necessary to success, and whether the same form of government may not be copied and adopted in England or France, the answer, he tells us, is to be found in every part of this history, to which he also assigns another important object, that of teaching, by the experience of the past, what should be made the basis of colonial rule in the present day, and one of the chief of these appears to be directly opposed to the great and guiding colonial policy of the Whig government—the introduction of democratic institutions and responsible government—into distant colonies :

A connected sketch of English rule and misrule in America (says the author), it is hoped, may, to a certain extent, supply the deficiency, while it will correct some popular errors on the subject, and furnish valuable material for reflection, not only to those statesmen to whom our destinies are entrusted, but to those restless politicians who imagine a republican form of government suitable to the inhabitants of every country in the world.

Warned by past failures, the former may learn, ere it be too late. to abstain from making experiments which have long since been tried and condemned; to supply deficiencies which have heretofore cost the nation so dearly, to correct abuses arising from inconsiderate concessions, and to cherish and foster those establishments which in every stage of colonisation have been the nurseries of loyalty to the monarch, and attachment to the nation. It will at least convince them that to substitute democratic for monarchical institutions is not the safest or the best mode of retaining colonies, or enlisting the sympathy of their inhabitants.

The latter class (revolutionists) are numerous everywhere. Astonished and dazzled at the extraordinary success that has attended the great American experiment, they merely regard the result, without stopping to investigate the cause. and hastily conclude that that which has worked so well in the United States, and produced so much general prosperity and individual good, is equally applicable to, or attainable by, every other people. This is a great and fatal error. A government must not only be suited to the population, but to the country for which it is designed; and the moral and social condition of the one, and the size, the climate, and political and relative position of the other, are of the utmost importance to be thoroughly understood, and maturely considered.

Thus a constitutional monarchy has proved inadequate in Spain to conciliate the affections or restrain the turbulence of the people. Responsible government in Canada has failed in its object, because it is incompatible with imperial control and colonial dependence, is unsuited to the poverty, ignorance, and inactivity of the French *habitans*, and the predilections and prejudices of the English emigrants, and because it wants correlative and congenial institutions, and is deficient in federal strength and central gravitation. Royalty could not be acclimated in the United States, though the experiment were to be tried by a vote of a large majority. It is contrary to the genius of the people, their habits, institutions, and feelings. For these and other reasons, self-government has signally failed in all the republics of the southern hemisphere, though the constitution and example of the United States has been followed as closely as possible. Democracy has at present a feverish and delirious existence in France. It was not the deliberate choice of the nation, but the result of an insurrection. It offered a temporary shelter amid the storms of civil commotion, and was adopted as a harbour of

refuge. How long will its neutral character be respected by the irreconcilable parties that distract that unhappy nation?

The first settlers in the United States were men rendered discontented with their fatherland by religious fanaticism; they were the Separatists of Leyden, called Brownists, who settled at Plymouth, and English Non-conformists, who settled at Massachusetts Bay. Both their parties commenced their enterprise under the sanction of a charter, yet, in the true spirit of Dissenters, they had no sooner landed at a place which they knew belonged neither to king nor company, than they erected themselves into a republic, and founded a commonwealth in disobediance or defiance of royal authority. It was a self-created, independent, democratic government. The next who came out were the Puritans, who obtained a grant of corporation by the name of the Governor and Company of Massachusetts Bay, in New England, under the mask of the most pure and sincere loyalty and orthodoxy. They had, however, like their predecessors, no sooner landed, than they openly disavowed "their dear mother Church," and reduced the form of worship to the most extreme standard of Calvanistic simplicity. Nor did they content themselves with so wide a departure from the charter and their oaths, but they persecuted to imprisonment and expulsion from the colony a few faithful Churchmen who had been entrapped into this sectarian league.

The company with, says Judge Haliburton, "a caution and adroitness that never forsook them, and ever after formed their chief characteristic," stifled all complaints at home. They had duped the king and the Church, they now resolved to dupe the merchant adventurers, co-brethren, and pecuniary supporters of the enterprise; and Judge Haliburton justly qualifies this fraudulent and clandestine removal of the charter to Massachusetts as one of the most singular events in the history of England, and by far the most important one in that of America. Thus it was, strange to say, that the great colony of Massachusetts, which was destined by a second charter to absorb the two little democratic commonwealths that had preceded it, was founded on deceptive pretences, and was carried on and enriched by repudiation and other fraudulent practices. The "caution and adroitness" which Judge Haliburton alludes to as ever characteristic of the descendants of the first pilgrims, had evidently no small touch of something much worse in it, and we will not pretend to say that "caution and adroitness" have alone, and without any laxity of principle, remained a very common characteristic. There must have been something in the feeling of treading the soil of a new world—the distance that separated them from the mother country, the great ocean which laved the boundless shores of the continent, and in the unexplored boundless interior, that with its fine pastures, noble rivers, forests redolent of living things, and great inland lakes, lay before them, that forced upon the new-comers feelings of independence and democracy. There can be no doubt but this yet unpeopled Far West has also kept up the same feeling to the present day. But that there should have been so much low cunning and duplicity mixed up with the same feeling among the early colonists, can only be referred, as Judge Haliburton would appear to do, to the principles of religious discontent and dissent which influence their minds and perverted their morality. If the same laxity of principle is observable anywhere, we can only refer it to the hereditary propagation of the same original colonial characteristics, favoured by a climate and terri-

torial position which some physiologists hold to be unfavourable to the development of the Saxon race, and by which consequently the same moral degeneration may be expected to be occasionally met with, as the more manifest physical degeneration is to the eye of the traveller and the observer:

The deception (says Judge Haliburton), practised by these people throughout the whole of their negotiation in England, seems to admit of no further addition, but their very last act was to publish a manifesto to the clergy of the Established Church, assuring them that they were in fact and in heart members of the same communion, and solicited their prayers and their blessings on their undertaking. They entreated them to believe—to use their own words—"that they esteemed it their honour to call the Church of England their dear mother, and they could not leave the country where she resided without tears in their eyes. We leave it not, therefore," they said, "as loathing that milk wherewith we were nourished there; but, blessing God for the parentage and education, and, as members of the same body, shall rejoice in her good; and, while we have breath, sincerely desire and endeavour the continuance and abundance of her welfare, with the enlargement of her bounds in the kingdom of Jesus Christ." And much more to the same effect. History can scarcely furnish such an instance of consummate hypocrisy.

The accounts of their early settlement in general circulation are chiefly written by themselves or their descendants, who are their eulogists. Such being the case, truth can only be ascertained by a careful examination of original documents and obsolete contemporaneous works. They were always anxious to be considered as martyrs, and laid claim to all that is noble in conduct, exalted in principle, and pure in religion; while the sovereign whom they duped has been represented as a tyrant, and the prelates whom they publicly flattered and privately traduced, have been held up to the world as cruel and senseless bigots. There was no doubt much in the conduct of the king that cannot be justified, and in the hierarchy of the day that is deeply to be regretted, but rebellious subjects compel monarchs to be cruel in self-defence, and a priest may well be excused if he thinks schism aggravated by deception and falsehood.

Such were the people who laid the foundation of Republicanism in America. There is much in their conduct to admire and applaud, but still more to reprove and condemn. The bright lights and dark shades of their character are in such contrast, that never had historian a harder task to perform than Judge Haliburton, when he resolved upon writing an impartial history of the English in America. The first settlers had, when they dispensed with the oaths of supremacy and allegiance, and established themselves as a republic from necessity, aggression to apprehend from three sources—the crown, the hierarchy, and the parliament. The courage with which they resisted, and the ingenuity with which they evaded compliance with the authority or claims of all, Judge Haliburton argues, was not the result of accident, or of public distractions in England, or of their remote and isolated situation, though all contributed to favour their object (and we should say most materially so), but it was a predetermined and well-concerted plan. They had paid a large sum of money to the council of New Plymouth for their territory, they had fortified their title to the soil by purchases from the Indians, and they affected to believe that, if the fortuitous circumstances of prior discovery had conveyed any right to the crown, the king had formally surrendered it by the charter, in consideration of the conditions contained in it. They regarded it, therefore, as peculiarly their own country, and they were unwilling to allow any interference whatever from any quarter.

When the settlers found themselves a sovereign people, the exercise of unlimited power was new to them, and this novelty, as yet wholly unrestrained by constitutional checks, increased their impatience of indi-

vidual resistance, and made them both arbitrary and vindictive in their conduct. This, however, Judge Haliburton, who relates the story of an English Dissenter, of the name of Blackstone, who, forced by the Republicans from his possessions at Boston, remarked, in the bitterness of disappointed feeling, "that he had left England because he did not like the Lord's bishops; but that he should now leave them, for he could not stand the Lord's brethren," justly remarks, *is at all times the natural tendency of democracy.*

It was forbidden to drink the king's health; it was enacted that none but Church members should be admitted to be freemen; strangers were forbidden to settle in the colony without a license; petitioning the king was called slandering the brethren, and Morton, Sir Christopher Gardner, and Ratcliffe, were punished for so doing; and all this time, with the exception of an embargo laid on some vessels in the Thames, the colony was left unmolested, extending their settlements to Connecticut, Rhode Island, and other places, and warring against and exterminating the Indians.

The confederation of Massachusetts with Connecticut, Newhaven, and Plymouth, by the unity of action which resulted from it, the power it gave to the Court of Commissioners not only within their own jurisdiction, but with their French, Dutch, and Indian neighbours, and the weight and influence they obtained among all the inhabitants of the continent, first suggested the Congress, and then the Federal Government of the present day; and to this bold step may be traced the origin of the federal union of the several states of the great Republic. Dating from this epoch, the two most interesting periods of the colonial history of America extend thence to the English revolution of 1688, and from thence to the peace of 1783, that insured the independence of the revolted provinces constituting the United States. Of these, Judge Haliburton says, the first is by far the most curious and instructive, inasmuch as during that time the colonies were planted, their constitutions, after various alterations, assumed a definite form, and they were sensibly affected by every change which the innovations of those days introduced into the parent country:

If we except Georgia, afterwards planted, and Florida, subsequently conquered, the continental colonies were now firmly established, and consisted of Massachusetts, including Plymouth and Maine, Rhode Island (embracing Providence), Connecticut, New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and the two Carolinas, and contained about two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, of which at least seventy-five thousand were settled in New England. Their commerce was carried on by twenty-five thousand tons of shipping, which was navigated by two thousand six hundred seamen.

No regular plan of colonisation had ever been adopted. Settlements formed by accident or caprice were left to languish, or flourish, as the character of the people, or the nature of the soil or climate, happened to operate. They were not trained up, they grew up; and being beyond the reach of parental control, governed themselves in their own way. Many constitutions were drafted and proposed for adoption; the most arbitrary, impracticable, and absurd of which emanated from men like Locke, whom England delights to honour as one of her most distinguished sons. It may be some consolation to the admirers of that great man, to know that modern statesmen, with a wider experience and infinitely increased means of information, have exhibited as little skill in legislating for colonists as he did. Several of these forms were tried in different places with more or less success, but at the time we are now speaking of, though varying from each other in many respects, they may be classed under three heads:— Charter, Proprietary, and Royal Governments. Of the first were Massachu-

setts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut; of the second, were New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, and Carolina; and of the third, New York, Virginia, and New Hampshire.

The origin of these charter governments, as we have seen, was by the surreptitious removal to America, by the Puritans, of a patent granted to certain of their number as a trading company, whose court was to meet and act in London, and the attempt to adapt this incomplete and incompatible instrument to the purposes of civil government. Subsequently other charters, equally inapplicable, were granted, in which not even the unsubstantial appearance of sovereignty was reserved to England. They were pure democracies. They elected every one of their officers, from the highest to the lowest, and displaced them at pleasure, while the laws they enacted went into operation without transmission to England for approval. The main object in devising a constitution for a dependency is, or ought to be, as has been very well expressed by an author of great weight on this subject, "to make the new establishment as useful as possible to the trade of the mother country; to secure its dependence, to provide for the ease, safety, and happiness of the settlers; to protect them from their enemies, and to make an easy and effectual provision to preserve them from the tyranny and avarice of their governors, or the ill consequences of their own licentiousness; that they should not, by growing into an unbounded liberty, forget that they are subjects, or, lying under base servitude, have no reason to think themselves British subjects." This is all that colonies, according to the present and best ideas of them, can or ought to be.

We do not know what the Americans will think of a work in which the ascribing to Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, or Adams, and their contemporaries, the whole merit of the invention and creation of that wonderful Republic, is said to be equivalent to robbing the early planters of Massachusetts of their well-earned laurels; but never before have we seen the rise and progress of democracy, and the formation of the military character with the real part which the great heroes of the United States were called upon by Providence to play, placed in so clear, so philosophical, and so impartial a light, as in Judge Haliburton's work. In America, he justly remarks, that that was no pre-existing monarchy, hierarchy, or nobility, to contend with; there were great peculiarities as before noticed in the character of the first settlers, and Massachusetts was a federative body in miniature. The adoption of the federal constitution led to a general predisposition to rebellion, and was an immediate cause of revolution. There were in addition a vast territory, a common origin and language, no powerful neighbours, no poor, and universal toleration (in consequence of which there is, as in this country, danger of Romish ascendancy). The comparison established by Judge Haliburton between this state of things and that which exists in England and France, in reference to a Republican form of government, is at once able and conclusive, and coming so opportunely as it does, will be read with great interest and advantage by many on this side of the Atlantic, who have not hitherto been put in the way of forming a correct opinion of the rise and progress of democracy, and of the very peculiar circumstances which have given such long duration to the Republican form of government in the United States, and which are not to be met with in the Old World.

THE REQUITAL OF FRANCES HILDYARD.

BEING THE SEQUEL TO "AN EPISODE IN THE LIFE OF JOHN RAYNER."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SEVEN YEARS IN THE WEDDED LIFE OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC."

I.

POUR! pour! pour!—stream! stream! stream!—hail, rain, snow, wind!—shake, shiver, drip!—ugh! ogh! igh!

And amidst such a storm as he never hoped to be out in again, did John Rayner, in company with some other diligence passengers, find or swim his way into Lausanne, the diligence itself having been upset and disabled half a mile off. He sought shelter, carpet-bag in hand, in a comfortable-looking hostelrie, very unpretending and retired, where, in lieu of a string of waiters, the host attended upon his guests himself, or sent his wife to do so when he was busy.

"A good roaring fire, and a stiff glass of cognac and water, madame,' quoth John; "we will talk about dinner afterwards." And stretching out his legs to the blaze, and sipping the cordial, he speedily regained his equanimity of temper.

What he was doing again in Switzerland, and what took him to Lausanne, is no business of yours, courteous reader, therefore it need not be alluded to. The object of his journey was widely different from that of the agreeable tour of pleasure when he visited the Glacier de Bosson eighteen months before. He was now travelling alone, and expected to be located for two or three weeks in Lausanne—beautiful Lausanne in summer, but a most dreary place in winter.

There was no table-d'hôte in the inn, and he left the dinner to them. It was nicely cooked and served, the hostess herself waiting upon him.

"You shall have some creams to-morrow, sir," she observed, placing the dessert upon the table. "This house is famous for them, but I could not manage it to-day, for the saints know I have had my share of occupation from sunrise this morning. It is no light matter, sir, to lose a pair of hands in the work of a house, and that house an inn."

"But you have not lost yours," cried John, looking at the appendages in question of his hostess, which, uncommonly large and red, seemed formed by nature for industry.

"But I have lost my daughter's, sir. She is rising eighteen years of age, and is very useful. We have got a sick lady stopping in the house, and she has been so much worse the last day or two, that I don't think it right she should be left, so my daughter sits up with her. It is a sad thing to be stricken down with illness in a foreign country, without a friend near."

"It is, indeed," replied the guest. "I trust it will never be your case or mine."

"And she is so beautiful! But the English women mostly are."

"Is it a countrywoman of mine you have been talking of?" he inquired, aroused to sympathy.

"I thought I had said so," answered the hostess. "She was ill when she came, about three weeks ago, and she has been getting worse

ever since. Two days past a great change took place; yet, in spite of all we can say or do, she will not see a doctor."

The landlady left the room, and John Rayner sipped his claret, musing on what he had just heard. Before much time had elapsed, however, back she came, and drawing forward the chair on the opposite side of the fire, ensconced her portly person in it, with that unconscious familiarity observable on the Continent, and which conveys anything but an idea of presumption or disrespect, as it would be too apt to do in England. Down she sat, with a "Pardon, monsieur," and a stroking and smoothing of her white apron.

"I am taking a great liberty, sir, but I have been conning the matter over with my husband, and we have come to the resolution of asking you to see this sick lady. It would be a terrible thing if she were to die in the house, and without advice, which she *will not* have. We might have the authorities down upon us."

"Very true," answered John, not exactly seeing what the affair had to do with him. "What is her objection to see a medical man?"

"What indeed!" grumbled the landlady; "I should like to know it myself. She says she has no need of one, while all the time she is as ill as she can be to be alive. And something seems to weigh heavily upon her spirits. If it were not that she is so young, I should say that she had seen much sorrow."

"What is her name?" inquired John Rayner.

"Madame Eef."

"Madame what?" repeated John.

"Eef," returned the landlady. "It is an English name that."

He tried to twist the "Eef" into shape, but he knew the astounding metamorphosis our vowels, and consonants too, undergo in a French mouth, so he let the matter drop.

"Will you not see her, sir, and persuade her to consult a physician? she may listen to you, being an Englishman. I can take you into her room without saying anything, and——"

"But," he interrupted, "you surely don't think I could intrude myself into any lady's chamber without her permission?"

"Eh, mercy me!" cried the dame, "then I don't see what's to be done. She must lie there and die."

"What *can* be done?"

"We thought, sir, you might have paid her a friendly visit, as a countryman, asking if you could render her any little service, hearing she was cast down by illness in a remote place. It would be but kindness at any rate."

"Suppose you were to inquire——"

"It is of no use to inquire," interposed the landlady; "she is very reserved, and will not even hear talk of a stranger. Could you not, sir, say you were a doctor?"

"I am a doctor," interrupted her guest.

"In reality?" exclaimed the dame, looking up.

"In reality," smiled John. "A *bonâ fide* doctor, with all the et cæteras, and in good practice in my own land."

"Then, sir, you have no plea for refusal. Should you hear of her death in a few days, you will reflect upon yourself for permitting a

young countrywoman, almost a girl, to die unaided and uncared for in a foreign inn."

And John Rayner yielded to her argument, and laid aside the cigar-case, which he was upon the point of opening, until after he had paid this strange visit.

The hostess retired, and presently her daughter came for him, requesting him to follow her up-stairs. Passing the bedroom which had been assigned to him, she preceded him down the corridor, and, gently opening the door at the end of it, she beckoned to her mother, who was in the room, and retired.

It was a large dreary-looking chamber, dimly lighted by a single candle and the flickering flames of the wood-fire. A sofa, covered with calico, clean and white, was drawn towards the blaze, and sitting on it, leaning against a pillow, was the invalid. He could not see very clearly at first—she looked young and fair, but deathly pale.

The landlady said a few words by way of introduction: they were probably not heard, for she did not look up, but the moment her ear caught the sound of strange footsteps, she turned and started wildly from her seat;—gazing at him, her lips apart, her hands clasped together, and her bosom heaving.

In the dim light of the room, of a greater dimness where he stood in the shade, she may have mistaken him for another.

He began a short explanation—that he was an English medical man—but it was useless to continue any statement or explanation just then. Her whole frame was shaking, her chest and throat were throbbing, and they could hear her heart beating.

Where had he seen her before—where *had* he seen that face, ever to be remembered from its severe beauty? For the moment he could not tell, but as he continued to look upon her, a dawning light stole through his mind—a confused reminiscence of the being before him, a handsome young English nobleman, and the glaciers of Switzerland. Then he remembered the episode; the gold pencil-case, bearing the badge of rank, and its noble owner: she who now trembled before him was the one who had then leaned upon that owner's arm.

Half an hour afterwards he was quitting the room. He had made some slight progress; at any rate she was calm, and did not insist upon his leaving her uncared for, as she had done at first. She had even not contradicted him when she heard him say he would see her at a convenient season in the morning.

"How do you find her, sir?" whispered the hostess, meeting him on the staircase.

"She is dying," was the answer. "In a week's time from this I question if she will be alive."

"Eh, mon Dieu!" cried the landlady, with a smothered shriek, "je l'ai bien pensé."

"Will you direct me to a chemist's?" he inquired.

"My boy, Guillaume, shall show you, sir. Jesu! quelle triste chose! quel malheur pour nous! quel malheur qu'elle s'est arrêtée ici!"

II.

THREE evenings afterwards, John Rayner sat by the side of the invalid in the dimly-lighted sick chamber, the one candle, as of yore, upon the

table, and the red light shooting up from the wood-fire. A wonderful bond of union, considering the short period of their acquaintanceship, had sprung up between them—it deserved the name of friendship, if ever that name was deserved on earth. He knew no more of her history than he did the first hour he met her, yet he could have cherished and protected her through life, and she could have clung to and confided in him. Not exactly with the feeling such as lies between brother and sister; still less as a lover—a lover! psha! he had left his own sweet wife in his native country; and *she* was too passionately attached to another, too entirely engrossed with his remembrance, to allow even the shadow of such a feeling to enter her imagination. Yet they had become dear friends, and he could have laid her aching head upon his bosom, and have endeavoured to soothe away her anguish.

Is it not strange that these feelings——however, let all that pass.

"Are you acquainted," she suddenly asked, turning upon him for a moment her brilliantly blue eyes, though their brilliancy had now its origin in fever, "with that part of London where so many of the higher-classed lawyers live, near to ——?" mentioning a well-known locality.

"I know it well."

"Have you ever heard," she continued to pant, in her weak voice, and with her laboured and heavy breath, as is often the case with one near the grave—"have you ever heard of the firm of Hildyard and Prael?"

"Frequently. Their names are eminent."

"Mr. Hildyard is my father," she whispered, bending down her head on the arm of the sofa, so that he could not see her face.

"Mr. Hildyard!"

"Even so. I was—I *am* Miss Hildyard."

Yet the wedding-ring and keeper were on her finger. False, deceiving rings!—false, deceptive, worthless baubles! She saw his involuntary glance at them, and her head was bent lower. And John Rayner, for that rebellious glance, could almost have plucked his eyes out. Whatever may have been her errors, it was not in his duty, no, nor in his nature, to chastise her for them.

"I know Mr. Hildyard slightly," he resumed.

"Have you met him lately?—how does he seem?—when did you last see him?" she reiterated, looking up with painful earnestness.

And then he recalled a fact which had escaped his memory, and he felt the hot blood rush to his face. Mr. Hildyard was dead—about six months before. Should he tell her? No.

He relinquished the hand which he had taken, and rose hastily to snuff the candle, for her eyes were still raised to his face, and the telltale colour was there.

"What dreadful snuffers these are! If they would but import a few English ones into these remote places!"

"But my father?" she interrupted, beseechingly.

"I am trying to recollect," he replied, with apparent indifference, as he resumed his place. "I do not think I have seen Mr. Hildyard lately. But I am not much in the habit of seeing him; my residence is in so different a part of the town—you know, I have told you so."

"My dear, dear father!" she uttered, "what would I not give to see him once again!"

To pursue the conversation that now occurred would be tedious; it was

but a recapitulation of the life of Frances Hildyard—the heads of those particulars already known to the reader.

"I cannot describe to you the change when I entered the convent," she proceeded. "I had been reared in the luxuries of life, accustomed to its elegances and gaieties, and they tore all from me and shut me up in a bare, gloomy prison. I could but compare it to a house of death. Do you suppose I felt the change?"

"A convent is represented to the uninitiated as a peaceful asylum," mused John Rayner.

"Peaceful asylum! there are some who give that name to the grave—they have no more tried the one than they have the other. I have experienced the former; I am close upon the latter, and I can only pray that there may be no analogy between them."

"Yet there are hundreds of women who voluntarily embrace the seclusion of a convent, and live and die in it?"

"Hundreds of *girls*, but for the women, could you count them by tens? And you call it willingly—you, with your keen penetration and your sound intellect! They are sent into the convents as infants, scarcely more—wild, laughing, warm-hearted children of eight or ten. But go and look at them in a few years—where is their laughter and their merriment? the expression of their countenance, even their very eye is altered. They have been moulded to apathy; the ties they came into the world to form and cherish are banished from their hopes and wishes, and their days and thoughts are wasted in religious ceremonies and absurdities."

"Wasted!"

"Wasted," she repeated, turning her clear, feverish eye towards him.

"And you, a Catholic, tell me this!" he half smiled.

"I am a Catholic, but I do not less see the errors in my religion. Had I never suspected them before, my sojourn in the convent would have betrayed them to me. Did God send living souls into the world to lead a life of indolent uselessness? No, no. He endowed them with all noble qualities and attributes; He placed them here to exercise those attributes to the utmost of their power towards their own and the general good, and for the manner in which they perform their task they must render their account at the last day."

"There is a parallel left to us in the New Testament," murmured John Rayner; "you may see it in its first gospel, which treats of what you speak."

"I think I know, though you are permitted to read the Scriptures more than we are: the talent that its possessor buried in the earth."

"And that possessor's fearful punishment! Are the inmates of your religious institutions allowed to digest that chapter?"

"It is of little moment if they are: the bent of their minds is formed in childhood, and they are trained to believe but as their teachers wish. Look at my two sisters. They dare not presume to have a thought or opinion of their own upon religious subjects, and they would not if they could. Talk of Eastern slavery! the veriest despot never kept his minions in more abject subjection than that enforced upon the inmates of a convent."

"Yet they placed *you* there to acquire peace."

"They made a wide mistake. Had they taken me thither in my infancy, I should have been theirs heart and soul, without a thought of rebellion; but, unfortunately for their projects, and perhaps also for me, I was suffered to become attached to the world's ties."

"So the monotony of the convent was irksome?"

"Do not call it by that epithet," she answered. "It implies, at least to my ear, something that *may* be borne."

"And life at a convent may not?"

"Not by me. The rules seemed terrible to me then, and, after having had leisure to reflect upon them, they seem so now. I was attired in the most simple manner when I went down—a plain black-silk dress and a white muslin collar; but these could not be allowed in the convent. They were taken from me before I had been ten minutes in the place; before they gave me any refreshment, or allowed me time to repose. A gown of black stuff or serge, looking just like some of the aprons worn by the inferior servants in my father's establishment, was brought to me by a nun. I was very obedient, and took off the silk dress as she required, but upon going to resume the collar—for I did not then know her interdiction extended to that—she raised a pair of scissors that hung at her girdle and deliberately cut it in two."

"'Then I am not to wear it?' I exclaimed.

"'It is a vain ornament,' she said, 'and may have no place here.'

"'And those in my boxes,—are they to be served the same?'

"'Your boxes will be examined before they are given up to you,' was her reply, 'and all improper articles removed.'

"My high spirit rose within me, but I checked it, perhaps for the first time in my life. She desired me to take a seat, and proceeded to remove the combs from my hair I started up then, and indignantly remonstrated. I thought she was about to cut it off.

"'Not so,' she answered, gathering the long curls in her hands. 'I am but going to arrange it in the mode permitted here.'

"I wish you could have seen me in this black coarse dress—coarse compared with what I had been accustomed to—fitting tightly to the shape, and closing high round the throat; not a bit of anything white, lace, or embroidery, to be seen about me, and all my hair combed to the back of my head! But this was nothing; nay, I do think it was more a joke to me than anything else—a joke, mind you, if it had not been to last."

"And your duties?"

"Do not talk of them," she answered; "they were to me intolerable labour and privation. The sisterhood pursued them with monotonous contentment; they were inured to them by habit; but I——"

She appeared to be getting exhausted, and John Rayner advanced to the table, and pouring out some drops, administered them to her in water.

"The mornings, when I went there, were cold and dark," she resumed, "and we had to rise without fire, and be in the chapel at five; at seven there was a scanty breakfast; at nine the chapel again; and after that we were dismissed to our cells to pray and meditate."

"Neither of which was performed by you, I conclude?" cried John,

taking her emaciated hand, and unconsciously twirling round and round those false rings.

"But they were. I meditated on my bitter fate; on my sisters' cruelty, for *they* knew what they were consigning me to when they persuaded my parents to condemn me to it. I meditated upon how to escape it. I yearned for home; I yearned for the world I had left behind; and, more than all, I yearned for the presence of one who had become more to me than home and friends. And when I prayed, as they ordered me, I prayed that I might be released from their unnatural trammels, or be removed by death."

"But you were speaking of your duties."

"Why go into the details?" she rejoined. "I dislike ever to think of them. One day was but a repetition of another, one hour almost the counterpart of the preceding one; the early rising, the continual prayers and services, and the self-same daily routine. We dined at twelve—such a dinner! I had used to wonder if the lady abbess had not a second one served in her own apartment. Herbs, vegetables, a small portion of meat, and spring-water, may be good for the health, but I had been accustomed to more generous food. Afterwards came the chapel again, and then we had to appear before the lady abbess, *on our knees*, and give an account of our actions, dispositions, and thoughts during the past twenty-four hours. I must have tried her patience frequently; but that she was very kind to me, and endeavoured to win me over gently, I will not deny. A rebellious inmate was, I suppose, unknown in the convent; or, if their spirit rebelled, they had the art to conceal it better than I did. It peeped out in spite of me, and I was mildly and continually remonstrated with. I dare say the nuns, regarding their mode of life as one that was fitting them for heaven, looked upon me as the sailors of old looked upon Jonah: if they could but have read the real rebellion that was searing my heart!"

"Shall I give you more drops?"

"Not now. The afternoons were but a repetition of the mornings—perhaps worse: for recreation, in the intervals of the prayers and the chapel services, we were allowed to do needlework—our own clothes, or embroidering dresses for the saints and images in the chapel. In some of the religious establishments of England the domestic work is attended to by the nuns indiscriminately, but not in this one. It would have been a relief to me to do it, ignorant as I am of such labour, but a few of the sisterhood there are of inferior family; they have paid nothing, or but little, to enter, and they perform the household work. There was no break to the painful monotony of my existence. I never saw the boarders, except at a distance, in the chapel. Whether the nuns thought I should contaminate them with my worldly spirit, or that they would wean my attention from religious duties, I cannot determine; but I and the lay pupils were never suffered to meet. At eight o'clock in the evening we were consigned to our dark and lonely cells, and might go to bed or remain up, praying, as we chose. I frequently remained, not praying, but thinking of the scenes of gaiety I had used to enter about that hour, and that *he* was entering on them then—the lighted ball-rooms, the sweet music, the perfume of the flowers, and the radiant faces we were wont to

meet. And, oh! the continual confessions! I was planted for ever before the keen and questioning priests—I, who had nothing to confess but my painful regrets, and the bitter feeling that was eating away my life."

"Did you never write home?"

"Frequently; and that is the worst part of all. I described minutely to my father and mother how I had to live; they would know better than words of mine could tell them that I was entirely unfitted for it. I humbled myself to them; I promised, that if they would release me, and receive me at home again, I would be all they could wish. At length I offered to give up Lord Winchester; never to see or speak with him again; and they knew that, if I undertook this in all honour, I would have fulfilled it. I was suffering then because I would not give that promise; for a promise once made by me is never broken."

"Did they relent?"

"*I never had an answer.* I wrote letter after letter to my father, to my mother, even to my sisters, but never did a single line or word come to me in return. I at last wrote, in the very extremity of despair, frequent, frequent letters; the lady abbess told me I sent too often, and, when I disregarded her words, the priests ordered me to do penance."

"Were the letters sent?" inquired John Rayner, raising for a moment his keen glance upon her.

"I cannot tell you; I do not know until this hour, but I had no suspicion then that they were not, otherwise—oh!" she broke off suddenly, pressing her hand upon her brow in anguish, "if the nuns played me false in this they have much to answer for! I thought my parents had abandoned me: I thought I was consigned to that place for life, and there were moments when, in my despair, I really prayed to die."

"Be calm, be calm, Miss Hildyard."

"I grew ill, and was removed to the infirmary, and—and—I cannot explain to you how, and you must never ask me, but I effected my escape from the convent."

He uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"You may well wonder. Such a thing had never, I believe, occurred at that establishment before, and probably never will again, for there is no doubt that most rigid precautions were taken after my departure."

"But how could you effect it?"

"You must not inquire. I did not do it of myself."

"Why may I not? Do you doubt my good faith?"

"I do not doubt it. But I tell you I was not unassisted, and I was sworn to secrecy upon the crucifix. Had it not been for my illness it could not have been effected; that much you may know. Were it ever suspected at the convent how I was aided, punishment the most dire would fall upon the author of it."

"And the motive was pity for you?"

"Genuine pity. Years had endured *her* to the despair of her life, and the daily drudgery she performed in the convent took from its monotony; but she forgot not how she had been consigned unwillingly and in her earlier years, as I was, to that living tomb, or the prayers for escape that she had raised unavailingly."

"She did not fly with you?" he asked, listening to the recital, every syllable of which bore too painfully the stamp of truth, with breathless interest.

"I tell you, years, long years, had reconciled her to her life—and she had nowhere that she cared to fly to then ; it was too late."

"It is asserted in the world," he whispered, "and by the authorities of your own creed, that any one may leave a convent if they find it unpalatable—leave with the full consent of its superiors?"

"You may as well assert that the stars you see in the heavens can leave their places without the aid of God," she answered, vehemently. "A nun is not told she shall not leave; but will you tell me how she is to set about doing so, when every word and action, ay, every thought is known and looked over with a jealous eye? What communication can she hold with her friends without? None. To whom can she make known her wishes save to those around her, the lady abbess and the priests? *and to them she dare not*, for they have every interest in keeping her where she is."

"And, knowing this, should it not have led you to suspect that your own letters were never suffered to see the light?"

"It did not at the time—not for long afterwards. It would have been happy for me had I done so, for I should have hastened home instead of——"

"You allude to when you quitted the convent?" he observed, finding she did not conclude her sentence.

"It was in the grey light of the morning that I escaped—spring was far advanced then—before any of the inmates were up, save one. I pointed to the world before me, and pressed *her* to fly with me, but she shook her head, and asked me, if I indeed thought I owed her a recompense, to offer up unceasing prayers that she might be forgiven for aiding me in the sin. I had been under her care in the infirmary for weeks. and she had learnt to love and pity me, but I do not think she would have ever aided me, had it not been that she feared——"

"Go on, Miss Hildyard."

"I had paroxysms—dreadful paroxysms of despair, and I believe she feared I might lay violent hands upon myself. But I never should have done that, unless insanity had overtaken me."

"What became of you—where did you go?"

"I could not return home ; remember, I thought that they had abandoned me, and that the step would but lead to my being placed in the convent under more astringent rules. I was helpless, foodless, almost clotheless; my heart was nearly bursting with indignation and perplexity, and——I wrote to Lord Winchester."

There was a deep silence. John Rayner did not break it.

"I ran miles, it seemed to me, away from the convent, over cross-country roads: a few people that I met stared at me until all my limbs trembled with terror, for I feared that anybody might divine who I was. I looked strange, no doubt, for I had no bonnet, and only a shawl pinned over my head."

"But where did you find shelter?"

"I came suddenly upon a mill; I was in a retired lane, and the hedges

had hid it from my view. Adjoining it was a cottage, and seated on a bench at the door was a young woman, tossing and playing with a child. She gave me good-morrow kindly. I knew I could not go much further, and I was afraid of being pursued and discovered, so I mustered up resolution, and asked her to take me in."

"Did you say you came from the convent?"

"No, no. I told a tale of a cruel stepmother—I had been conning it over as I went along—and that I had run away from home, and wanted shelter somewhere for a day or two, until I could resolve what to do for the future. She said she would afford it me; that the mill and cottage were so retired, that sometimes a stranger would not be seen passing for weeks together, and that I could sleep with her and the baby, for her husband was gone to a distant cattle-show, and would not be back for three or four days. I wrote the letter that afternoon, and took it to the village myself in the dusk of the evening, and posted it."

"And he you wrote to came?" interposed John, in a low voice.

"He came. He conjured me to abandon those who had abandoned me, and to trust to his honour; and I left the cottage with him."

Again there was an unbroken pause, disturbed only by her irregular breathing, as she panted for respiration. John Rayner did not know what to say, or how to break it.

"Finish your recital another day," he whispered, as he leaned over her, and smoothed the pillows that were her support.

"I must finish it now," she answered, "if I am to finish it at all. I dare say you cannot think worse of me than you have already done."

"I have never thought ill of you," he exclaimed, with his characteristic impetuosity; "I do not, I will not think ill of you; and were we both free——"

Whatever nonsense he was going to utter, I declare he does not choose to recal unto this day, but she interrupted him.

"Hear the rest while I have strength to tell it. We fled night and day, never stopping for rest, and scarcely for refreshment, until we reached Paris. He had reiterated his promise to marry me again and again, and the evening we arrived in Paris, an English Catholic clergyman, in his canonicals, was introduced to the hotel, and went through the marriage ceremony."

"But, good Heavens! my dear, dear young lady," he ejaculated, starting up and striding backwards and forwards across the room, "could you, with even your partial knowledge of the world—could you for a moment believe that such a marriage was a binding one?"

"I am but a few days, it may be hours, removed from the grave," she murmured, "and I will not go down to it with a falsehood on my lips—not even to purchase a tithe of good opinion from you. I *felt* that the marriage was a false one. I have a doubt whether it was really a priest who performed it, for he seemed strangely bungling over his work."

"There would have been time for you to retreat even then."

"There would, there would. But I should have been lost then in the world's opinion. And where was I to retreat to? The convent? Do not shrink from me. You do not know what it is to feel that you are thrust from your father's home, that you possess no refuge in the wide

world, and to have one by your side persuading you to sin—one whom you worship almost to idolatry, as I did him. My imprudence was lamentable, my thoughtlessness great—yet do not you shrink from me."

He drew her aching head towards him, and bathed her beating temples with cooling water.

"There is little more to tell that you may not imagine: it was but what I might have expected—boasted profession succeeded by indifference and then desertion. We travelled rapidly through France, and lingered in Switzerland; you saw us at the Glaciers. That was my happy time, if I can say that one hour has been happy since I quitted England."

"We thought you were his wife," he whispered, looking at her closed eyes and the tears that were coursing down her pale cheeks.

"We passed on to Italy in October," she resumed, "and remained there the winter. In the spring we returned to Switzerland, and lived in seclusion in one of those beautiful little villas on the border of Geneva's lake. We had travelled under the name of Heath, and I still retain it; it did as well as any other—Mr. and Mrs. Heath."

The Madame Eef of the landlady was explained now.

"And now commenced my punishment. He had shown symptoms of *ennui* and indifference, and ere the green of the spring had well given place to the blossoms of summer, he left. It was but twelve months since the period of our false marriage in Paris—and that was the duration of his vaunted love."

"Be calm, Miss Hildyard, for your own sake."

"He said he should return shortly, but I doubted him, and the terrible sickness of despair was at my heart. Let no one talk of faithlessness in love, until they have been deserted as I have been."

"Have you seen him since?"

"No—never. A few letters, affectionate at first, but growing gradually cold and colder as his love had done, were all the notice I had from him."

"You bore your wrongs in silence—you did not follow him?"

"Do you think I would follow an estranged heart? I lingered on alone in my never-to-be-told-of anguish—yielding to my breaking heart—yielding to this disease which attacked and is now killing me. I left the house I was in near Geneva, ever restless, ever anxious and willing to find a more obscure place to die in. I did not mean to stay in this little inn, but my weakness increased greatly after I came to it, and all exertion seemed to have left me."

"Your disease would have been successfully grappled with if taken in time."

"That is very probable; but what have I left to live for?"

"Life might not always have been the blank for you that it is now."

"It could have been nothing else—nothing but one continuous scene of bitter feeling. He was in haste to fly to another idol."

"Do not speak so wildly," he implored, looking with terror upon her feverish eye.

She did not answer, but, rising, tottered to the further side of the table, holding on by it for support as she did so.

"What is it?" he inquired. "Can I reach you anything?"

Still there was no reply, but she pulled open the drawer, and taking from it a torn piece of newspaper, crept back to her seat again.

"They told you that two days before you came I was taken worse?" she resumed.

"The landlady said so—alarmingly worse."

"It was excitement that did it—ah! such excitement. I suppose it robbed me of weeks of life. Had the cause of that excitement been spared me, I do not think I should have been quite so near to death."

"Go on."

"In the evening of that day I was sitting here, as I am sitting now, only alone, when Lucie brought me some baked apples. They were very hot, just taken out of the oven, and her mother had doubled a piece of newspaper and placed it between the saucer and the waiter. In lingering over one of them, trying to eat it, my eyes fell upon the paper, and I saw that it was English. It was *Galignani's*, and of recent date. Lucie said a traveller had left it when he quitted the inn that morning. It was as well to look at that as to sit brooding over my gloomy thoughts, and I took it from under the saucer."

She put the paper into John Rayner's hand, pointing slightly to one part of it. He read the paragraph, which was written in that inflated style peculiar to such:

"It is said that preliminaries for a marriage are being arranged between Viscount Winchester and the lovely and accomplished Lady Frances Gaiton, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Gaiton. Both families are sojourning in the French capital."

John Rayner folded up the scrap of paper and returned it to her, making no comment. What could he make?

"Her name is Frances, too!" she murmured, as if communing with herself.

III.

The days passed on—but a few days—when one morning John Rayner was awoke by an unusual bustle and commotion in the house. He opened his room door, and saw Lucie passing in tears—Frances Hildyard was drawing near to death.

With what haste he could he entered her chamber; but nothing more could be done for her in this world. The landlady drew him away almost immediately, for a priest of the Romish persuasion, who had been sent for, was entering, and they closed the door upon him and his penitent.

When John Rayner was readmitted to the apartment, he was utterly astonished to see Frances Hildyard up and dressed—dressed as if for walking, the landlady and her daughter having been assisting at the toilette.

"I do not think I can do it," she exclaimed to him. "I feel as if I could not walk across the room."

"Do what? What is the meaning of this?" he inquired.

"Monsieur le Curé has enjoined madame to go and hear the morning mass in the church," explained the landlady. "He cannot administer the last absolution until she has been there, by way of penance for the expiation of her sins."

"But she shall not go," returned John.

"Not go!" uttered the landlady, almost with a scream of astonishment; "it is the only thing that will keep her soul out of purgatory. The priest has said so."

"Miss Hildyard," he exclaimed, as he turned to her, and solemnly took her hands, "you are not wanting in good sense. A prayer will ascend to the throne of Heaven from this chamber as readily as it will from the church; and you know that you are in no fitting state to walk thither."

"I greatly thank you for all your kindness to me," she replied—"for all your consideration; will you add to it by not attempting to dissuade me from this duty?"

"But look at the state you are in!—you are——"

"Dying," she added, filling up the word at which he had paused.

"And, knowing this, you will venture into the open air—kneel upon the stone floor of the cold church!"

"It is a mild penance," she said.

"For one in a fitting state of health, but not for you."

"Lucie, are you ready?" she exclaimed, raising herself with difficulty from her chair, and taking a tottering step forwards.

"Can I say *nothing* that will dissuade you from this?" he asked.

"Nothing. Though I knew that I should expire in the exertion, I must perform it. Would you have me go to my grave with my sins unabsolved?"

"Oh, Miss Hildyard! you have acknowledged there are some errors in your creed; can you believe that the simple act of entering the church and kneeling in it to hear some prayers recited in the Latin tongue, can absolve you from all you have done wrong from your childhood upwards?"

"My absolution rests with the priests," she answered. "If they enjoin me to do this, it is the only way in which I can obtain it."

"It does not rest with them," he replied, in much agitation; "it rests with God."

"You do not understand," she panted; "you have been reared in a different faith."

Unless he used force, which he had no right to exercise, he found he could not prevent her. So he gave her his arm for support, Lucie walking on the other side, and she started, dying as she was, upon this wild errand.*

They carried, rather than led her, into the church, but she fainted before the mass was over, and at its conclusion was borne back again and laid upon the bed, the priest who had enjoined the penance following, accompanied by one of his brethren, to administer the sacraments of the dying.

A ray of the afternoon sun had fallen upon the bed when John Rayner entered. Lucie and the landlady, who had come in when the priests left, stood on one side of it, and he advanced to the other. Her eyes were closed, and for an instant he doubted if she was already dead, but she opened them as he bent over her.

"A few moments alone with you," she whispered in his ear.

* A fact.

He motioned them away and closed the door.

"What can I do for you?" he inquired.

"Nothing for me. But when you have returned to England, call upon my father and mother, and if, *as I now believe*, they never received those letters, tell them about me. But say nothing against *him*," she continued, convulsively pressing his hands; "nothing, nothing against him. Let them not think I have been unhappy—or—deserted: it is the disease that has killed me; they always said I should be liable to it."

The faint flush of excitement lighted up her cheek, and her hands shook with emotion as she pressed his. He saw how it was, and passed his word: there was no help for it.

"The promises to the dead are held sacred," she whispered.

"And Lord Winchester—shall I say aught if I ever meet him?"

"Not a word—not a syllable," she answered, almost fiercely. "He does not cast a thought towards me in life, therefore it is scarcely probable a regret would follow me in death. And do you forget when I die that such a being as Frances Hildyard ever existed."

"Have you no further message," he whispered, "for Mr. and Mrs. Hildyard?"

She turned her face to the wall, and for some moments he saw it not. "Tell them I have received the forgiveness of Heaven for all my sins," she murmured, "and that I have trusted their pardon will not be unaccorded. Tell them, that if life had been granted me, *and I could have redeemed the past,* I would that I had been as readily welcomed to their hearts again as I was when a little child. And tell them that God has taken me in mercy, for my clouded life would have been spent in one long regret and yearning for home, knowing that I could never be received there."

And this is the repentance of a Roman Catholic! The career of Frances Hildyard had been one of disobedience and of sin; and her expiation consisted in a confession of her errors to the priest, and in attending a mass. She then obtained absolution, and said, "Tell my parents that I have received the forgiveness of Heaven for all my sins!"

She was buried near to Lausanne, and John Rayner, upon the conclusion of the business that took him to Switzerland, left for England.

IV.

It was about twelve o'clock in the day when John Rayner called in · Square, the residence of Mrs. Hildyard.

Two plain, sensible-looking women were in the apartment when he entered. Mrs. Hildyard was too ill to be seen. He had no difficulty in recognising them to be the elder sisters of Frances. They heard what he had to say with indifference—at least, it appeared so to him, though it may have been but their coldness of manner. They inquired whether *he* was with her to the last, or whether it was but the common story of desertion and death."

John Rayner replied cautiously; he remembered his promise to Frances; and they saw his hesitation. The rumour, too, of Lord Winchester's approaching marriage had reached them: it was not to be supposed that such a report would escape circulation in London, when it had travelled to so remote a place as Lausanne.

"Did she know of her father's death?" inquired Miss Louisa Hildyard.

"No, she did not."

"Then I see that she enjoined you to silence, fearing to provoke his vengeance upon her destroyer?"

"Pray spare me, madam," he rejoined; "I will tell you all I know of your sister, but upon Lord Winchester and his conduct I cannot enter."

"Do you wish to spare him?"

"I should like to see him horsewhipped for a month at the cart's tail," was Mr. John's indignant and intemperate reply.

"Frances need not have cautioned you," were the next words, delivered with all the sadness of a subdued spirit. "Our father is no longer here to feel indignation or resent insult; our mother is broken-hearted and fast hastening to her grave; and we are two lone women, whose path in life has been fearfully clouded by her who is no more, and whose vengeance, even had we power and will to wreak it, would fall harmless upon the head of one so high in the world's favour as is Lord Winchester."

"Frances prayed for him in dying," answered John Rayner.

"May our minds, when this new pang shall have passed, be brought into the like Christian state," they answered, bowing stiffly. And what with the exceeding stiffness of all around him, and the disagreeable nature of the task he had undertaken, John was right glad when the interview was over. As to venturing an inquiry into the fate of the letters, he would just as soon have asked the two ladies before him for the internal rules of the convent—the answer to either question would have been alike.

V.

It was on a lovely day in spring that John Rayner took his way towards one of the fashionable west-end churches. He was later than he intended to be, and a bridal procession was leaving it as he came up, elegant carriages, all glitter and noise and white satin favours. A crowd was standing to look at the finery, and he pressed to the front and stood with the rest.

On the panels of the foremost chariot were the well-remembered arms, supporting the viscount's coronet, which he had seen on the gold pencil-case by the source of the Arveyron at Chamouny, and inside it sat the scion to whom it had belonged. Singularly attractive he had thought him then, but now in this passing glimpse he appeared more so. The same fond smile, which had once fascinated another, now mouldering in her grave in Switzerland, was bent upon the beautiful girl at his side—that morning the Lady Frances Gaiton, now Viscountess Winchester.

And you, Lord Winchester, revelling though you now are in the world's favour, as was observed by the sister of the ill-fated girl who has been called Frances Hildyard, would do well to give a thought to RETRIBUTION: though its steps are tardy, it may yet overtake you in this world.

LAMARTINE'S HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION.*

If we can place any confidence in the impressions received by M. de Lamartine himself, and the feelings experienced and now placed on permanent record by M. Sauzet, the president of the last Royalist Chambers, and others present at that decisive moment when a princess appealed by her presence and gestures for an orphan prince, a word on his part might have saved a dynasty. Lamartine, says M. Sauzet, was looked to for a moment as the saviour of the little group. The possibility that so poetic and chivalrous a character should abandon his previous principles of loyalty, and should be insensible to the claims of a supplicating mother and orphan child, never entered the minds of the most inveterate enemies of the poet and the orator. Lamartine has since that epoch shown that he is resolved to be a consistent democrat, so long as democracy is in the ascendant; but possibly, like many who have preceded him—men of the Convention and of the Reign of Terror, obsequious before an imperial will—soldiers and statesmen of the Empire converted to loyalty at a first and reconverted at a second restoration—ready to re-enter into the feelings and principles that guided him in his youth, when monarchy shall be once more in the ascendant. In the mean time, M. de Lamartine is an avowed democrat; he voted against the revision of the constitution, not out of hostility to the President of the Republic, nor with any *arrière pensée* of securing the election as a stepping-stone to either elder or younger royal branches, but simply because the cause of democracy was threatened by the revision, and a republic became incontinently a monarchy by the prolongation of power in its elected chief. How the poet-orator, who is ever ready to insist upon the vitality of first impressions and principles, and to acknowledge the empire of the heart over the judgment, can satisfy himself as to the solidity of his newly-acquired democratic tendencies, is best told in his own words—his last personal and political revelations:

> Scarcely am I passed the middle of life, and I have already lived under ten dominations or under ten different governments in France. I have taken a part from childhood to maturity in ten revolutions: the constitutional government of Louis XVI., the first Republic, the Directory, the Consulate, the Empire, the first Restoration of 1814, the hundred days' rule of Napoleon, the second Restoration of 1815, the reign of Louis Philippe, and a second Republic; ten cataracts by which the spirit of modern liberty and the retrograde or stationary spirit have each in their turn tried to descend or to surmount the slope of revolutions.
>
> I have palpitated with these emotions, I have lived of that life of things of my time, I have rejoiced in or grieved for these events and catastrophes, I have suffered from these tumblings down, and I have instructed myself with these spectacles. My time has vegetated, has gained renown, has become a man, has grown aged, and has renewed itself in myself. I have understood, or I thought I have understood, where the world was going upon the current of God. A last vicissitude cast me, myself, for a moment at the head of one of these movements, between a government that was being engulphed and a society which it was necessary to gather together, to save and to constitute upon a new basis. The second Republic was born. It was, for a long time at least, the only basis

* Histoire de la Restauration. Par A. de Lamartine. Tomes premier et second.

upon which the people could rally and be supported. Monarchies had tumbled down one after another, no matter what modifications they had attempted to introduce into their principles. The dynasties at war for the throne were themselves nothing but occasions and causes of civil war among their partisans in the nation. The rights to the crown had become so many factions. The nation alone was united, the pretenders to it were divided among themselves. The country alone could reign.

It was further necessary to make efforts in defence of the foundations of society, which demanded the force and unanimity of a people. It had then, and it has still, to bring about energetic changes in the laws, in ideas, in the relations of class to class, in the legal religion, in education, in philosophy, and in manners, such as the hand of no monarchy is sufficiently strong or sufficiently devoted to accomplish. Revolutions are made by republics. They are the government of the people, standing forth strong in experience of itself. This age has too many great things to do, and too many weighty questions of civilisation and religion to settle, to remain long quiescent, and not to return frequently to republicanism. I am republican, then, by my intelligence of things that are still to be, and by my devotion to the work of the day. Without dissimulating to myself the inconveniences and dangers of democracy, I think that they must be heroically accepted in working out my task. We must renounce all great things; we must be content to recline once more on the hotbed of habit and of prejudices, or we must hazard a republic. That is my faith.

It is from this point of view that I undertake to write the history of the two reigns of the Restoration. Let the reader, however, not be terrified; such a mode of viewing matters will not make me unjust. I shall rather have to defend myself for an excess of impartiality for the things of my early age. There are two men in the historian—the man of impressions, and the man of judgment. My judgments may be severe, but my impressions are affected even to weakness in favour of the Restoration. Whilst I often condemn it I never cease to pity it. Wherefore? murmurs some austere republican. I will tell you. It was the period when sentiment and imagination played the greatest part in politics; writers have been unjust against the epoch in question; they have written the satire rather than the history of the Restoration: it is easy to trample upon that which is fallen: between the enthusiasm of the servile glory of the Empire and the vulgar utility of the reign of Louis Philippe, two princes, two reigns, two generations of political men more worthy of respect, have been trampled under foot; but my heart is still with those of the crushed and forgotten generation, although my intelligence is with the future.

I was still but a child, just awakening to thought. I was Royalist by blood. I had been cradled in the paternal mansion by domestic stories of the still bleeding dramas of the Revolution. A young and beautiful queen torn from her bed, and pursued, only half dressed, by the daggers of the people through her palace on the 5th and 6th of October, her guards falling in her defence on the threshold of her door beneath the pikes of assassins; a royal family in flight, taking its children by the hand from the Tuileries to the National Assembly on the 10th of August; the towers of the Temple filled with the mysteries of their captivity; the scaffold of a king, of his wife, of his sister, his son stupified by solitude, the plaything of a ferocious workman; his daughter the only one left to mourn her whole race, beneath the vaults of a prison worse than a sepulchre, then liberated from the darkness of her dungeon only on condition of perpetual exile; princes, once renowned for their wit, their graces, nay, for their very frivolity, wandering from court to court, from retreat to retreat, without any one knowing where they hid their griefs; there was enough to move every fibre in a child's heart. The heart is always, when it is noble, on the side of misfortune. The imagination is the real plotter of restorations.

Then, again, if that restoration coincided with my youth, its aurora mixed itself up with that of my life, and the two were fused into one another. It was the hour of enthusiasm. It was poetic as the past, as miraculous as a

resurrection. Old men got young again; women wept; priests prayed; lyres were unstrung; children were filled with wonder, and hoped. The Empire had oppressed their mind. A whole nation rose up with a new life at the word of liberty, proscribed for ten long years. The republicans, revenged by the fall of the destroyer of the republic, embraced the royalists, in a reconciliation the token of which was to be constitutional liberty. This return appeared to be that of monarchy corrected by exile—of liberty purified by atonement. It was an epoch of pacific, intellectual, and liberal regeneration for France. Poetry, letters, and arts, forgotten, enslaved, or disciplined under the police of the Empire, appeared to issue forth from the soil beneath the feet of the Bourbons. It seemed as if fresh air had been restored to the world, asphyxiated for ten years by tyranny. Every one breathed freely for the past, the present, and the future. Never will the present age see such an epoch again. The next morning was forgotten. So powerful was hope, that the misfortunes and humiliations of the country were also dismissed from the memory. Napoleon's soldiers alone bowed their heads as they put away their broken weapons, for the courtiers had already gone over to the party in the ascendant.

It is natural that such a spectacle, and those which followed upon the first day of the restoration, the liberty of the press, the liberty of speech, the bustle of elections, which aroused a people so long dumb and motionless; the books, long time retarded by the imperial censorship, and that now came forth in crowds, as if from the catacombs of thought; the pamphlets; the increase in number and freedom of the daily press; the narratives of exile and of emigration; the great writers, journalists, philosophers, and poets, Staël, Bonald, Chateaubriand, De Maistre; the great orators trying their latent powers in discussion, Lainé, De Serre, Foy; the sight of these princes and princesses before whom France assumed a new physiognomy, communicating a mild and hospitable character to the country; saloons, theatres, fêtes, the assemblages of an aristocracy anxious for enjoyment; enthusiastic, handsome, lettered women, gathering once more around them the illustrious of Europe, in war, in legislation, in letters, and in art—it is natural, I say, that the impressions of such a period in the life of a people should remain profoundly engraven in the memory of a young man, and should predispose, at a later hour, the adult to, I can scarcely express how much, partiality of reminiscence for this bewitching twilight of his opinions.

Such is, I acknowledge, my tenderness or weakness towards the Restoration. Its faults and its misfortunes have not altered these first impressions. I placed a ban upon either serving or loving the monarchy without a past, without prestige, and without right, which succeeded in 1830 to this government of my early reminiscences. The uncle could never be pardoned for taking the nephew's place. Nature is at least a legitimacy for those who do not admit a political legitimacy. The republic could from that moment put such a throne aside. No other prince but the people could take its seat there. The revolution of July would then have been a progress; it was only an overthrow. It did not take the place of the throne, it did not crown the nation. It only put back time. Although I never attacked nor insulted the government of Louis Philippe, for fear of disturbing the country itself, I had the instinct of its instability. It is with governments as it is with metals—nothing that is false is strong; truth is the principle of life in all things. Nothing was true in that royalty, but a throne and a people both deceived alike. Sooner or later, it was destined to be annihilated, as it had arisen, by a breath. Neither eminent men, nor ministers, nor orators, nor skill, nor talent, not even domestic virtues, were wanting to that reign. That which it wanted was that which makes institutions last—the youngest as well as the oldest, respect. When it was asked of it whence it came? it could neither appeal to God nor to the people. It could only say one thing—I am the negation of divine right, which makes princes rule hereditarily, and I am the negation of the right of nations to

name their kings. Between the inheritance which it had banished, and the national election which it had superseded, what could it do? Manœuvre, negotiate, defer payment, curry suffrages, corrupt; it was a government with two faces, neither of which expressed a truth.

Its fall, by leaving the palace empty, made way for an absolute right, the national right, the natural right, the right of every man coming into this world to take his part of suffrages, intelligence, and will in the government—the universal vote. Universal suffrage is the true name of modern society in our days. This universal suffrage has made France a republic. It could not have made anything else of it. In the state of incredulity, anarchy, and struggle in which the monarchical principle, personified by three dynasties, found itself, to give up France of 1848 to the monarchy was to give it up to factions. It was essential that the country should assume the dictatorship. The dictatorship of the country is a republic. It took it, and it will preserve it so long as it shall be worthy of the name of people. A prince or a dynasty that abdicates is replaced by another dynasty or by another prince; but a nation, worn out or incapable of liberty, that abdicates, what is it that replaces it? Nothing but a void in history, nothing but shame, slavery, and tyranny. Other nations look at the map of the world, and say: "There was once a great people there; there is now nothing but a great stain upon the dignity of nations."

This is a long and wordy preamble, as little worthy of history as it is of the historian. Well may the same poetic writer exclaim, "There is no longer any contemporaneous history. The days of yesterday seem to be already buried far away in the shadow of the past. The future recedes before us in a similar manner by the magnificence and the multitude of things which interpose themselves between the eye and the memory!" It is but a poor excuse for M. de Lamartine abandoning all the principles imbibed in early youth, all the ties of family descent and connexion, cemented by education and habit, and all the feelings and convictions of the heart, because he says he had the instinct of the fall of the monarchy (an instinct apparently developed subsequently to that fall), and because a republic is an instrument for "great things." This is the declamatory refuge of all democratic writers. Great things are always, according to such writers, in the van of improvement and progress; royalty and regal institutions are alike opposed to both. But it might be put to M. de Lamartine himself, what, with the exception of the poetic scheme of leaving murder unpunished, did the provisional government do towards the world's progress?—not a step but what was retrograde, and that led in a rapid decline towards universal anarchy and bankruptcy. These "*grandes choses*" are mere declamatory words, void of purport and meaning, or the glorious future unfolded by a republic would be more logically and vigorously expounded. As it is, we have mere empty phrases. The Restoration brought with it, according to M. de Lamartine's own showing, liberty of speech, of conscience, and of the press; it was an epoch of pacific and intellectual revival for France. Poetry, letters, the arts, forgotten, enslaved, or prostituted by an imperial police, seemed to issue forth from the soil beneath the footsteps of the Bourbons. Has the same result, it might most pertinently be asked, attended upon the institution of a so-called glorious Republic?

M. de Lamartine says, that he understood, or he thought that he understood, the direction which the world was taking on the current of God; by which we suppose he means by God's good-will. A last vicissitude threw him at the head of one of the movements of the day, and the Re-

public was the only basis upon which society could be gathered up from annihilation. Now every one, except the actual manufacturers of the Republic, knows that the nation had little to do with the formation of the Republic, and never really accepted it. The basis of a Republic was laid by a few disloyal men in the Chambers, when a princess and two orphan children were abandoned to the violence of an armed insurrection, and it was accepted by a drunken mob on the Place de la Grêve. That very Republic, thus established, M. de Lamartine further avows, required for its permanence that energetic transformations should be brought about in the laws, in ideas, in the relations of class to class, in legal religion, in education, in philosophy, in manners! What more is necessary and essential than such an avowal to its finite condemnation? It is a pity the writer did not add language and aspect, and the whole cycle of human attributes would have been changed to bring about a republic. Well may a French republican impiously designate himself a providence, for whom but Providence could bring about at its will a change in the relation of society, its manners, its religion, nay, its very ideas? If such must necessarily be brought about to ensure the existence of a republic, it will be seen that, apart from political considerations, its fall is already ensured. Universal suffrage, which, according to M. de Lamartine, made France a republic, no longer exists; the liberty of the press is sacrificed; a minority dictates to a majority. Here are three tyrannies, like wheels one within the other. The "absolute national and natural right," as M. de Lamartine calls it, of universal interference, is trampled upon by the Republic at its onset; the liberty which it came to proclaim and to uphold was cast down to a lower degree of abasement (by the introduction of personal responsibility) than had ever before been attempted, and the nation, terrified at its own acts, actually in dread of the will of the majority, prostrated itself so totally as to place itself under the rule of a minority. Never was such an abnegation of national sovereignty and will, such a prostration of human intelligence before the demon of insurrections and revolutions, before witnessed. Yet such an act of national suicide will, by leaving the field open to the play of personal ambitions, rather tend to bring about, than to prevent the very dangers that are so much dreaded. If the nation has a will, it would be better that it should be fairly and honourably declared; but if the expression of that will is dreaded,—as the majority in any country where the poor and the labouring classes predominate in number would be, from their inevitable tendency to Socialism or Communism—that is, division of goods,—then society has no safety, no refuge, but in a constitutional monarchy. The political institution of this day is a nullity; it is not a republic, it is not a dictatorship; it is not even the expression of a parliamentary majority. It is a watch without works or face—a glittering showy case, like Pandora's box, full of nothing but evils and distempers. It has been argued, that had the American system been adopted in France, and the appointment of the President been determined by two degrees of election, the result would have been totally different. We are quite ready to admit that a countryman is much more conversant with the affairs of his village than with those of the nation, and that, as he would form a more correct opinion as to the leading men of his department than of the great political chiefs, the existence of two degrees of election would ensure a body of real electors acting from

political motives, and under some sense of public responsibility. But the greatest evils that have been brought about by republican institutions have been more or less independent of the nationally elected chief of the Republic. While his income has been rescinded, the national expenditure has been greatly increased. The Chambers were as much opposed to the liberty of the press as was the President of the Republic. The provisional government put down the banquets by which they were brought into power. Personal ambitions have sprung up from the chances that would certainly be curtailed by a more responsible system of election, but not exploded. The national will, fairly expressed, would never have abrogated its own powers and expression to a factious minority. In the known state of feeling, the habits, predilections, and modes of thought of France generally, the influence of the clergy also considered, we have no hesitation in saying that the result of throwing the election of a political chief, by a double election, into the hands of a provincial aristocracy, would be not as in America the perpetuity of democracy, but the restoration of hereditary monarchy. One of the first objects of such a band of electors would be to annihilate the power and pretensions of the Socialists; they would be equally distrustful of all merely personal ambitions; a name such as that which Louis Napoleon has most to depend upon for re-election, would go no way with men of intellect and property; the Prince de Joinville and the Orleanists would also be looked upon as interlopers by the same great body of real representatives of a nation's feelings. The result would thus inevitably be the election, for better or worse, of the legitimate descendant of the great monarchies under which France attained greater prosperity, higher intellectual and artistic development, more refined cultivated habits and manners, and nearly the same zenith of military glory, without the same tremendous financial and military expiations, as under the Empire.

M. de Lamartine commences his great work on the history of the Restoration with a retrospective glance upon Napoleon's reign. He thus manifests at starting the hostility that he bears to the memory of the illustrious Corsican, and to the perpetuation of the name. "His genius," he says, "was a posthumous genius. He was the first of soldiers, but not of statesmen; exceedingly sensible of what was past—blind to the future." In proof of which, he adds: "He had in his hand the greatest force that Providence ever entrusted to an individual to create a civilisation or a nationality. What did he leave?—nothing but a conquered country and an immortal name. He was the sophism of the counter-revolution. The world demanded a renovator—he became its conqueror."

The first dark shadow that came over Napoleon's fortunes was the retreat from Moscow. "There was not," says M. de Lamartine, "an officer in his army who would not have led back the remains of seven hundred thousand men in a better manner than he did." This was followed by Schwartzenberg and Blucher passing the Rhine; a levy of 300,000 more men from France, already robbed of half its youth; and stormy debates in the legislative body, terminated as usual by a theatrical demonstration; the presentation of Maria Louisa and her son to the national guard of Paris; and the departure of the Emperor for the army.

The campaign of 1814, often detailed, and which occupies the greater

part of the first volume of M. de Lamartine's work, need not detain us, as the events were only preliminary to the Restoration. Napoleon at the village of La Cour de France, near Paris, on the night of the 30th of March, is a scene, however, well worthy of being extracted, the more especially as the narrative differs materially from that given in the "History of Europe:"

The night which preceded the triumphant entrance of the allied sovereigns into Paris,—what was the Emperor doing?

We have seen that after having ordered the assembling of the remains of his army beneath the walls of Paris by the 2nd of April, and whither they were to proceed by forced marches, he quitted Troyes at break of day on the 30th of March, and, accompanied only by Berthier, his major-general, and Caulaincourt, his intimate counsellor, he hurried at the utmost speed of horses towards Paris. Uncertain of the reverses or successes of Marmont and Mortier, he trembled for the heart of his empire, for his son, for his brethren, for his throne, and for his glory. He hoped that his presence and his name would ensure an army for the defence of Paris. He only asked for two days from time—a respite from destiny. If time and destiny had conceded to his wishes, sixty thousand men concentrated under the walls, an immense artillery, reinforcements easily obtained, a popular movement stirred up by his soldiers, one or two brilliant exploits against Schwartzenberg or Blucher, and the negotiations recommenced by Caulaincourt upon the basis of Châtillon, might still leave him not greatness but the throne. He no longer contested the necessity of peace. He hastened to seize it, after having so long spurned it. But peace, empire, the throne, and glory were going to escape from him altogether. He hurried along only to learn a little sooner the decrees of fate so often dictated by himself, this time against himself.

In two hours, the chance conveyance which he had obtained near Montereau took him, at a galloping pace, by the rural by-ways between the villages of Essonne and Villejuif, almost to the gates of Paris. He had avoided Fontainebleau, being apprehensive of finding the town occupied by detachments of Schwartzenberg's army. No one had communicated to him, on the little-frequented roads by which his guide conducted him, a word of what he was going to learn of the fate of Paris and its armies. The night was gloomy and icy cold, and the Emperor sat silent between the two last companions of his fortune. This carriage contained the master of the world running to meet his destiny.

It stopped at the village of *La Cour de France* (this has been generally read post-house, or inn, so-called), built on the last eminence that commands on one side the course and the valley of the Seine, and on the other the course and valley of the Essonne. But the obscurity of the night only permitted to be perceived to the right and left of these two great horizons the distant lights of the bivouac fires, which extended in lines on the heights of Villeneuve, Saint George's, and of Charenton, and which prolonged themselves almost to the banks of the Seine, without the Emperor being able to tell if these fires were those of Mortier or Marmont, or those of the enemy's camp.

Napoleon jumped out of the carriage, and ran to the post-house to ask what he was at once so anxious and yet so fearful to know. But before he could meet with any one whom he could interrogate, he saw at a little distance, upon the wide-paved road of the village, a number of disbanded soldiers, who were making their way in groups towards Fontainebleau. He was at once surprised and angry. "How is this?" he exclaimed; "why are not these soldiers marching upon Paris?" General Belliard, one of his most devoted lieutenants, issued, on hearing the voice of the Emperor, from the shade of the gateway, and uttered to him the fatal explanation of this reversed march. Paris had capitulated, the enemy took possession of the city the next day, two hours after sunrise, and these troops were the remnants of the army of Marmont and Mortier, who

were taking the road to Fontainebleau in order to join the imperial army at Troyes.

A long silence, like the moment of suspense which follows upon a great catastrophe, was Napoleon's only answer. It was the wreck of his last hope. His hand passed several times over his brow, to wipe away the cold perspiration that bedewed it; then, like a man who is collecting his strength to meet a great reverse, he recomposed his features, strengthened his voice, and, feigning against men an anger which he had only a right to feel against events, he burst forth into imprecations and expressions of contempt against his lieutenants, his ministers, and his brother, whose unskilfulness and want of character had, he said, enabled his enemies to triumph over him. He walked to and fro with abrupt steps upon the great open and rugged space which extends in front of the hotel, followed by Caulaincourt, Berthier, and Belliard. One moment he stopped short, then he started again, and then he would appear to hesitate, and would retrace his steps. He appeared to communicate to his movements, sometimes slow, sometimes rapid, all the indecision, all the impulses, all the confusion of his own thoughts! His lieutenants looked at one another, but did not venture to mingle their advice with the counsel that he was holding in his own mind. Then he began to interrogate again.

"Where is my wife?—where is my son?—where is the army? What is become of the national guard of Paris? and of the battle which was to have been fought to the last man beneath the walls? And the marshals? and Mortier? and Marmont? where shall I find them?" They answered him, but he scarcely listened to the answers. "Night is still mine," he exclaimed; "the enemy only enters with the day! My carriage! my carriage! Let us go off at once! Let us get before Blucher and Schwartzenberg! Let Belliard follow me with the cavalry! Let us fight in the streets and the squares of Paris! My presence, my name, the courage of my troops, the necessity of following me or of dying, will arouse Paris. My army, which is following me, will arrive in the midst of the struggle; it will take the strangers in the rear while we are fighting them in front! Come on! Success awaits me, perhaps, in my last reverse." And he hastened with his voice, as he stamped upon the ground with his feet, the harnessing of the horses that he called for.

Berthier, Belliard, Caulaincourt, dismayed at the extent of a disaster which they had, indeed, only half revealed, shuddered at the idea of a struggle of extermination within the precincts of a capital. It was ancient warfare renewed, with its burnings, its massacres, its towns and its populations swept from the soil. They were obliged to remind him that the rights of nations, as well as of humanity, opposed themselves to so extreme and so fatal a design. They acknowledged that the army of Paris and the generals were already bound by a convention which would make it a matter of duty with them to withdraw to Fontainebleau. "The fools!" answered Napoleon, speaking to himself. "Joseph! my ministers! what, with a formidable artillery in their arsenals!—they had only a battery of six guns and a deficiency of ammunition on Montmartre? There ought to have been two hundred guns there—what did they do with them? Men without heads or hearts, leaving everything to go to destruction when I am not there!"

He insisted, with still greater importunity, upon having a carriage and horses to convey him to the capital. "I will go back to it," he exclaimed, "no matter at what risk, and I will not come out of it again except as a dead man or a conqueror!" But whilst he was thus giving way to fits of passion, of impatience, and of heroism, before his three companions, who stood immovable before him, generals, colonels, horsemen of the guard, kept arriving by the road from Paris, and, upon hearing his name, stopped on their way, and grouped themselves sorrowfully around their Emperor. He interrogated them one after another, and he learnt from each the details of the battle, the retreat of the army, the disbanding of their regiments, and the disorganisation of the forces. The bodies of four thousand men strewed the approaches to Paris.

At these recitals, which confirmed and aggravated one another, Napoleon was at length induced to give up the idea of leading back these remnants of troops to Paris. He reverted to the idea of negotiating for a fragment of empire before the enemy should occupy his palace. He remembered that he was the friend of Alexander and the son-in-law of the Emperor Francis. He thought that his titles and the shadow of his name might still put a stop to the profanation of his crown. He took Caulaincourt aside, and ordered him to get a horse saddled and to penetrate before daybreak to the quarter-general of the allies. "Hasten with the utmost speed," he said to his confidential negotiator—"hasten, for I am delivered up and sold! . . . . See if there is still time for me to interfere in the treaty which is possibly now being signed without me and against me. I give you full powers! Do not lose an instant! I shall wait for you here! Come back in a moment to tell me my fate!"

Napoleon having ordered Belliard to bivouac the troops as they arrived on the opposite bank of the Essonne, he entered the hostelry, where Caulaincourt soon joined him, having been unable to pass the outposts and get to head-quarters. Napoleon, after once more exhausting himself in invectives against his brother and his generals, despatched his counsellor again on the same mission, while he himself silently and slowly took the road to Fontainebleau, so lately the scene of his happiness, of his sports, and his festivities. M. de Lamartine is more than sceptical in reference to the story of Napoleon's attempting to poison himself at this place; he seems to disbelieve in it altogether :

In the midst of the night, the Emperor's servants came and knocked at Caulaincourt's door, and roused him in the name of their master. Caulaincourt found Napoleon pale and haggard, suffering from spasms of the stomach, and moaning so grievously as to have alarmed his servants. His first surgeon, Ivan, was in attendance on him. It was whispered in the room that he had attempted to destroy himself by swallowing the poison of Cabanis, by which Condorcet had saved himself from the public executioner. The Emperor neither avowed nor denied this rumour, which imparted a tragical cause to a slight indisposition, and an excuse for the anxious inquiries of his friends. His medical attendant contented himself with giving him a few cups of tea, and he was relieved and fell asleep without any other medicine. The doctor, indeed, saw so few symptoms, or entertained so little fear of the consequences of the pretended poisoning, that he absented himself from Fontainebleau by daybreak!

When he woke up, however, Napoleon followed out, in somewhat ambiguous language, the idea of an attempted suicide which fatality had prevented him from carrying out.

"God did not permit it," he said; "I could not die!" And as his attendants affected to be apprehensive that he should renew the attempt, they spoke to him of his glory, of France, of his wife, and of his son, who should attach him to life. "My son!" he exclaimed—"my son! what a sorrowful inheritance do I leave him! That child, born a king, has not to-day even a country! Why did they not let me die?"

"No, sire," Caulaincourt affectionately observed to him, "it is living that France will learn to weep for you."

"France," replied Napoleon, "abandons me. The ingratitude of men makes me turn away my head in disgust."

He then threw aside with a quick movement the curtain which veiled the first rays of the sun from him. He appeared so full of life and power over himself, that thunder alone could have annihilated him. "These last few days," he said, "I felt such a concentration and such a crowding of events within myself that I have been afraid of madness! Madness!" he added,

thoughtfully, "it is the fall of humanity! better death! I will sign to-day," he again added, after a short interval of silence; "you may withdraw."

This last word betrayed sufficiently the secret of the night. Napoleon had wished for witnesses to the moral violence which obtained from him a consent that he intended to recal one day. He had struggled even to suicide. He had only yielded to the impossibility of dying. No attentive mind believed in the reality of the poisoning. The perfect command of himself, attested by the diplomatic obstinacy of his acts, his words, and his negotiations during these long days, his freedom of mind before and after the nocturnal scene, the lightness of the indisposition, the insignificance of treatment, the indifference of the surgeon, the quickness of recovery, all indicate either a mischance in his health or a tragical scene premeditated as an excuse for his ratifying the treaty, and a subject for the pity and sympathy of the age. Napoleon's nature was opposed to suicide. His mind was strong, his heart knew little tenderness or weakness; he only felt through his intelligence. His mathematical genius calculated everything, and gave way to no sensibility. Never had a tear for the death of his dearest companions in arms dimned his eye or his judgment. He was broken down by the present, irritated at the ingratitude, humiliated at the desertion of his friends, but he was far from despairing of the future. Such a man does not kill himself so long as he has an army under his hand, a glory yet to earn, an empire to reconquer. The very clauses of this treaty, which he disputed one by one, testify sufficiently that he did not think that he had given up life yet. The island of Elba, to which his thoughts were already directed, and from which he already dreamed himself returning, is the counter-meaning of the death sought for at Fontainebleau. Besides, Napoleon was a Corsican; his fibres were dipped in the air and light of the south; suicide is a disease of the north.

But his nature was as theatrical as his destiny. A great actor, for now fifteen years on the theatre of Europe and of the world, he combined his attitudes, he studied his gestures and his play! A comedian even in the most transient changes of his fortunes, he wanted a tragic scene at the *dénouement*. If he did not effect such, he accepted one when chance threw it in his way. Such was the night at Fontainebleau.

Alison relates, in palliation of the conduct of Marie Louise abandoning Napoleon in his adversity and taking away with her his son, that though women had no lasting power over the Emperor, and never in the slightest degree influenced his conduct, he was extremely amorous in his disposition, so far as the senses were concerned; and his infidelities, though carefully conducted to avoid observation, were very frequent, both before and after his marriage with Marie Louise. Two instances in particular are mentioned by Constant, which occurred at St. Cloud recently before this period; and, what was very remarkable, both the ladies, one of whom was of rank, came to visit him at Fontainebleau during the mournful scenes which passed, though neither saw him on that occasion. Lamartine, also, speaking of the Empress, says she did not love Napoleon. How could she love him? He was growing old in camps and in the cares of ambition. She was nineteen years of age. The soul of the soldier was hard and cold as that calculation which was the instrument of his genius. He adds, that the princess had been taught to dread and to detest Napoleon from early childhood; that when wedded to him she was the ransom of her father and her country. Napoleon had been rude to her even in his attentions, and his inconstancies were numerous. Here is one of the instances described by Lamartine:

Among the numerous and fugitive objects of his illegitimate attachments,

Napoleon had loved, if only once, with a tender and lasting passion. When at the zenith of his fortunes and of his glory, at a feast at Warsaw the beauty of a Polish lady, lit up with enthusiasm for his name, had struck him. She was the young wife of a Sarmatian nobleman somewhat advanced in years. She shone for the first time in the pomp of courts. She adored in Napoleon, as at that time all the Poles did, the genius, the victory, the deceived hopes of independence for her country. Her looks involuntarily betrayed her idolatry. Napoleon saw her, understood her, and loved her. Prolonged resistance, duties combated, faintings and tears irritated the Emperor's inclinations into a passion. He carried away the countess from her husband and her country. He took her with him to his camps and his conquered capitals. A son was born, offspring of their love. An hotel at Paris, often visited at night by Napoleon, secreted from public observation the beloved mother of that child.

Adversity rendered her fault almost sacred in her eyes, and her love still dearer to her. She wished, by devoting herself to the exile, to make up for her weakness to the master of Europe. She wrote to Napoleon to ask him permission to visit him, and offering to attach herself to him wherever misfortune should take him. He consented to the interview. The night before that which preceded the Emperor's departure from Fontainebleau the young woman was introduced by a back stair into a room immediately adjacent to that in which her lover slept. The confidential servant then went to announce the presence of her whom he had consented to see once more. Napoleon was buried in a kind of dreamy stupor common to him since his fall. He replied to his attendant that he would himself call in shortly her who braved for him at once her modesty and adversity. The young woman waited in vain for a long half of the night, bathed in tears. He did not call her in. Nevertheless, he was heard walking to and fro in his room. The attendant entered and reminded him of the person waiting: "Wait a little yet," said the Emperor. At last the whole of the night having passed by, and day beginning to threaten to reveal the secret interview, the young woman, thrust away, disheartened and offended, was led back bathed in tears by the confidant of her last farewell. Whether it was that Napoleon had lost the sentiment of his own heart in the agitation of his mind, or whether it was that he blushed to appear broken down and captive before her who had loved him as conqueror and sovereign of Europe, he showed no signs of pity for so much devotion. The confidential servant (Constant) having depicted in the morning to his master the anxiety, the shame, and the despair of the Countess Walesky, "Ah!" he said, "I am humiliated by it for herself and for me. But the hours passed without my being conscious of how they went. I had something there," he said, placing his finger on his forehead. Even despair, which softens other men, was harsh and icy with him.

Whilst these events, and the ever-memorable adieux of Fontainbleau were taking place, Louis XVIII. was watching with an anxious eye the reverses and the fall of Napoleon from Hartwell, *domaine agreste et modeste d'un particulier Anglais M. Sée*—for which read Dr. Lee; Hartwell being also in a peculiarly rural situation, but a mansion and grounds of some pretensions, and to which the term *modeste* can only be properly applied when looked upon as the abode of royalty. At length, on the 18th of April, Louis quitted that tranquil, picturesque, and commodious residence for London, on his way to his own country. Such was the haste or the joy of departure, that the small private libraries of the king and of the royal family were left on their shelves—works of devotion, and works of instruction and recreation, in modest bindings, or more common coverings of French stained paper so much in use formerly, and they are still religiously preserved in their olden places by the learned and worthy

proprietor of Hartwell—pleasing reminiscences of the august exiles who once found a home, with peace and tranquillity, within its walls.

All England (says M. de Lamartine) seemed to look upon the restoration of the Bourbons as a national triumph, long since prepared, and long expected by the people of Great Britain. The English nation, moved by the voice of Burke and other orators, by the tragical death of Louis XVI., of the queen, and the royal family, and an indignant and sympathising witness of the execution of so many victims sacrificed by terror, was constitutional by instinct, and royalist by pity. The history of the French revolution, continually narrated and commented on in London by the refugee royalist writers, had become there a poem of misfortune and of crime, of the throne and the scaffold. The English had been generous, prodigal, and hospitable to the French nobility when emigrant, and for which the latter were then grateful. The English government had contemplated from a distance the prodigies of intrepidity of the adventurers and royalist heroes of La Vendée; it had assisted them with its subsidies and its squadrons; it had fought for ten years, struggled against the usurpation of the continent by Napoleon in Portugal, in Spain, in Germany, and in Sicily; it was proud of the delivery of the world, brought about by the obstinacy of its politics, by its treasure, and its armies. The fall of Napoleon, and his being supplanted on the throne of France by a brother of Louis XVI., appeared to the English to be one of the greatest pages in their history. Their hearts exulted with gladness and pride in seeing this wise man, so long their guest, now a king, issue forth from his obscure residence in the midst of their island to come and receive at their hands the throne of his fathers, and resume his place at the head of the old crowned races. The whole city of London had decked itself out, and hurried to the different roads and streets that Louis XVIII. and the Duchess d'Angoulême would have to pass from the gate of the garden of Hartwell to the palace of the Prince Regent. The entrance of the king into London was as solemn and as regal as his entrance into his own capital. The gladness of the people was, if anything, more undivided, for there was not commingled with it gloomy discontent at the occupation of the country by foreign troops, nor dark presentiments of divisions of parties.

In answer to a few words of congratulation on the part of the Prince Regent, Louis XVIII. replied, "It is to the advice of your royal highness, to this glorious country, and to the constancy of its inhabitants, that I shall always attribute, after Divine Providence, the re-establishment of our house upon the throne of its ancestors, and that happy state of things which at length permits the closing up of sores, the calming of passions, and peace, repose, and happiness to be restored to all nations." These words, such is the exceeding and sensitive jealousy of the French, M. de Lamartine tells us, were at a later period "the remorse of his reign, and the text of patriotism against his house;"—the word patriotism is here used instead of democracy, as the word glory is at almost every other page used instead of military outrage. "France," says M. de Lamartine, "was not only forgotten in such a speech, but was humiliated:"

Louis XVIII. embarked at Dover on the 24th of April, upon the vessel the *Royal Sovereign*, escorted by the frigate *Jason*, by the sound of discharges of artillery that saluted from sea and shore the departure of this exiled dynasty on its way to meet a family, a people, and a throne. The straits were filled with vessels and ships decked out, and which joined in train of the ship which was carrying back the old monarchy to France. The white flag floated from every mast, shouts of applause and hurrahs were renewed at every wave. A calm sea, a soft wind, a serene sun, favoured this manifestation of joy on the

part of two people impatient to renew peace in the person of the king who appeared as its symbol. The happiness which the soul of the exile could not but feel, seemed to have communicated itself to the soul of all England. She felt proud of having preserved, and of having restored this sovereign to his country.

Half-way across the channel, the ship that bore the king passed from the naval procession of the English into the midst of the French vessels. He thus met his country advancing towards him on the waves. He entered the harbour of Calais in triumph. The cannons from the coast of France had been answering those of Dover ever since daybreak. Downs, capes, piers, tongues of land that advanced into the sea, and the walls and towers of Calais were all covered with people, who awaited the arrival of the king as a salvation and a hope. No division existed at that moment either in mind or in the heart. Those who had no reminiscence nor any affection for the old monarchy, had at least no repugnances to combat. A murmur of gladness burst from this crowd that had issued forth from their homes. The earth itself, and the walls, by the voice of bells and cannons, appeared to participate in this emotion of men. Louis XVIII., affected to tears, and skilful in calculating even his sincere impressions, addressed to all around him, to the deputations, and to all the spectators who surrounded his vessel, happy words, in which the sentiments of the moment were so neatly expressed as to fly from mouth to mouth. He took possession of his new country by the propriety of his answers, and, so to say, fixed enthusiasm by giving it an expression. Nature seemed to have created him for such moments. He was the natural genius of such solemnities.

General Maison, commanding the army of the north, had hurried from Lille to Calais to receive the monarch, and the versatile Ney and Berthier, who for the last twelve years had never been out of the tent or cabinet of the Emperor, with other marshals and late intimate friends of Napoleon's, preceded the king at Compeigne, whither, by Talleyrand's advice, he first proceeded to address a proclamation to the people prior to his entry into the capital. Marshal Ney, brandishing his sword over his head, shouted out, as he showed the prince to the crowd, "Long live the king! Here he is, my friends—the legitimate monarch! the real King of France!" "These men of war," adds M. Lamartine, "so gallant in the field of battle, too frequently show themselves weak in heart before the changes of courts. The people were astonished at so much versatility where there was so much heroism. They began to suspect that which they have had so many opportunities of witnessing since, that the habit of obeying all kinds of powers does not create constancy of heart or purpose in military men, and that the revolutions which they have to fight against in the evening have not more obliging servants in the morning." This is no doubt intended for the Algerine warriors and their rather rough treatment of the provisional government.

Marshal Berthier, as the chief of the general staff and the oldest marshal present, addressed the king. One would have fancied it a voice of the old monarchy expressing the homage of inviolable fidelity to the heir of the ancient race. "Your armies, sire," said he, "whose organs are this day your marshals, are happy in being able to offer you their devotion." He then presented all the lieutenants of Napoleon, repeating before the king names which that prince had long been familiar with as those of the firmest supports of the enemy's cause. The king, prepared for this reception, had arranged in his memory the principal exploits by which these companions of the Emperor had rendered themselves illustrious, and addressed to each of them a word or two in reminiscence of that which could not be otherwise than most flattering to them. He thus fascinated by pride those who did not ask better than to be bought over

by favour. He pretended at the end of the audience to tremble under the weight of age and infirmities. His attendants advanced to support him; but the king, bidding them away with a royal gesture, leant for support on the arms of his marshals with an affection of ease and confidence that was at once replete with cunning and with grace. "It is upon you, gentlemen," he said, smilingly, "that I shall lean for the future! Come near and surround me; you have always been good Frenchmen; I hope France will never again want your swords, but if ever, which God forbid, we are obliged to draw them again, infirm as I am I will march with you!"

Inferior in every point of view—in close adherence to details and in rapid and clear march of narrative, as M. de Lamartine's work is to De Barante's "History of the Convention," in many respects partaking more of the character of a political pamphlet than of a stern and impartial history, and always inclined to the graces of diction and the colouring of the poet in preference to the simplicity of real and unadorned fact; never mindful, apparently, of how many reflections introduced upon the characters and acts of his predecessors—courtiers, authors, politicians, and statesmen, reflect themselves in equal strength upon his own individual self; still in touches of nature like that just quoted, the historian stands almost unequalled. Events so familiar to all, as Napoleon's midnight consternation at the fall of his capital, contemplated by the light of the bivouac fires of the enemy close to the walls of Paris; the farewell at Fontainebleau, immortalised by pen and pencil; the oft-told murder of the Duke d'Enghien; the peaceful and truly royal progress of the king at the Restoration, except for the too intrusive and very newly-adopted affectation of inflexible democratic virtues, have never been better told; and as the volumes to follow embrace the still more eventful and interesting periods of the hundred days, the return from Elba, Waterloo, and a second Restoration, such finished and poetic pictures even of familiar facts will not fail to win over many readers to the "History of the Restoration."

Alas, however, for all mundane triumphs, there was an alloy even in the reception of King Louis XVIII. The senate still contained in its bosom a majority of supporters of the repudiated despotism of the Empire, and no sooner at Compeigne, than at the reception of the legislative body, headed by M. Bruys de Charly, a conscientious royalist, the king took the opportunity of letting it be publicly known that he intended to assume his seat on the throne without exchanging stipulations with an "exacting, weak, and hated power," even although that power was seconded by the Tsar Alexander in person. Of the interview of Alexander and Louis, M. de Lamartine speaks in tones highly complimentary to the often calumniated king. "Alexander," he says, "came from this interview conquered, astonished. He had thought to meet an old man of weak mind, thirsting for a throne, and happy in receiving it at any cost. He found a very superior mind, an obstinate faith, a majestic eloquence, an inflexible character, a king who might still be repulsed, but who, once upon the throne, would place himself by his legitimacy upon a level with, and even superior to his liberators."

Before making his royal entrance into Paris, Louis took up his residence for a short time in the château of Saint Ouen, on the plain of St. Denis, from whence new negotiations between the senate, supported by Alexander, and himself supported by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, with Talleyrand for mediator, were carried on. The impa-

tience of the people, however, who hurried out inundating the plain with their numbers, did much to annihilate the opposition of the senate. The latter sent, at length, a deputation with an address, which was but coldly received. Louis XVIII. answered by the famous declaration of Saint Ouen, " which," says M. de Lamartine, " derived its force from being delivered in the midst of a million of European bayonets, masters of the soil, and being addressed to the hearts of a people wearied with twenty-five years of struggles, and that over the ruins of an empire which asked from royalty not liberty but life." The king took advantage of the astonishment and enthusiasm produced by this liberal manifesto—and the very liberality of which offended many of the ultra-royalists—to enter into the city and the palace of his ancestors. A whole nation was on foot to receive him. The plain of Saint Ouen, the hill of Montmartre, the banks of the Seine, were like the steps of a circus, covered with troops and people come forth from the villages and suburbs to herald the king's entrance into his capital:

His age was rendered imposing by the maturity of years, without showing any other sign of decay than those white hairs, which imparted an air of wisdom to a face still young. The infirmities of his legs were hidden from the crowd by his mantle cast over his knees. But this seated monarch, whose sufferings and the sedentary life forced upon him were well known, was a symbol of reflection and of peace. This very infirmity, by interesting the hearts for the old man, appeared to offer a pledge of repose, at that moment the unanimous passion of France. His physiognomy impressed with a rare intelligence, the brilliancy and firmness of his looks, hovering from above upon the crowd, as if from one who was accustomed to look without being dazzled upon his people; the natural curiosity and astonishment of his eyes seeking to recognise, through the changes of twenty-five years, the horizons, the country houses, the walls, the monuments of his youth; the interrogations which he made from time to time to the personages of his suite who, happier than him, had never left their country; that intimate yet sorrowful joy of a return mingling itself in his features with the dignity of a triumphal entry; his foreign dress speaking of time and exile; a princess at his side—the Duchess of Angoulême—to whom a repentant country could only restore a name, but not a family that had disappeared in the tempest; the involuntary tears that struggled with happiness in the eyes of that orphan of the scaffold; the old Prince of Condé, veteran of the monarchical wars, his body worn out by nearly a century of combats, his intelligence and his memory weakened by exile, looking like a child at the pomp that surrounded him, and which he scarcely appeared to comprehend; the Duke of Bourbon, his son, his face and heart in mourning, as if he had been following the funereal procession of the Duke of Enghien, instead of assisting at the triumph of royalty; the Count d'Artois, on horseback at the portal of the carriage, appearing, with his chivalrous smiles, as if he was presenting his brother to the people and the people to his brother; the Duke of Angoulême and the Duke of Berry, his two sons, future heirs of the throne, one modest and thoughtful, the other affecting the martial deportment of the officers of the Empire; the glitter of arms, the tramping of steeds, the floating of feathers, the living hedge of people and soldiers who bordered the fields and avenues of the plain, the houses crowded even to the roofs with women and children, the windows decked with white flags, the clapping of hands, the shouts prolonged, expiring, and then renewed at every turn of the wheels of the royal chariot; the shower of flowers falling from the balconies and strewing the pavement; the flourishes of martial music, the rolling of drums, the roar of cannon from Montmartre and the Invalides interrupting the brief moments of silence in the crowd, and giving the counter-stroke to the

emotions of a million of men; all these aspects, all these looks, all these noises, all these surprises, all these feelings of the crowd, gave to the entrance of Louis XVIII. into Paris a character of pathos and feeling that effaced even the pomp of a triumphal entry.

There was one with whom it is easy to imagine that the recollections of past horrors were far more vivid than joy for present prosperity. This became more distinctly manifest at the conclusion of the ceremony. Both Louis and the Duchess of Angoulême had been visibly affected on seeing the Tuileries once more, but the duchess, on stepping down from the carriage, fainted in the arms of her attendants, and was transported, in the semblance of death, to her apartments. The statues and the pictures, in which for ten long years Napoleon had contemplated "his image and his glory," had not been removed. "Louis XVIII.," says De Lamartine, "felt himself sufficiently strong and sufficiently proud of his ancestors to contemplate without anger, and without envy, these vestiges of an upstart of victory."

The same night the king set about composing his ministry, from among men intermediary between plebeian and aristocratic interests. Many a secret correspondent with Hartwell was at once rewarded with a place; but Talleyrand, with his grace, his indifference, his negligence, that let everything float along its own way save his fortune, his words with two meanings, his smiles with two readings, his deference for the king, his credit with Alexander, and his twofold traditions—revolutionary and monarchical—made him the accepted centre, the auxiliary, and the hope of the whole council.

The silence of the *Charte* soon almost effaced the senate from out of the number of public powers. The leading senators, Cambacérès, Chaptal, Fouché, Garat, Sièyes, men among whom were some who had given up Louis XVI. to the scaffold, were glad, for the most part, to retire into a titled, if not an honourable, ease and tranquillity. The treaty of Paris was followed by the departure of the allies, and this again by the convocation of the chambers, where the debates on financial measures, especially on the restitution of property confiscated by the Republic and the Empire, was naturally attended by no little acrimony. The king, on his own side, set the example of magnanimity by restoring to Louis Philippe, son of Louis Philippe Egalité, the immense domains of his house. History will tell with what ingratitude this act of regal generosity was ultimately repaid. The princes and princesses were making a tour of the provinces to show themselves to the army and the people. Talleyrand had been deputed to the congress of Vienna, and—

Louis XVIII. had scarcely anything to do but to moderate the zeal of his old friends, and curb the impatience of his new ones. He had no opposition to fight against. The only difficulty that he experienced was in so distributing his favours and his smiles between the old and new court with so much impartiality, that the discontent of wounded vanity should not bring the two into collision, and both Old and Young France should find themselves alike flattered by his attentions, and should deem themselves alike in his confidence. In effecting this he displayed the most consummate art. The new men felt that they were necessary to him, the old men felt themselves preferred. The women alone, more jealous and more impulsive than men, complained with bitterness, some at seeing themselves confounded with the upstarts of the Revolution or of the Empire, the others at seeing themselves despised by the *habitués* of the old court. The first could not forgive a restoration which reminded them of their recent admission into the ranks of the nobility. The second despised a policy which humiliated them, and enforced an equality with

rivals in titles and rank which they only recognised out of condescension to the king. They each carried with them into society, the former the contemptuous spirit of an olden pride, the latter the anger of frequent humiliations. Opinion was pacified, but vanity was busy establishing new parties.

At the same time, this state of quietude, after twenty years of weary warfare, and the problems and difficulties suggested by a new and forced reconciliation of the Revolution with the Restoration, operated together in gradually reviving literature, genius, and arts, stifled by a prolonged despotism, but awakened again by the first breath of liberty :

This epoch (says M. de Lamartine) was one at which the human mind was reawakened. The eighteenth century had been interrupted in its thoughts, in its works, and in its arts, by a catastrophe which dispersed alike its poets, its orators, and its writers. Emigration, terror, and the scaffold, had decimated intelligence. Condorcet and Champfort had had recourse to selfdestruction. André Chenier and Roucher had fallen under the axe. Mirabeau had perished of fatigue in combating the revolution, and, perchance, of anguish before the perspective which could not fail to be penetrated by his genius. Vergniaud had disappeared in the tempest, happy in escaping being made a witness of a crime, by sacrificing the eloquence to which he aspired. Delille had fled far away from his country, and mourned the fate of the exiles in Poland and in England. The Abbé Raynal had grown old in repentance and the decline of his hopes. Parny had travestied his loves into cynicism, and sold himself to the publicists. Philosophy and literature, towards the end of Napoleon's reign, had throughout France been condemned to silence, or disciplined and arraigned like so many battalions ruled by the sword. Nature had exhausted her men at the commencement of the era in preparing and accomplishing a revolution. The revolution accomplished, the thought which had brought it about seemed to have been terrified at itself, and foresaw that it would be annihilated at its very birth.

Bonaparte, who aspired to tyranny, and who hated thought, because it is the liberty of the mind, took advantage of this exhaustion and lassitude of the human mind to muzzle and to enervate all literature. He only favoured mathematical sciences, because numbers measure, count, but do not think. He only honoured those human faculties of which he could make docile instruments. Geometricians were his men ; writers made him tremble! This was the age of mathematics. He only tolerated literature of that light and futile description which distracts the populace and offers incense to tyranny. A voice, whose male accents would have shaken the more serious chords of the human heart, was at once silenced by his police. He permitted rhythms which buzzed in the ear, but poetry that exalted the soul was condemned. Young Charles Nodier, having written in the mountains of Jura an ode that breathed too high a tone for the servility of the time, the poet was obliged to withdraw himself before the proscription that awaited him.

The tyranny of Napoleon must have been harsh indeed, that the mere restoration of the old dynasty could give back liberty and breath to the soul. Scarcely was the Empire overthrown than people began to think, to write, and to sing in France. The Bourbons, contemporaries of our literature, gloried in bringing it back with them. The constitutional rule opened the mouth to two tribunes. Notwithstanding a few preventive and repressive laws, the liberty of the press gave breath to letters. All that had been so long silent found its voice again. Spirits humiliated by compression, society thirsty of ideas, youth anxious for intellectual glory, revenged themselves for this long silence by a sudden and almost continuous burst of philosophy, history, poetry, polemics, memoirs, dramas, works of art and of imagination. The age of François I. is full of originality ; the age of Louis XIV. is full of glory. Neither one nor the other had more enthusiasm or movement than the first years of the Restoration. Slavery had accumulated everything in the minds of the public for now twenty years. They were full, and now they flowed over. History owes to them her pages. Those pages are not only the annals of wars and of courts, they are especially the annals of the human mind.

M. de Lamartine follows up this eloquent exordium with brief but

graceful sketches of Madame de Staël and M. de Chateaubriand, who had divided between one another for twenty years the admiration of Europe and the persecutions of Napoleon. To these great names are also added others of less import, but still highly creditable to the epoch. Such was M. de Bonald, inferior in talent but superior in character to M. de Chateaubriand; such also were MM. de Maistre and de Lamennais, the representatives at the time of the philosophy of the Roman Catholic Church. Such also was M. Cousin, the representative of modern Platonism. History was especially rich in illustrious names: Thierry, Ségur, Thiers, Guizot, Michaud, De Barante, Michelet, Daru, and Lacretelle, are all names that attach themselves as historical writers to the Restoration. Other names, many of them of European celebrity, as Ducis, Casimir Delavigne, Victor Hugo, Charles Nodier, Madame de Genlis, and others, belonged also to the last days of the Empire. In a place like Paris, the re-opening of the saloons of the aristocracy at the Restoration had also an immense effect upon literature. "Conversation," M. de Lamartine remarks, "is in France as it was in Athens, a portion of the genius of the people. Conversation lives upon leizure and liberty. The catastrophes of the revolution in the first place, proscriptions, prisons, the scaffold; and then wars without end, the dispersion of the French aristocracy in foreign countries, in the provinces, and country mansions; and, lastly, the inquisitorial police and gloomy despotism of Napoleon had killed and annihilated it for twenty years. Public misfortunes were the only subjects of conversation during the latter years of the Empire. Conversation came back with the restoration, with the court, with the nobility, with emigration, with leizure, and with liberty." The first centre of this reviving society was the king's own cabinet. Next in succession were the saloons of M. de Talleyrand, of Madame de Staël, of the Duchess of Duras (M. de Chateaubriand's friend), of the Princess of Tremonille (at whose house only the leaders of the *ancien régime* assembled), of the Duchess of Broglie and Madame de Saint Aulaire, at both of which latter appeared the rising men of the day—Guizot, Villemain, Cousin, Sismondi, and others. Madame de Montcalm, sister of the Duke of Richelieu, grouped around her the small number of writers that belonged to the moderate party of the Restoration—Lainé, Pozzo di Borgo, Capo d'Istria, Hyde de Neuville, Molé, Pasquier, and others. Casimir, Perier, and Lafitte also received at the same time, on the other side of the Seine, the remains of the Republic and the Empire.

Negotiations which were at the same time entered into by M. de Blacas and M. de Bruges with two of the great remaining names of the Revolution—M. Fouché and M. Barras—proceeded slowly and ineffectively. "A dull, instructive, yet general movement," says M. de Lamartine, "was already carrying both these powerful parties away each in its own direction. One party alone, that was possessed of real vitality, was rising up between the two, and was about to submerge them beneath the most sudden and the most irresistible military revolution that the annals of the world have ever recorded. For when Cæsar passed the Rubicon to go and annihilate the Republic, he led 200,000 Romans against Rome. Napoleon was only going to bring back his name and the shadow of his victories in order to overthrow the work of Europe and reconquer his country. But we shall defer this narrative to another volume, so as to concentrate the grandeur and the interest thereof into one single well-defined drama."

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK III.

Chapter I.

HESTER SOMERSET IS IN THE POWER OF THE HUNCHBACK.

They carried Hester into the room where the mock marriages were performed in the house at Westminster, and there, by means of strong remedies, they succeeded in restoring her to consciousness. Opening her eyes, she found herself on one of the wooden forms in front of the rude desk, and the group had gathered around her, as if anxiously awaiting her recovery. Conspicuous stood Mr. Judkins, a smile upon the coarse mouth, that was half concealed by the large red whiskers. The counterfeit Italian singer had taken off his moustachios, and the signora had doffed her false hair and bright turban. A little man, with a brushed-up fore-top on a bullet head, and dressed in a dirty white robe, held a book and a glass of water in his hand. This individual represented the parson—the kind quieter of the consciences of country ladies, and all those who were weak enough to be enticed into a belief that a ceremony, performed by him, would sanction their runaway loves.

Hester did not seem to notice any of these persons; her eyes were fixed on Flemming, who stood half bowed down by a sense of shame, and half exulting in the prize he had won. But the first shock of fear being passed, Hester exhibited a singular firmness: when placed in situations of danger, real and understood, woman sometimes will retain her presence of mind, while man, similarly circumstanced, will by no means act the hero.

"Mark Flemming, I address myself to you; speak the truth; falsehood will no longer avail you, for I understand all. Vile has the scheme been to lure me to this horrible place, and you have been the contriver of it—you have connected yourself with these miserable men."

"Pshaw!" said Mr. Judkins, "we are not miserable men."

"Ay, the deed rests with me!" exclaimed Flemming; "my excuse is——"

"Can such villany find an excuse? And this is your protection—this is your professed love!"

"Love!" cried Flemming, drawing close to her; "that tame word but ill expresses what I feel. Mine is a worship, a wild adoration that would sacrifice at its shrine self-esteem, peace, earthly hope, all things. I am like the poor devotee of the East, driven on by his fervour, ready to commit all excesses, and to cast himself at length beneath the crushing wheels of his Juggernaut."

"You would also sacrifice me."

"No, no; I have endeavoured to dream that you might be happy. I loved you; I threw myself at your feet; I was rejected; but I grant your refusal was natural, and such as my mocking fellow-men would approve of. But the hunchback had a soul, though repulsive the clay in which it was enshrined. Despair goaded me on; I would possess you, reckless of the means by which I accomplished my purpose. Hope whispered, that

when your spirit should know my spirit, when habit should have familiarised you with all which now appears hideous to your eyes, esteem might be succeeded by interest, and interest at last beget love."

The fire of passion in the eyes of the speaker struggled with the softer light of that deep melancholy feeling habitual to him. After a short pause, during which Judkins and his associates betrayed much impatience, Flemming continued:

"Thus have I had recourse to stratagem, dark hellish deceit, convinced that by no other means I could win you. Pardon me, then; my great love is my plea, the only excuse I have to offer for my sin, my cruelty, my madness. Consent to be mine—link your lot to mine—place your happiness in my hands—I swear to be all, ay, more to you than man ever was to woman before. Dear, dear Hester, listen to my prayer!"

"Now, young lady," said Mr. Judkins, advancing, "we think quite enough has been said; the young man can't speak fairer, so marry him quietly, there's a good girl. Mr. Bumpus," he added, addressing the parson, "you had better, I think, go to the desk and begin."

There was much that was ludicrous in the scene, and yet the half lighted miserable appearance of the room, the savage countenances of the men, and the compulsory nature of an act which might lead to the ruin of one who had no one there to protect her, and who, if she shrieked, might shriek in vain—these had something in them fearful and horrible.

"Stay! your mummery is useless," cried Hester, springing up from the form on which they had placed her.

"You are mistaken," said Mr. Judkins; "we have married hundreds of ladies here, I assure you, some from the country and some of the town. 'Tis quite right; you will be man and wife when you leave this place, 'tis my duty to tell you so; however," added the considerate gentleman, "if you should like to do as they do at Gretna Green, you can, by-and-by, be married again in the regular church of England, just by way of satisfaction. Now, Mr. Bumpus."

"False and wretched man!" cried Hester, with desperate resolution; "free will and mutual consent hallow the union of those who fly to the North; here fraud is used with force; you commit a crime which the law will severely punish."

The heavy eyes of Judkins grew inflamed, and he muttered an oath.

"You are rather impertinent, my dear," he said; "but there, never mind; we don't take much account of words here; we excuse you; but don't let us have a rough business of it, I beg; it will be wasting strength and time to no purpose."

These coarse threats, which seemed to imply more than was expressed, made the girl shudder; her blood ran cold; all colour forsook her face, and she sank on the form as if overcome, but presently rose again on her feet.

"Mr. Flemming, hear me! I appeal to you, I address myself to your better nature, if there is anything generous left there. You perceive my situation, that I am in your power, weak, and without help, relying only on God and my own innocence. Would you compel me into marriage? Would you possess me without a particle of my affection? I have esteemed you, respected you, loved you as a brother; shall I not now, if you proceed to this length, despise and abhor you? and will you not, by destroy-

ing my hopes and peace, fix a pang in your conscience, and impose a burden on your own soul so long as you live? Think of this; pause, and tremble!"

The beautiful girl stood at her full height; one arm was extended, her eyes were raised to heaven, and her disordered hair fell back over her shoulders in a wave-like shining mass. There was an energy, a wild majesty in her manner, which seemed to awe even the black and daring spirits around, for no one spoke, and each gazed steadfastly on her. Such is the influence virtue, which is of heaven, will sometimes exercise over crime, which is of hell.

"But you will not, Mr. Flemming," continued Hester, relapsing into a tone of entreaty more natural to her womanly nature—"you will not commit this cruelty, this sin. Think of my father now in prison—what will be his sufferings added to his present misery, when he hears of this outrage on his child! Think of my mother, whose mind sorrow and misfortune have wrecked, and let her very madness plead on my behalf! Mark! Mark!" she cried, seizing him by the arm, hanging on his clothes, and looking up into his face in an agony beyond any grief yet manifested by her—"think, too, of one now far distant, whose story I have told you—to whom the heart of the child was given, and my after vows have all been pledged—if you love me, think of *my* love, my despair, and have mercy. May a God of justice and of pity soften your soul! May the darkness depart which now shadows you, and the sunlight of honour and goodness light again your noble nature! Mr. Flemming!—dear Mark!—listen to my supplication—may I not plead in vain—hear me—protect me—save me—have mercy—mercy!"

Gradually, as she held by his clothes, she sank lower and lower, her face still upturned to his, and her eyes now brimming with tears; and thus she knelt on the floor before him. Flemming saw her on her knees, but did not stoop or move. Her fate might be said to quiver in the balance, and the ruler of her destiny was that deformed being, in whose mind might have been sown some of the seeds of virtue, but thickly also sprang up with the harvest the tares of vice.

Chapter II.

THE FATE OF HESTER IS DECIDED.

There is no fiercer trial, no more violent excitement to which the mind can be subjected, than the contest of antagonistic passions; and of all other emotions, perhaps, those raised by the struggle of the two great principles of good and evil, are the strongest. Mark Flemming was an illustration of this fact. We have seen him during his connexion with Pike in a state of constant and painful vacillation. Like a pendulum, he swung to that side, and still returned. Like Mohammed's coffin, he was half in the heaven of honour and virtue, and half on the earth of crime. The evil at length predominated; he had been vanquished, and came hither with his victim.

Now, at the eleventh hour, roused by the appeal of Hester, and stung by remorse, his resolves were shaken. The angel of good had flown back

again to dispute the mastery of his heart—all his old struggle was renewed.

What passed within his breast might not have been divined by the expression of his countenance, for, in the presence of Judkins and his men, he struggled hard to suppress what fain would have burst forth, and to assume a tranquillity he was far from feeling. He regarded Hester for several minutes in profound silence; then, turning from her, abruptly walked across the room, and back again. Judkins stared, and the little parson grew restless and uneasy; probably the latter feared after all he might lose his expected fee.

"Come, young man," said Mr. Judkins, "we can't stop any longer; we've heard all the speeches out now: it's quite time the affair was settled. Take up your bride from the floor, and bring her forward."

Flemming advanced to the man, and said, in a husky tone,

"Have you iron in your breast? Is your blood ice?"

Mr. Judkins broke into loud laughter.

"What! puling are you, my doughty knight? Come, let us have no nonsense. Surely you won't listen to the little speeches of a child like that—we are used to such things here—oh! yes, tears, and sobs, and all those fine sentimental things—but we never listen to them; we know our duty, and act up to it. Here, I'll carry the lass forward, for I see you need help. Mr. Bumpus, go into the desk, and begin. Why, we shall be all night marrying the young people, at this rate."

As Mr. Judkins spoke, he laid his rough hand on Hester, with the intention of dragging her to the front of the desk, in which the parson had stationed himself. Suddenly Judkins was thrust aside, and felt a hand at his throat.

"Forbear, ruffian! Add not the pollution of thy touch to the other indignities this lady has suffered."

Flemming, though small as well as deformed, was possessed of extraordinary vigour: the herculean frame of Judkins staggered, and, unprepared for the sudden attack, he was borne against a wooden form, over which he stumbled, sinking on one knee. He gained his legs again, muttering an oath; but the giant was too conscious of his own superior strength to take any vengeance on the stripling.

"That was cleverly done, I must say. Who would have thought those thin fingers and spider legs of thine could manage such a feat! Don't fear; I'm not in a passion: we never give way to anger here, for there's nothing got by it. However, my man, what do you mean? I am your friend, and only want to do you a service."

"That service is no longer needed," said Flemming, with compressed lips.

"Not? Strange! Why, my parson hasn't married you yet—of course you need our services?"

Flemming turned towards Hester. Though the struggle had ceased—though the demon was quelled—great was the agitation he betrayed. Oh! hard was it to surrender all which his heart clung to—difficult to renounce that for the possession of which he had bartered his peace and his honour: but his resolve was taken; and his life thenceforth must be a blank and a darkness, enlivened by one memory—the recollection of an act of penitence performed ere it was too late. The quivering lip was

stilled now, the choking of the throat subdued, and the eye assumed its wonted expression of thoughtful sorrow.

"Miss Somerset, to speak to you of my repentance and remorse were idle; idle also to ask you to forgive me—to excuse my conduct on account of my hopeless and miserable love. Enough that I have awoke to a sense of right; that I am an altered man. I expect not your pardon, then, and I ask not your pity. You are free. You shall leave this place untainted, unmolested. Heaven and the angel of your own pure nature have been your guardians, and ever, ever may they protect you!"

Hester was unable to return her thanks in words, or express the deep gushing joy which overpowered her. Impelled by the feelings uppermost that moment in her heart, she threw herself into Flemming's arms, and the repentant man bent over her, feeling the full satisfaction arising from the performance of a virtuous deed; and how immeasurably greater is the happiness it gives, than any wild, unholy bliss resulting from the indulgence of crime. Both remained silent; the low breathings of Hester only being heard, while scalding tears trickled down the cheeks of Flemming.

As Judkins witnessed the scene a black scowl gathered on his brow; he crossed his arms on his brawny chest, and looked menacingly on them.

"This is all very well for you, my friends, no doubt; but if you will be a fool, Master Hunchback, I am not. I look to my interests and the security of my house. You don't leave us quite yet—no, no; you're both in my power!"

"What mean you, villain?" cried Flemming; "would you offer us violence?"

As he spoke he sprang out into the room, as if preparing for a defence; the next instant he caught up a short iron bar which he saw lying on the floor.

"Aha!" exclaimed Judkins, "you're arming yourself, are you? A very good precaution; but, look you, Master Hunchback, I can do the same thing."

The man with the ferocious bulldog head dived his hand into the pocket of his fustian coat, and brought to light a large horse-pistol; he deliberately cocked it, and presented it at the head of Flemming.

"Take care, 'tis loaded," said Judkins. "Now say, my lad, who has the best of it?"

"Be calm, Mr. Flemming!" cried Hester, shivering with fear; "do whatever he tells you."

"Fire, scoundrel!—I reck not. What is life now to me?"

"Nay," said Judkins, "we don't do these things here, unless driven to it. I only want you to know what we can do. Quietness and a fair living are all we ask. Well, you've altered your mind, and won't marry the girl—good; I care nothing for that, I only demand two things—secrecy and my money. Swear, young man and woman, that you won't inform against our house."

"If you will let us go," said Hester, in her terror, "we will swear."

The required promise was given.

"However," continued Mr. Judkins, "these oaths are just for form's

sake, and I accept them; but my best security is the full certainty you must have that, if you betray us, your lives won't be worth a week's purchase."

Hester, at this cool intimation of murder, shuddered.

"And now," added Mr. Judkins, "for the money. You must pay exactly the same sum as if the marriage had been performed, for we've had all the trouble of it."

"What is your demand?" asked Flemming.

"I've received ten shillings on account of the business—I want twenty more; this was the agreement."

The money having been paid, Flemming was permitted to conduct Hester to the coach; he placed her inside, but feeling now his own unworthiness, and that the tie even of friendship must be severed between them, he himself did not accompany her. The driver, who was to have proceeded a few miles into the country, was not a little surprised at receiving orders to return to Fleet-lane; and there, in a brief time, Hester, with a heart full of gratitude to Heaven, found herself in safety at her old lodgings.

Chapter III.

THE HUNCHBACK AND HIS MOTHER—A SCENE IN THE FLEET PRISON.

Flemming that night confessed the guilty design he had entertained, and the issue of the affair, to his mother. The blind woman, at first, bitterly condemned his conduct; but her heart being soon softened by his repentance, she could only mourn over the unfortunate passion of her misguided child. He quitted the house; whither he went none knew, but days elapsed and no tidings were heard of him.

"He is gone," said Mrs. Flemming to Hester; "and I am alone in blindness, alone amidst increasing infirmities and years. What do I live for but my boy? He is my all—my more than life. Oh! let people call him deformed, and regard him as a monster; to me he is passing beautiful. You know not the mother's yearning to her offspring; how lovely to her the unloved and despised can be, or you would pity me!"

She bent her head before Hester; her hair was prematurely grey, not with age but sorrow; her thin pallid face, once beautiful, expressed anguish, yet her sightless eyes shed no tears—their fount was dry. Hester took her hand, and endeavoured to console her.

"I pity you, Mrs. Flemming; my heart would be of stone if it did not, indeed, bleed for you. I allow that this man, this villain whom you call Jones, by urging on your son, is guiltier than he. The description which Mr. Flemming has given you of him, convinces me his name is not Jones—he is a bitter enemy to my father. Oh! when will this miserable being cease to persecute us?"

"Promise me again," said Mrs. Flemming; "promise me that you will take no steps against my son, so as to expose him to the penalties of the law. Ah! girl, I will tell you," added the blind woman, seizing the arm of Hester, while her face assumed an unaccountable expression; "you know not who he is—what he is—my secret I have kept for long years—shame, shame has sealed my lips; but now, to render him service,

and obtain for him a pardon, the truth shall be divulged, at least to you. Bend nearer, child, for my voice fails me. Mark Flemming"—she continued to speak in low tones, an interval between each word—"is your blood relative—he is of the family—the ancient family—of Brookland Hall!"

Hester started back, incredulity and amazement depicted in her countenance.

"Impossible! I have no sister, no brother, no relation living except Mr. Hartley, and he and my father are the last of their line."

"Believe me, or believe me not, I can say no more. Pardon him in whose veins runs the blood of your father's family."

"On account of your own lonely situation, and your own sorrows, I grant all you require. The past is forgotten; your son shall receive no injury through my means."

The blind woman thanked, blessed her, and returned to her solitary room. There she sat by the hearth, whispering the name of Mark; it was all the happiness which she seemed to have. Then taking his violin from the wall, she touched tremulously those strings from which her son had been wont to draw such sweet inspiring sounds; and thus she would remain for hours, thinking, sighing, but never weeping—the mother with the broken heart.

"I must know all; nothing shall be hidden from me!" cried Mr. Somerset, vehemently, as Hester disclosed to him a few of the incidents which had recently occurred. She softened the tale, and endeavoured to render her position less fearful than in reality it had been; but the father saw through the little artifice, and understood her motive.

Overcome by his importunities, and yielding to his command, Hester concealed the facts no longer. The first impulse of Mr. Somerset was to thank Heaven for the preservation of his child; and like the Oriental, who never hesitates to kneel, whether it be in the street or the desert, to address his God—in this far more devout than the Christian of Europe—he dropped on his knees on the stone floor of the room. Fervently and audibly he offered up his thanks, and Hester, stooping close beside him, followed the words he uttered in his own sweet angelic whispers.

That was a scene rarely witnessed within the walls of such a den as the Fleet Prison. A few yards off there was uproarious mirth, and in the neighbouring rooms drinking and rioting went forward; while across the yard, or sounding from the lobbies, oaths might have been heard, or shouts of abuse from parties in fierce contention. Ah! truly might it have been said, here were breathing "airs of heaven," there sweeping "blasts of hell." Mr. Somerset pressed his child to his heart; it was for his sake, to obtain money for him, that she had encountered the late evils. He kissed her cheek, her forehead, her hair; his soul yearned over her as an idol thing, dear and prized beyond wealth, power, and even his liberty.

Invincible Nature! holy and mysterious are the ties she weaves, from the insect to the brute, and from the brute up to man; and shall the golden cord, uniting intelligence to intelligence, stop here? Does not the link of love bind the unclothed spirit to its fellow, burn through the cherubic ranks, knit seraph to seraph, ceasing only at the throne of the

Eternal? for there, in one grand centre, all the divergent lines and streams of love meet.

Mr. Somerset's prayer was over; the dream of softness passed away, and earthly thoughts and feelings claimed their natural dominion over his mind. With Hester he was led to conclude that the counterfeit literary man, who had induced Flemming to commit the outrage, was no other than Pike, while that miscreant was still the tool of Hartley. "And what a base revenge!" thought Somerset; "what untiring diabolical persecution!" His anger was excited far less against the misguided Flemming than the men who had thus made him the blind agent of their purposes.

"And would they have sacrificed thee?" cried Somerset; "heartless knaves! cold-blooded demons!—sacrificed thee, my innocent, my gentle, my pure one! And must I, like a wild beast in a cage, look out from my prison here, without the power to succour thee?—without the means of punishing those who do thee such grievous wrongs? Just Heaven! will retribution never come? Must villany triumph for ever?"

The grey-headed man lifted his clenched hands in impatience and desperation; his eyes were filled with a savage light; and his whole nature yielded to the fierce passions which his trying situation was so well calculated to excite. But Hester trembled; she would not see him thus.

"Father, let us forgive our enemies; it is nobler to forgive than to punish."

As the harp of the Hebrew boy chased the evil spirit from the Israelitish king, so the sound of that sweet beloved voice gradually softened and charmed away the fiery passions of that injured man.

CHILDREN OF THE SKY.

BY CAROLINE DE CRESPIGNY.

THE morning grey is our opening day,
  Noon is our middle age,
Our strength is fled with the evening red,
  Night ends our pilgrimage.

As the sun shines bright, our hearts are light,
  The dark clouds emblem sorrow,
And as rain from the skies so tears arise,
  Fresh hope from grief to borrow.

Our spirit drew, from the ether blue,
  A pure and a holy birth,
But wedded to clay, on its bridal day
  It partook of a taint of earth.

But born again, with every stain
  Newly washed by the dews of heaven,
It shall mount on high to its native sky,
  Where benign sunshine is given.

A GHOST STORY OF NORMANDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HAMON AND CATAR; OR, THE TWO RACES."

I.

On a fine summer evening, in 1846, I left my house, which was in the neighbourhood of Honfleur, Normandy, to take a stroll. It was July. All the morning and all the afternoon the sun had been busily pouring down streams of radiance like streams of boiling water, and I had kept the house, and kept it closely shut up too, till the orb of day had gone some way down towards the sea, as if, like a fire-eater, or like a locomotive, to get a *drink* after its work.

My wife being asleep, I borrowed her parasol, for English life in France *is* very free and easy, and I was rather careful of my complexion. I lit a cigar, and starting, soon left the church of St. Catharine behind. My business in the town was to post a letter, which I got safely done, and then passing down the fish-market, I found myself, ere long, at the foot of the Côte de Grace—a steep hill which rises abruptly from the town, and is scaleable at one part by a sandy zigzag.

My cigar was a bad one altogether—a bad one to look at and a bad one to blow. Of government manufacture, it cost five sous, and was not worth one. Its skin was as thick as an ass's hide, and no persuasion would make *it* draw. Like a false friend, it became quite hollow when I put the fire of trial to it; and only waxed hot and oily as it burnt on. It was a French regalia, and had nothing of French royalty about it but bad *smoke*. The tobacco had, I think, lost savour, as salt used to do, in passing through the monopolising hands of the *Citoyen Roi*. In a word, my gorge rose at it.

I stood awhile at the foot of the zigzag, endeavouring to coax it into usefulness, for I was a family man, and had given many hostages to fortune, and dared not to be extravagant. I tried to doctor it by incisions, and by giving it draughts; but all was in vain. At last it began to unwind, and some loose ashes found their way to my eyes. I was about to throw it away in disgust, when a young Frenchman, who had passed me a moment before with a party (I knew him slightly and we had bowed), returned, and observing that my cigar seemed troublesome, asked me to try one of his.

His name was Le Brun. We had met occasionally on the pier, where in the quiet evenings I used to take refuge from the uproar of my sanctuary at home, and for awhile almost believe myself a lay bachelor lounging through France without a charming wife and eight children. He and I had succeeded well in chit-chat. The Browns, he was fond of saying, were a numerous race in England, but if he ever settled there he would be distinguished from them as THE Brown. He was vain of this play on his name, and I always laughed when he produced it. I had no hesitation, therefore, when he offered me a cigar: besides, I knew that he always smoked smuggled Cubas.

We gossiped for a few moments. At length I saw him glance at my wife's parasol, which was shielding me from the sun. He *said* nothing, but I felt my cheek burn with a sudden sort of shame, and immediately shut it up.

"Madame will return," he said, "and Monsieur attends her."

This was not the fact. Monsieur had to return, and Madame attended him. But the observation was put in the narrative form, and if my friend gave me information which I knew to be false, I was not bound to say so. I only bowed, therefore; and he added that he was forced to join his party, and bowed too; and so we separated.

He had scarcely left me, when I thought that if I had avowed my solitary state he might have asked me to join his party, which was evidently a merry one; and I internally execrated the parasol, which had been the means of preventing this. If by any accident I should meet him again, I resolved that he should not see me with *it*, and without the lady; so I deposited it at a little lace-maker's, and soon after began to ascend the Côte de Grace, not without hopes of meeting the party as they returned, perhaps from Val-à-Reine.

Between each wind of the zigzag path was a flight of wooden steps, by which the adventurous might ascend directly from the bottom of the hill. At the head of some of these flights of steps were rustic seats; they were generally on the outer edge of the path, but a few were placed far back, so that the hill immediately below was unseen.

I always climbed the Côte by the steps, as I used ever and anon to lie down on the green carpet which nature had spread over each of the short ascents. On the present occasion I had not mounted far before a pleasant piece of this turf-flooring near the top of one of the little hills seduced me from my toils. I sat down, took Shelley's "Revolt of Islam" from my pocket, finished my cigar, and in consequence of reading half a dozen stanzas from the poem—fell asleep.

I woke suddenly, and as soon as I had my faculties about me, noticed that people were speaking, and in loud tones, close above me. Otherwise all was still around. There was no wind among the little trees; a bee buzzed past me now and then, and insects hummed, but further off down the hill, and these voices sounded harsh and dissonant in the quiet air. I listened, at first mechanically. The conversation was carried on in French.

"It is time to end this," said a stern, disagreeable voice; "and I will not wait any longer, M. Raymond."

"But, M. Gray," answered another and more pleasant voice, "you will think of my situation—my family. I have done all I could."

"I have thought too much of your family," replied Gray; "but I must also think of myself. Esther—your daughter—she does not speak with me, for example, as you said she should."

"Monsieur!" exclaimed the other.

"This Le Brun—she is all ears and eyes for him. She——"

"M. Gray!" said Raymond. His voice had been deprecating before—it was firm now. "You are so harsh to me; how can you expect kindness from her."

"Why, sir, you promised to use your influence with her——"

"Promised, M. Gray!" Raymond burst in. "You did not think I should sell my daughter for a debt of the table? I do not think, monsieur, you expected me to *sell* my Esther, for example." And there was an emphasis on these last words which only a Frenchman could give.

"I did not say you promised that," replied the other; "but I am

seeking for the money you owe me. I love your daughter; you know it; she does not smile, and I must wait. But my creditors will not wait. I owe money, and come to you for what you owe me."

The voice that said this was cold and stern. Suddenly, as I listened to it, it seemed familiar to me; but where I had heard it I could not remember. Raymond replied:

"And suppose I had not played with you and lost? What would you have done?"

"But my friends in England are so dilatory," was the evasive answer. "Still—if Mademoiselle Esther——"

"Sacre!" cried Raymond, starting to his feet, and stamping on the path. Gray seemed to rise too. "You press me too far. What do I know of you, monsieur? You live here some few months—you play high—you—you——"

"Ah, well, monsieur," said Gray, icily, as he paused.

"My daughter, too," cried Raymond; "you use my debt to you as the means——" He stopped again in his sudden passion.

"Pardon me, monsieur," said Gray, sternly, "this is only a debt of honour;" and he laid a stress on the word which drove it home. "In England we cannot enforce a debt of honour."

"What do you do there when it is not paid?"

"First post the guilty man, and then shoot him," was the answer.

I felt inclined to start from my concealment and say that this was false. I recollected, however, just in time, that it was true.

"But this is folly," pursued Gray, "and we should not quarrel. I am not going to shoot Esther's father, for example."

The effect of this cordial and peaceful declaration was instantaneous. Glad apparently to drop his creditor in his friend at any price, Raymond answered kindly, and even proposed to give Gray a small sum on account of his debt, which he accepted. They then began to ascend the zigzag, and ere long their voices died away in the distance.

I had remained lying-to where I was all this while, and felt glad when they left the neighbourhood. I never overheard a conversation with pleasure since I read how the Rev. Dr. Folliott declared that his bamboo, and not his cloth, should protect him from Mr. Eavesdrop. Once, indeed, I had thought of retiring, but put it off so long that I thought I might just as well stay out the interview.

I knew Mr. Raymond by name. He was a banker, and reputed rich. He was also thought religious—for a Frenchman, even pious. He crossed himself at all the twopenny representations of the Divine agony. He never galloped past a crucifix, or calvaire, or burial-place. And yet he now showed himself a gambler, and apparently on the way to sell his daughter's hand to a man he did not know, for a gambling debt. The discovery made me feel sick. And yet I thought how many of my own parishioners, who wave their heads at the sacred name in the creed and appear to men to worship, are as false as this man; packing away their religion like their best hat till next Sunday, when it seems as good to the next pew as ever.

But I felt more than an abstract discomfort at my discoveries. Le Brun's name had been mixed up with Esther Raymond's by this Gray. Now his Cuba cigar had bound me indissolubly to The Brown, and as long

as he asked nothing but what cost nothing, I was his faithful well-wisher and friend. This was the time to show my friendship; and accordingly I sprang from my couch, put Shelley into my pocket, and resumed my ascent of the Côte.

I had gained the top, and, after looking across the water to Harfleur, which showed well in the soft light of the westering sun, was about to walk on, when I saw a party on the rude bench which is set on the sea-ward side of the top of the Côte—Le Brun with them. I looked back across the Seine, and watched the lights and shades shift on the hills of the opposite shore, collecting my thoughts the while. Ere they were collected, however, he joined me.

"Ah! but madame is no longer with monsieur?" he said.

"No; she's at home now," I answered, thinking how I should best break ground, and almost inclined to leave him to his own courses now that it was time to act. Why should I meddle in these foreigners' affairs? What were they to me? I felt thus for a moment; Le Brun produced his cigar-case, and I did not feel so for another.

"I hope you liked my cigar; it is not French," he said. "Will you try another?"

"If you will try one of mine," I answered, ashamed to take without giving, and forgetting that my property consisted of none but the despised French article. The young gentleman took one of the great clown-like regalias with a slight shudder, and I saw him wince as he inhaled a mouthful of its rank produce, and, ere long, quietly drop the thing when he thought I was not looking, and substitute one of his own.

The flavour of his Cuba opened my heart to him, and ere long I broached the subject with which I had no earthly business.

"You know a certain M. Gray?" I asked. He started.

"Yes," he said; "that is him talking to mademoiselle. Shall I introduce you?"

"Not at present—no, I thank you," I answered. He looked up at me.

"Do you know him?" he asked. My eye had been bent on him for the last few seconds.

"I think I do," I said; "I am not sure."

"He came here with the Dowlasses; he is the son of an English milord, who allows him a thousand pounds a year."

"Why did he leave England, then?" I inquired.

"He was too gay, I believe."

"And left his debts unpaid, I suppose." He looked up at me again.

"If you do know him, or anything about him," he exclaimed, "pray tell me; I am particularly anxious about him."

"I know you must be, and so ought mademoiselle to be," I said. He blushed like a girl and was going to speak, but I continued: "If he is the man I think, never play at cards with him, M. le Brun; and, between us, separate his hat from those pink ribbons further than they are now."

His curiosity, his anxiety, was thoroughly aroused; but, as he began to speak, a lady's voice called him. It was Esther's.

"Will you join us?" he said. In another moment I was being introduced to the party.

I was at first surprised to find Gray and his dupe smoking and chatting as gaily as any of the party. I am a good wonderer, but always reason

my surprises away. I soon did so now, reflecting that all men use their faces as masks, by which they lie without speaking falsehood. And, though I detest hypocrisy myself, I remembered that I often smiled when I could grind my teeth with rage—that is, if they were not false ones.;

Le Brun had been summoned to rejoin the circle because a curious topic had been started. M. Raymond was proprietor of an estate near St. Sauveur, the house of which was reported to be haunted, and Esther had dared Gray to spend a night there.

"But I don't believe in ghosts," he recommenced, after the introduction. "It would only be to waste a night."

"Oh, there *is* a goblin though," replied the beautiful girl—"a male Amina; always walking into an occupied chamber, so that you're sure to see him. He does not, however, stop to be caught napping in the morning, like La Sonnambula."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," answered Gray. "You've called M. le Brun"—and he looked somewhat fiercely at my friend—"if he'll spend a night there, I will. I'm engaged to-night and to-morrow night, so that he can go first. But I can't believe in your ghost, mademoiselle."

"Not if I acknowledge to have seen him myself?" she asked. There was a general movement among the listeners. "Well, I will accept for M. le Brun; he shall go to-night or to-morrow, and you the night after—eh, M. Frederic?"

Le Brun murmured something about obedience to her wishes; what, I did not hear. He evidently, however, did not like the scheme, and Gray saw it; but, in the general interest for Esther's tale, no one else did.

I do not give it here, for divers reasons. When she had done, it was found to be time to return. I would have left the party, but Raymond having separated Le Brun from Esther, he joined himself to me, and I was unable to do so.

"What will Grace say?" thought I. "I hope she won't wait tea for me." I should have been somewhat crusty if, on an ordinary occasion, I had returned from a stroll and found that she and the rest had *not* waited. Le Brun asked me—as M. Raymond had already done—to stay all the evening with the party. That, however, I felt to be impossible, and said so.

"Well, for the present, then," he said. "What can you tell me of M. Gray?" he added.

"I expect my brother here to-morrow," I said, "when I will compare notes with him. Till then I should be cautious, as I may injure an innocent man. But do you be cautious too. How about this challenge? Shall you sleep in the haunted house? It is romantic nonsense—this of a spirit, you know. Mademoiselle has seen a clothes-horse, or a—a part of her dress in moonlight. I don't believe in ghosts myself at all."

"Don't you?" said he, somewhat sadly. "I—the truth is, mon cher, I am afraid I do."

"You must go on now, though," I said, maliciously.

"Oh, yes—of course—go on," he answered; "but, monsieur——" he hesitated.

"What is it, my dear friend?" I said.

"I thought to ask a favour of you," he replied. "Will you accompany me to this house, monsieur? I feel I ask much—but will you?"

"Much, my very dear sir!" I exclaimed, in the fulness of my heart—"not at all too much. I shall be happy to be of any use to you, and will sit and smoke those cigars of yours, and let the ghosts go to old ——" I stopped suddenly.

"And what," thought I, "will Grace say to *that?*" A sort of dampness rushed out upon my skin; I had forgotten her. My sentence remained unfinished, and I looked eagerly about me, as if to question the adjoining shrubs as to what on earth I was to do. My dear Grace was the light of my eyes, and the joy of my heart, I'm sure; the best wife, the most amiable of the sex, but yet she had a kind of will of her own, which was apt to get grafted, as it were, upon mine. She never opposed me positively in anything, but somehow, if she did not like it, it was rarely done. I had just promised what I might not be able to perform; and yet I did not like to confess to this foreigner that my wife led me. "A plague upon his Cubas and him too," I thought. Still, what was to be done?

"If you cannot sleep there to-night," he said, noticing my uneasiness, "I will claim the night's grace——"

"Grace!" I exclaimed; my wife before me in the word.

"Yes, she said to-night or to-morrow."

"Oh, to-night?—impossible!" I cried. "I have a very—an engagement to-night. I cannot possibly make it to-night. Besides," I exclaimed, grasping at an idea like a drowner at a rope, or anything saving, "mademoiselle may not give leave to share your danger with any one."

"I asked her," he said—I had noticed them exchange whispers—"and she will——"

"Bother!" I muttered; but instantly continued, with a smile, "If it is to be so I will be at your service to-morrow. Meanwhile, let me slip away now—that engagement, you know."

We were at the foot of the Côte de Grace by this time. He brought the party to a stand-still, and, after some difficulty, I was allowed to desert, Le Brun asking me to join him next day to dinner, to which I agreed. After I left the joyous set I walked away fiercely, like a man with a purpose, till they were out of sight; but, as I neared that sanctuary of the heart where the tea would be waiting for me, the fierceness of my pace abated, and, with hands in pockets and head depressed, I slackened my speed more and more, till at last, when I reached my garden-gate, I came to a stand-still.

Unhappily I am tall, and my children are all wonderfully quick. I had not stood at the gate three seconds before I was surrounded by my urchins, whooping, and getting among my legs, and hanging to my tails, and playing the wildest pranks off on me.

But suddenly I saw my wife leave the house and come down the garden without her bonnet to welcome me. Oh, how I wished that, just for once, she had been a shrew; I could have brazened out the matter then. But she smiled so sweetly at me!

"Well," she exclaimed, heartily, putting both her hands in mine, "you have had a splendid afternoon for your walk! Have you enjoyed it?"

"Oh, yes," I said, "except for one thing."

"What's that?" she asked; "no accident, I hope. You've never, surely, been among the orchards again; I'm sure the grass swarms with adders and snakes." And she looked so anxiously and tenderly up into my face that I was forced to stoop and—— But this is weakness. "What was it? I saw you took out that divine Shelley."

"Yes," I answered, jumping at any subject foreign to the one at my heart, "he *is* divine. I'll never deny it again; the very god of sleep."

"For shame!" she cried; "and I saw you took something else, too. But where is it?—the parasol, I mean?" I had forgotten it! I think I must have started and changed colour, for she immediately proceeded: "Never mind, it's too late to go into the fields for it now. It will be quite destroyed, though, by the dew to-night—there's always so much in this weather. But, never mind—and yet how could you forget it?"

"Oh, it's all right," I replied, somewhat pettishly; "we'll get it in the morning. I left it in a shop at the foot of the Côte de Grace."

"Well, then, what was the drawback to your walk?"

"Oh! never mind it just now," I exclaimed. "Dear Grace, do let me have some tea; I'll tell you by-and-by." And I bustled among the children towards the house, she following in some surprise.

As soon as tea was over I despatched the children into the garden and solemnly commenced my tale. Commenced? I plunged into it heels over head, as a timid bather plunges into the pool when he is the cynosure of the eyes of all swimmers in it, and by appearing on the brink in Nature's undress *uniform*, feels himself pledged to enter the liquid. Like him, too, when once in, I did not find the water so cold as I feared, after all. I had made my promise so strong by constantly referring to it, that Grace never even proposed my giving it up. My brother would arrive by to-morrow's boat, and so that the house would have a guardian she would not object—for once. I inwardly vowed not to put it in her power to refuse or grant such a favour again.

II.

So on the morrow, at the appointed time, I was comfortably seated at M. le Brun's mahogany; and while, "for this occasion only," I played my old *rôle* of bachelor, I loosed the hymeneal reins, and actually told some ancient Cider-cellar stories—in French, too,—which produced explosion after explosion of laughter, though whether this was caused by the tales or the telling I cannot of course guess.

By-and-by evening came, and it was time to start. Le Brun and I hastened, therefore, to finish the bottles then in circulation; and, as soon as that was done, rose to walk to the haunted property. And now the sceptical blockheads who doubt everything would say that what follows was the consequence of our libations. Let them say what they like, I only put it to *you*, if it is likely that a thorough-going Church and State rector would be influenced by a few bottles of *vin ordinaire* and a mere *thought* of cognac after all.

It was about nine o'clock when we arrived within sight of St. Sauveur. It was a lovely night. Beyond the little village in the distance loomed the hills, rising from the Eure, over which the moon was shining brilliantly. Presently my companion turned sharply off from the main road, and we began to ascend a narrow stony lane, so thickly fringed with

bushes that the light was excluded; but ere long we came upon a cross-path nearly as narrow, but lighted by the rays of the bright moon; this we followed, till, in a few minutes, we arrived before a gate, which we pushed open, and advanced into a field.

Le Brun paused to light a fresh cigar from the smoking ruins of the last, and, as I walked on, I suddenly became reflective. "Your life, my dear and reverend sir," I ejaculated, "has just been like this evening's walk. Your school and college life were all as bright and silvery as the highway flooded by the glorious beams, and so forth. Then came the stony lane of curateship, and then you gained a cross-lane, stony still, but lighted by the smiles of Grace, and the prospect of a reversion, which your father got you cheap, because the occupant was young. And then this youthful rector joined the Church of Rome, leaving the gate open for you; and so you stepped into your twelve hundred a year, of which you only need to sacrifice seventy for a hack to do the work. So that after a somewhat pleasant life you can enjoy yourself in foreign parts, and——"

"Halloa!" cried a voice behind.

I started. In a moment I remembered that I was upon haunted ground, and motioned to fly. I am no coward, but I hate a surprise, and thought that perhaps the hero of this enchanted ground was close beside me. Le Brun's voice, however, dissipated these fears. I had strolled from the right path in my dream, and he wished me to rejoin him. I did so, and we pursued our walk.

We soon arrived before the house. It was approachable at the rear by a road which led to St. Sauveur, after winding about the country some two or three miles more than necessary, as French roads are apt to do; but the main entrance was from the fields, as we had come. It was a shabby place, and looked in the staring moonlight as seedy as a bookseller's hack would look in the glare of an Almack's ball. The windows were mostly broken, and the portico, like its Greek model, was in ruins. Rude evergreens grew downward from the rails which had fixed them, when young, in the way they were to go, and were sprawling about the nominal garden, which was likewise overrun by weeds and plots of grass, and fallen shrubs and flowers. The moon never looked on a poorer spot, and yet there was an air about the tattered old house which seemed to indicate that it had been good-looking once; as we may see, despite the plaster-work among the wrinkles of some of our dowagers, that they were not altogether hideous, as they now are, in the days of the "Greatest Gentleman" in Europe.

We entered. It was too late and too dark in-doors to survey the mansion; so, as Le Brun had been directed to the habitable room, we struck a light, and ascended directly to it. It was handsomely furnished, and a basket containing that refreshment which we had looked forward to stood on the table. The windows were whole; still I thought it well to close the shutters, as I hate Midsummer nights' draughts as much as I love the "Midsummer Night's Dream." This done, I sank on a sofa; Le Brun drew some wine; we fell to at an early supper, and fared well.

When we had finished we lighted cigars, and our conversation grew frivolous. Le Brun was in the midst of a description of Esther, when I heard a groan, and said so. He pooh-poohed me, and, half annoyed at

the interruption, proceeded. He had not got on very far before the groan was repeated. I started up.

"Pooh!—wind!" said my companion, retaining his seat and emitting his smoke.

"If so, it must be wind on the stomach, or wind in the lungs," I said. "Hark!"

I heard a faint noise. We both listened intently for some minutes, I standing. It was not repeated, however; so, growing tired of my attitude, I said that I must have been mistaken, and sat down. Le Brun agreed with me, and resumed his description. I followed with a tale; he was reminded by it of another; and so we continued, till our repeated potations, much speaking, and the late hour, made both of us prosy, and then we fell, as with one accord, asleep.

I must have slept for a considerable time, as, when I woke, I found that the lamp had burned very low, and looked the worse for having been kept up so late. I woke with a start, caused, as I imagined, by hearing the room-door suddenly opened. That was a sound which, as a father of a large family, I had got to know very well, especially about the smaller hours. I looked towards the door, but my eyes were dim with sleep, and it was not till Le Brun's boot was projected against my shin that I became sufficiently awake to see if my idea was correct or no. It was.

Not only was the door open but a person was evidently standing on the threshold. In the sickly light his face was not visible; nothing, in fact, but an outline of him. I rose, and with as much steadiness of voice as I could command, requested the visitor to come in. He made a deep bow, set his hat modestly upon the floor, came across the room, and stood as if awaiting further orders.

I had, however, none to give him. I had not sufficient impudence to bid him sit down and help himself to wine, or what he liked; but I kicked Le Brun, in payment for his attack on me, and motioned to him to do the honours. He met the advances of my foot, however, in an unexpected way.

"Diable!" he cried. "Est-ce que——"

He stopped as if a gag had been thrust between his jaws; for our visitor, doubtless applying the epithet to himself, suddenly turned his back on us, walked to the door, picked up his hat, and, though I cried after him, as the Master of Ravenswood cried after his dead Lucia's ghost, to stop, paid no more heed than that virgin does to Mario, but retired quickly, his boots screaming as he trod upon them like veritable souls in pain. We made no motion to follow, but remained as if glued to our places, looking on each other from our semi-sleepy eyes in a somewhat foolish manner.

"He'll come back," said Le Brun. "Hush!"

The boots had stopped at the bottom of the stairs; we heard no sound.

"If he does, don't name Sathanas, for Heaven's sake," I said. "He doesn't like it. It may recal unpleasant things—seem personal, in fact——"

"Hush!" he exclaimed.

We listened. The screaming boots were remounting the stairs. The

visitor had got over the personality, and was coming back. What should be done? I am no coward; I've said so before; but I seriously thought of running to, shutting, fastening, and setting chairs against the door. But I did not move. The footsteps approached, and then began to recede again. This suspense of the interest—or, rather, dragging out of it—was most tormenting. What if he should go on walking all night? But the steps were ere long heard once more coming near the room, and once more the visitor stood at the door. But he did not enter now. He looked steadfastly towards us; beckoned slowly; then, turning, began to leave us again. I drew a long, well-satisfied breath as he disappeared, and leaned back on the sofa.

"I trust he's gone for good now," I said.

"He beckoned. We must follow," said Le Brun.

"Follow! Pooh, pooh!" I exclaimed. "Let us sit still and be glad."

"Not I," was his brave response. "Be he man, or be he——"

"Hush!" I cried. "He may hear. He doesn't like the word——"

"I do not understand the impulse," said Le Brun; "but we must follow."

"I do not *feel* the impulse," I rejoined. "Still, if you do, and obey it, I will not desert you."

"Come," he answered. And with quick steps we chased the vocal boots down the corridor, and ere long saw the wearer of them, having descended the stairs, cross the hall, and wait at the door of the house.

The moon was still shining brightly, and its rays came through the broken windows on the ground-floor, and fell on the figure of the mysterious one. He was of middle height, and of broad and muscular build. He seemed more like an English farmer than a French ghost. His garments were seedy, and his hat was old; but his boots were like the boots of Thaddeus of Warsaw, the son of Miss Porter, who was so mortally offended when asked the name of the maker of his Bluchers, and they gleamed like boots of polished steel. All, however, did not seem right about the stranger. His head appeared awry, and his arms out of their places. But perhaps these blemishes were attributable to the moonlight, and not to the man; for he showed that he could turn his head and look at us, and use his arms to open the door. We followed him out into the air.

He led us through the field we had already traversed, but in a rather different direction. The night was chilly, and the long grass damp, and I began to grow weary of the adventure. Suddenly, however, our conductor stopped before what appeared to be a ruined cow-shed. He looked at it earnestly for a few moments, then at us, who kept a respectful distance; then, making an abrupt motion of his arm towards it, too rapid for us to understand, he seemed to me to spring into the air. Whether he did so or not, I cannot declare; but I know that when I rubbed my eyes, and looked round about for him, he was nowhere to be seen. We examined the spot, but he had left no traces. Boots, and hat, and all his trappery had gone with him. He had come like a dream, and vanished like a morning dream.

We stood for a few moments uncertain what to do, and then it

occurred to me that the room we had left was warm and comfortable, and this field cold and dreary; so I proposed to return, especially as, the stranger having vanished, there did not appear to be any business in hand. Le Brun agreed, and we did so, and, after talking awhile over our adventure, went to sleep over our talk; and I did not wake again till morning was staring into the chamber, as Le Brun threw open the shutters.

The conversation that took place is as well to be imagined as transcribed. Enough to say that I determined to have no share in Le Brun's narrative, but left him to heighten it for himself. I parted with him at my house, where I found Grace looking out for me; and he promised to return in the course of the morning to pay his respects to her.

To my surprise, however, when he came, he asked me for five minutes' conversation, and we went together into the field belonging to my house, which sloped down to the Seine. His countenance was *both* joyous and anxious, and I saw that he had something heavier on his mind than last night's frolic.

"I have spoken to you of M. Gray," he said, "and of Mademoiselle Raymond. I have learnt this morning that M. Gray has her father in his power."

"You learnt that from her?" I asked.

He blushed and did not answer.

I went on. I had compared notes with my brother about this Gray, and found my suspicions correct. I therefore told Le Brun what I had overheard on the zigzag, and he in reply told me that Raymond had accepted a bill for the amount of the debt to Gray.

"That is serious," I said. "But before we say more, monsieur, are you engaged to Mademoiselle Esther?"

He replied in the affirmative.

"Can you live—excuse the question—with her without dowry?"

He replied in the affirmative again.

"Then," I said, "though it may sound oddly from one of my cloth, you must either elope with her——"

"But then M. Raymond?—But his family?"

"He must suffer for his folly; not you. And you are only going to marry one daughter, not all of them. The other alternative is—you must pay Raymond's acceptance, as he cannot."

"It would be ruin. I cannot, either," he replied.

"Then you must lose Esther."

"I will not. No. And yet if I was to shoot Gray——"

"Shoot?" I interrupted, with the virtuous horror of a man who has never been tempted to fight a duel—"and would you then outrage the laws divine and human?"

"No; it wouldn't do to shoot him," he pursued. "But oh, monsieur, can you not suggest something to help me—to help us?"

A thought suddenly came into my head. "Gray is pledged to spend to-night in the haunted house, is he not?" I asked.

He answered that it was so.

"I believe the man to be an arrant coward," I went on. "To be sure, he shot a dear friend of mine in a duel, and behaved, as the world says, like a brave man before his witnesses. But he's a coward for all

that, and we'll test it. I don't believe in our friend the Goblin Farmer; I don't believe we saw any body, or any spirit last night at all. Well, never mind beliefs; don't interrupt me. I think our eyes were made the fools of the other senses, and that there's no such thing. Gray has to spend the night there—we'll go again to-night, that is, if my wife will let me, and perhaps get my brother to help us—eh? Suppose we give him a lesson." And I laughed.

He laughed too; and after a few more observations, he accompanied me into my drawing-room. Grace and James, with his wife Emma, were sitting talking there.

I have said that I am a lazy rector. During my curatehood, however, I had learned to preach sufficiently well for the parish where I worked. To be sure my congregation was neither large or wakeful, except in winter, when the church was like a Wenham ice depôt, and people could not sleep. But I was brief, and no faults were ever found in my time with brevity. My experience in exposition and appeal now stood me in good stead.

I introduced Le Brun, and then plunged into matters. I gave a brief account of Esther and her father. I eulogised Le Brun. After that I spoke of Gray, and reminded James of the life and times—the death, too, of John Finnis, whom he saved from being plucked alive in St. James's. only that he might be shot in Hampstead. These despatched, I opened my plans, which were listened to with great interest; the only alteration proposed was that James should go to find the authorities (if there were any, which he doubted), and give notice of Gray's character to them; after which he was to return to my house, and stay there till Le Brun and I came back from our nocturnal expedition, as Grace and Emma feared to be left alone. Poor Emma, indeed, declared that this was the most romantic thing she had ever heard of, except one which happened in the village where she was born; but as neither James or I liked to hear her speak of her origin, we cut her narrative short.

The cresset moon was up in heaven—at least Emma said it was—when we started. It seemed to me nearly full; but she was poetical. I told her that if it was a cresset, it was tilting up, and ought, therefore, to be pouring out oil, and not light, on the earth. We started, I repeat, and a short time after, in the language of a favourite novelist, two travellers might have been seen slowly wending on their way, bundle in hand, towards the haunted house.

In another hour or so, when the wind had sunk into repose, and the birds had ceased their songs, and all things save the ever-watching stars were sleeping (as that favourite historian might go on, if he were telling this tale and not I), a tall and ecclesiastical form crept slowly from a place of concealment near the house, approached it, and gently knocked at the door. It was opened, and he entered cautiously. A few whispered sentences passed with some friend within, which being over, he proceeded, though with some hesitation, to mount the stairs and pace along the corridor.

My boots (for I was the ecclesiastic) creaked and crackled like mad boots. Onward I went, like the Ghost in Hamlet, only with very vocal buskins. I reached Gray's room and opened the door. A strange sight met my eyes through the green glass goggles which I wore over them.

Gray was pacing up and down, in evident fear. A quantity of half-burnt cigars, some bottles of wine, glasses, the lamp, and, above all, two pistols were on the table. As I opened the door, and the light fell on me, I feared that I should be discovered. But the gambler was afraid—and fear has no eyes. I advanced into the room, and solemnly waved to him to follow. He must have caught up a pistol ere he did so. I led the way.

It was my determination to lead him a long chase, and leave him in a ditch if possible, Le Brun being near at hand to cudgel him. He had readily understood my pantomime (I studied under Jones the player when in training for orders), for I found he followed me, though at a distance.

But all my plans were disconcerted. As I reached the stair-head I heard a noise, and stopped; so did Gray. It was as of some one forcing the house door. Directly afterwards I heard the loud cries of the real goblin's boots, and the sound of Le Brun in swift pursuit.

"Take care, monsieur," he cried up the stairs to me.

"By Heaven they are robbers—murderers! Help! help!" roared Gray from behind; and as the real apparition came gliding up, he fired his pistol at it. The unexpected sound of the weapon, so close to my ear, too, stunned me for a moment; but I recovered myself directly, and flung myself on him, in fear lest he had his second pistol, too, and might fire at *me*. The real goblin continued to advance, and I felt Gray tremble with terror in my arms as IT survived the shot.

An unwonted boldness came over me. I felt myself committed to be brave.

"Villain!" I muttered in his ear, "you would swindle my descendant out of all he has?"

"No—forgive me. I will not take a sou."

"His acceptance—where is it? Give it me." He shuddered.

"I will give it to you," he said.

I released him, and followed to the lamp-lighted chamber. The other apparition creaked after him, too, and at the door I gave it the precedence. It was well I did so. The sudden light seemed to make Gray bold, for snatching up the other pistol he levelled it at the Simon Pure, and before I could utter a word, fired. The shot must have passed clean through the breast of the Mysterious Stranger—he only bowed.

Gray was now in mortal fear.

"Give up that bill," I said, in solemn, pedal tones. He drew it frantically from his pocket, and, leaping up, gave it to the mysterious one.

"Go to th——" he began, with a sort of ferocious recklessness. The next moment he was sprawling on the floor. The Goblin reached out his hand, and struck Gray, as it seemed, lightly with it. I would have raised him. I motioned to do so; but my original touched me on the shoulder, handed me the bill, and motioned to me to follow. I did not like his notes of hand—his signature by mark on Gray's face—I therefore at once obeyed. Le Brun had vanished.

The stranger led me by the old route till we were again close to the tottering cow-house. Here he paused, as on the last occasion, and was, perhaps, preparing to disappear again.

"One moment, sir," I said. "Be good enough to explain yourself more plainly than you did last night. However much I may admire

your acting, and it has *beaucoup de l'Esprit* about it, family arrangements will prevent me from again assisting——"

He nodded as though he quite understood me, advanced to the side of the shed, stopped under a sort of window, and then, deliberately sitting down on the grass, began to pull off his boots. I gazed at him in amazement, and was about to address him again, when a little cloud sailed across the moon, and for a moment shaded all the place. As it passed away, and I looked to our mysterious visitant and my mysterious Original, no remains of him were to be seen—except the boots.

At this moment Le Brun joined me. I was the first (as before and as ever) to throw aside my natural fears, and I advanced to the spot. There were two highly-polished Bluchers, side by side, as if they waited till the occupant of the cow-house was out of bed and shaved. I took one of them up. Something inside chinked. I reversed it, and three Napoleons fell upon the turf.

I was wondering why a French farmer-ghost should choose a Blucher to deliver Napoleons into an Englishman's hands, when Le Brun, finding nothing in the other boot, suggested that it would be well to get Gray out of the neighbourhood, and perhaps the three Napoleons might be useful to him. To this I agreed at once, though I was somewhat dissatisfied with the little fellow for the small share he had taken in the risks of the evening.

I went to the room where the gambler was; he was evidently in mortal fear. I put down the Napoleons on the table, and then in those deep, pedal, and ecclesiastical notes, which have so often hymned my congregation to repose, informed him that friends of John Finnis were in the town, that he was proclaimed to the authorities, and that he had better leave the neighbourhood for ever. With this I left him, joined Le Brun, and was soon on my way back to Honfleur.

"It was well I drew the shot from his pistols," said Le Brun, as we were parting. I did not then see any latent meaning in his words, nor would he ever afterwards answer any questions on the subject. I had forgotten to remove my ghostly dresses and decorations, and Grace and Emma both uttered gentle screams as I stalked into their presence. My tale was soon told, and we retired to rest.

Here the whole tale ends. As the events I have recorded recede into the past, I begin almost to doubt the truth of them. But I have one living evidence—now I am glad to say not single—and Le Brun may fairly lay it to me that he has at this moment the most agreeable little lady in all Normandy for his wedded wife. I am not aware if Boots still visits the glimpses of the moon at St. Sauveur, for soon after these events I was obliged to return to my parish to put down the Popish fooleries which I found my hack had begun to introduce. If, however, he does, I only hope his reappearances will be as useful as in the above little narrative, but the Brown, the Gray,—and the narrator have now done with him for ever.

ORIENTAL TRAVEL.*

There was a time when it was considered almost an impertinence on the part of a traveller to put his journeyings on record, unless he had some additions to make to positive knowledge. Innovations in this feeling were brought about by the proneness to description of some, and the many and various purposes to which travel may be made to contribute; more especially when impressions are the objects of record rather than things. Thus travel at home, on the Continent, in the United States, and in the East, has gradually been made to assume an almost purely literary character. With regard to the last especially, quite a new school of writers has arisen within these few years, whose great ambition is not to state a new fact, but to place some old familiar object in a new point of view. Ideas are here made to take the place of things; but very often mere words are mistaken for new ideas. Kinglake, Warburton, Thackeray, Martineau, Romer, Ferguson, and many others, following in the footsteps of Chateaubriand and Lamartine, belong to this school of travel. They call their books by characteristic names, as "Eōthen," "The Crescent and the Cross," "Cornhill to Cairo," "The Pipe of Repose," &c.; and their contents are, to the solid researches of Vyse, Wilkinson, Robinson, or Lepsius, what the Fine Arts are to Art—the adornment and the perfectioning, or the travestying and burlesquing, of the thing itself.

Take, for example, that colossal and mysterious monument, the Sphynx—the Abu al Hul, or Father of Terrors of the Arabs—and connected with which are so many questions of interest: "You dare not mock at the Sphynx," says the eloquent author of "Eōthen." "I was half afraid of it," says Miss Martineau. "It is more like an overgrown mushroom than anything else," says "Punch at the Pyramids." And Mr. Warburton still more irreverently compares its face to that of Cribb, the pugilist, "after a severe punishing." "It looks mildly and majestically, as the emblem of Divinity should, over the changing scene around," says Mr. Ferguson, in what we cannot but consider to be better feeling. To take another example: Mr. Kinglake loved the camel for its "womanish nature." Miss Martineau says: "So impatient a beast I do not know—growling, groaning, and fretting, whenever asked to do or bear anything; looking on such occasions as if it longed to bite if it only dared. Its malignant expression of face is lost in pictures; but it may be seen whenever one looks for it. The mingled expression of spite, fear, and hopelessness in the face of the camel, always gave me the impression of its being, or feeling itself, a *damned* animal." "The camel," says Mr. Ferguson, with greater justice, "is a noble animal; not in the nobleness of an arching neck and a flashing eye,—not in the nobleness of aristocratic

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* Eight Years in Syria, Palestine, and Asia Minor, from 1842 to 1850. By F. A. Neale, Esq., late attached to the Consular Service in Syria. 2 vols. Colburn and Co.

The Pipe of Repose; or, Recollections of Eastern Travel. By Robert Ferguson. Second Edition. John Ollivier.

Excursion en Orient, L'Egypte, Le Mont Sinai, L'Arabie, La Palestine, La Syrie, Le Liban. Parle Comte Chevalier de Pardieu. Garnier Frères.

pride and spirit,—but in the nobleness of a humble and rugged endurance, that does the heavy work of a nation upon a handful of beans." The "ship of the desert" has a virtue even in the eyes of the humorist; "*it draws very little water.*"

When writers of this class come to a practical question, such as the authenticity of the Holy Sepulchre, placed by Robinson and by Fergusson—not the lively author of "The Pipe of Repose," but Fergusson of Attic fame—within the Mosque of Omar, they content themselves with observing "that they prefer, with the *Quarterly Review*" (not a bad back out when a writer or counsellor to the said review has taken, to our knowledge, a whole year to decide upon the merits of one book of Eastern travel), "to leave such questions to the erudition and research of such men as Dr. Robinson and Lord Nugent." A party of travellers of this impressionable temperament, standing upon the banks of the Dead Sea, depict the waters thereof as "indescribably nauseous." "Bitter—yet," as Mrs. Romer observes, "not honestly bitter." "Salt—salt as tears," says another writer of the same stamp, "is the lake which covers Sodom; yet, not as if angels had rained down showers of pity upon it—but bitterly, burningly salt—salt as the tears of despair!" We must, however, make honourable exception of Mr. Robert Ferguson, who brought home a bottle of water somewhat salter than tears, having, in the able hands of Dr. Ure been made to yield 18·664 parts of saline substances out of 100. And among these, sal ammoniac—a product of volcanic action, and certainly bitingly bitter. The Frenchman (M. le Comte Chevalier de Pardieu) says of the Dead Sea: "It is not of an azure colour, but of turquoise blue, with a metallic lustre. Its waves are with difficulty lifted by the wind, and fall back heavily, giving out a particular sound—one would say, like molten metal." The clever and spirited author of the "Pipe of Repose" says: "It is the want of mystery which mainly tends to make modern travelling unfriendly to romance. Not that the traveller goes forth with less enterprise in his spirit, or less poetry in his soul, than he did in time of yore, but he carries too much knowledge along with him. Nothing can astonish him now, for he knows exactly what to expect. Is it a river, he can tell whence it comes, and whither it is going; is acquainted with its nature and properties; all its little peculiarities are down in his book. Thus, 'familiarity breeds contempt,' or, at all events, a feeling averse to poetry; and thus it is that our travellers give themselves such airs. They patronise the Pyramids, are on terms of familiarity with the whole family of deserts, question the stones of Thebes as coolly as they would say to their own children, 'Stand up and say your catechism,' and civilly go out of their way to pay a visit to poor Palmyra, much in the same spirit with which they would make a call of duty in an out-of-the-world part of London." There is a great deal of truth in this; and such a frivolous mode of thought is upheld by stay-at-home critics, who write of Cairo as being better known than Limehouse, and assert that they could draw a better map of the Lower Nile than of the Upper Thames!—perhaps both equally well. But we must express our dissent from Mr. Ferguson that knowledge is unfriendly to enterprise and poetry. Does it in any way militate against the awe and wonder with which we contemplate the Sphynx, when we know it to have been sculptured by the orders of Thotmosis IV., a king of olden Egypt, who lived some 1400 years before

Christ? Does it take away from the mystery of the Dead Sea when we know that it contains nearly a fourth part of saline matter? There is more poetry in the practical facts of the great depth of that inland sea, the absence of living things, its framework of naked rocks, its great beds of salt, and its dread stillness, than there is in the idea of salt as tears or heavy as molten lead, or even in a Chateaubriand's idea of the spirits of the men of the damned cities awaking to struggle again with the doom that overwhelmed them. The first are truly poetical facts; the others do not come up to the facts, or are exaggerations. No extent of familiarity nor supercilious sentences of city-hatching can take away from the difficulty of the road that leads to the Dead Sea, from the desolate loneliness of its situation, the lawless character of the rude dwellers on its banks, the awful circumstances of its origin, or the strange fatality that has attended upon the attempts made at scientific exploration of its waters. Coldly and sternly, as Mr. Ferguson justly remarks, has it repelled the advances of men of research. It has gloomy secrets of its own that it will not tell to them. Previously to the late expedition of Lieutenant Lynch, neither of the only two—Costigan, the Irishman, and Molyneux, the Englishman—that ever launched a boat on its inhospitable tide had returned to tell. These are facts, and of such is the true poetry of the East. It might be illustrated by many other instances of a different kind; for such as it is the East will probably long remain, despite the knowledge that familiarises things, but which cannot deprive them of their beauty or their interest, of their remoteness and difficulties or dangers of access, of their peculiar character and their poetry.

Neale's "Syria" is, in this respect, a very praiseworthy work. It is essentially of a literary character—that is to say, it contains no additions to positive knowledge of the East; but it depicts the present state of the country in a manly, graphic, straightforward manner, which is far more satisfactory than the ornamental style of the Oriental dilettante. Add to this, where the latter is content with a few hours' inspection, Mr. Neale has stayed for days, or weeks, or years. His society is that of the country; he is intimate with Turkish and Syrian authorities, with European residents or *employés*, with the fellah of the plain and the rover of the desert. His descriptions and details make you acquainted at once, and, in the most agreeable manner possible, with the actual and existing state of things in Syria and Palestine.

The Count of Pardieu's compact little volume is more or less of the same stamp as Mr. Neale's. Merely literary in its pretensions, the author has felt that even in that respect he laboured under considerable disadvantage, coming after such men as Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Raguse, and Poujoulat, just as in this country Kinglake, Warburton, Ferguson, Martineau, and Romer have almost exhausted all possible impressions and expressions in reference to the now almost vulgarised lions of Syria. Happily, there remain even for the literary traveller Asia Minor, Armenia, the Taurus, Mesopotamia, the Euphrates and Tigris, Kurdistan, and many other wild, beautiful, and little-frequented districts of the East, where impressions and details are far from being exhausted. The Count of Pardieu followed the beaten track—the Nile, the Desert, Hebron, Jerusalem, a few lateral excursions, Bairut, and the steamer home! Mr. Neale justly remarks upon this beaten track, the same in its main features as that followed by Mr. Ferguson:

Nearly all travellers leave the East without visiting the most interesting part of Syria—Antioch and the Aleppo Pashalick. This arises from their being quite worn out by the time they reach Beyrout, and from a supposition that all Oriental towns are alike, and that having seen one, they have seen the whole. But this is a very erroneous notion, for no two pashalicks resemble each other, and much less as far as refers to the various features of the country. The finest gardens in the world, the most romantic and picturesque scenery, and the healthiest climate, are all met with after passing Beyrout, and continuing northward; yet seldom or ever does the traveller visit the banks of the Orontes, and the beatiful gardens of Daphne.

The Count of Pardieu's work is written with a sobriety of style and a regard to accuracy and exactness which is rare among his countrymen (unless when professedly scientific travellers); and although deprived of the great advantages enjoyed by Mr. Neale of knowledge of languages, long residence and familiarity with the country and the people, still the work is one of much interest, and is highly creditable to its author.

A sanitary *cordon* has been established of late years between Egypt and Syria, extending from Gaza to Hebron; and so efficient is it, that Mr. Neale asserts not even a cat could pass undetected. The feelings with which European and American travellers look upon the most barbarous institution of the civilised world, when thus forced upon them in the desert and the wilderness, are, it can be easily imagined, anything but laudatory:

Nothing, it seems to me (writes Mr. Ferguson) shows more strongly the humble distance at which the Orientals are following the example of Europe than their adoption, at the eleventh hour, of the humbug of the quarantine. There was something sublime in the faith that bade the Turk of the old school —when the destroying angel encamped in the midst of his devoted city, when the offered hand of a friend might be the minister of death, and the trembling Frank shut himself up in dismay—go forth to his accustomed haunts with a serene face and an unfaltering tongue; follow his dead to the grave with a calm, unhurried step (or, at least, no quicker than usual); and when he felt the deadly taint creep through his own veins, bow his head in submission, and say, "God is merciful." But now, when the plague has not made its appearance for a number of years (and Muhammad Ali deserves credit for his energetic endeavours to extinguish it), and when all Europe is abolishing or diminishing its quarantine, to take this very time for adopting the discarded follies of Europe is as annoying as it is absurd. There was something, too, respectable in the old forty days at Marseilles, backed by the terrible pictures of the plague on the walls of its Lazaretto; but these little bits of quarantine are neither more nor less than trumpery.

The Count of Pardieu was not less exasperated when, first accosted by two troopers of the *cordon*, he exclaims, "Miserable bullies, who make use of the French language to ticket their abominable avocation!" This is an allusion to a ticket actually worn on the breast by the soldiers, upon which is inscribed *Garde de Santé*. It would appear from this that the quarantine is particularly directed against Europeans, and the reason of that is simply that they can pay. Quarantine in the East is only a means of exaction—a toll levied in a very disagreeble manner upon the wayfarer. This first "*exasperation furieuse*," as the count himself designates it, after revenging itself for a long time on the guard, found a new outlet at the Lazaretto, where, says M. de Pardieu, "I raged against the Turks and against the sultan." "The Turks were brutes, the sultan a

crétin!" "The Turks," adds the count, "who have some pretensions to civilisation, have selected out of our civilisation precisely that which was most absurd." Mr. Neale's account of the quarantine, where he was the guest, not the prisoner of the nazir, or director, and of the doctor, is more favourable to the Turks, and more amusing than that of his predecessors, premising, however, that M. de Pardieu's *furia Francese*, as the doctor termed it, by no means attests that the French are a bit more submissive to such an infliction than are the English:

Both he (the director) and the doctor complained sadly of the trouble and difficulty occasioned by the greater mass of our countrymen visiting the East. Spanish grandees, Italian nobles, German barons, and Frenchmen, whose families had pedigrees more antediluvian than Noah, were wont to submit calmly to the rules and regulations of the establishment, and quitted it on an intimate footing of friendship with the authorities; but no sooner was the proximity of a caravan of Englishmen announced, than every one was thrown into a state of excitement; and all the twenty soldiers, with their truculent lieutenant, were immediately drawn up in battle array. The two hundred guardians looked hot and fierce; ferocious-looking camel-drivers were pressed into the service. The nazir twirled his huge moustachios, and the doctor, to be prepared for an emergency, had a table placed in the gateway, on which he made a diabolical display of surgical instruments.

After a great deal of excitement and impatience, a little cloud of dust proclaimed the arrival of these dreaded individuals. First, came a couple of guardians, with drawn swords and very hoarse voices, having been wrangling with the dragoman all the way from the outpost. Then one, or perhaps two, nondescript looking animals—in costumes hitherto unheard of—sinister faces, and moustachios nine inches from point to point. These were the dragomen, or interpreters, who always accompany "milords" on their travels, speaking a little English, just sufficient to misunderstand what you say, and make themselves a little useful at times, in amends for which sacrifices they are exceedingly skilled in the art of fleecing or plucking, which their employers find out eventually to their discomfort. After these hybridous individuals, the milords themselves heave in sight, generally wearing large felt hats covered with calico, the whiteness of which contrasts admirably with their own highly inflamed countenances. Naturally of a rubicund complexion, exposure to the sun and desert sands, has shaded this into a deep vermilion, and once arrived opposite to the quarantine gates, a violent argument instantly ensues. The orator on these occasions is generally the dragoman, for the travellers are too weary and hot to take any active part. The first concession for which the fiery interpreter contends is, that they may be permitted to pitch their own tents in the vicinity of the quarantine, and be allowed to stroll as far as the beach (accompanied by guardians) for the sake of healthful recreation. This point is vainly combated by the authorities, who "*show cause why*" such privileges should not be allowed them, viz., such as the wind accidentally blowing a bit of straw or a rag against some passenger, causing the said unhappy individual to be immediately arrested and incarcerated as impure. Finally, the camels on which the tents are laden are forcibly seized and dragged into the quarantine, which act settles this question eternally; but there are others to be arranged, and these are combated step by step, and inch by inch. The first set of guardians who are placed to guard the separate apartments of the strangers are forthwith kicked out of their rooms.

But the uproar that ensues when the travellers and their servants are disarmed, and their guns, pistols, and swords taken from them and lodged in the armory—this, I was told, beggars all description. The interpreters on such occasions became maniacs; they lie on the flat of their backs, and kick and bite like monkeys, till, overcome by numbers and their injured feelings, they go into fits, and come out of them again, the very points of their moustachios hanging

down in despair, and they slink about like dogs in a strange street, "effendeing" and cringing to every one they came across.

In some instances the unhappy travellers turned out to be very demure, quiet people, who, from their entire ignorance of every other language but the mother tongue, were forced tacitly to submit to the arrangements and rascalities of their dragomen. Mr. Noakes, a retired butcher, with Messrs. Jones, Smith, Stokes, and Brown (who were something in the soap and tallow line), possibly formed this caravan; and, not being conversant with French and Italian, were subjected to every imaginable evil.

There were others, however, who were worse inside than they were outside of the walls of the quarantine. They played whist, and drank punch, and sang comic songs till five o'clock in the morning; and, having bought some land tortoises on their journey, would spend half the day in making them race, betting to a large extent on the winner. One gentleman, of a musical turn, used to get out of bed and alarm the neighbourhood at one o'clock in the morning, by executing *morceaux* from the choicest operas on a key-bugle; while another, who had brought a chained monkey into quarantine with himself, let pug at liberty during the night, who, hopping from room to room, placed half the establishment in quarantine, and would have compromised the whole town of Gaza, had not a timely bullet from the sentry's musket put an end to his mischievous career.

Jerusalem is, from increased facilities of intercourse, visited in actual times by far more European travellers than is generally supposed. The chief of the convent at Ramlah assured Mr. Neale that he calculated the passage of European pilgrims and travellers who passed through that place on their way to or from Jerusalem to be on an average ten individuals *per diem*. The recent establishment of Asaad Kayat—well-known in this country—to the consulship at Jaffa has done wonders for the nearest seaport town to the Holy City. Considerable numbers of English vessels now frequent that port; a movement which has also been much influenced by the abrogation of the corn-laws. Unfortunately, however, Jaffa, like the other ports of Palestine, is extremely dangerous to European constitutions. When Mr. Neale was there, he describes the convent as being actually full of sick travellers, some of whom had been attacked with fever on the way down from Jerusalem, others had fallen ill on the spot. Many were dying daily; others are described as being stretched on warm unhealthy couches, with their half-shut glazy staring eyes intently and wildly gazing at the half-open door, as though death were the next person they expected to see enter. Travellers, like doctors, differ as to the plans to be adopted to escape the Syrian fever. Mr. Neale recommends strict diet, conforming oneself in fact to the system observed by the Muhammadan, but the native Christians and the resident Europeans rely more upon a very opposite plan. The arguments in favour of the latter were thus amusingly illustrated by the superior of the Latin convent at Jaffa:

"We, you see," said the president, "have our fruit brought daily from our own garden, where it is gathered only when arrived at proper maturity—not one day before or after. Besides, we do not stint ourselves in good wine or spirits, both which will counteract any bad effects occasioned by fruit; whereas the Turks—heretics that they are—and other fools like them, live almost entirely upon fruit and vegetables, and drink gallons of filthy water, and 'furjaus' of destably bitter coffee. The natural result is sickness, if not death.

"*Apropos* in support of what I say, I will relate you a little anecdote relative to a countrymen of mine, a talented, but very poor physician, whom

hunger brought out to these parts long before you or even I were thought of. In those days Europeans were scarce, and anybody with a hat and a smooth face must necessarily be a 'hackem,' and a 'hackem' was a *rara avis* much sought after, and much cherished by the natives. Now, my countryman was really a talented man, and learned in his profession, but grievously lacked that great stand-by of life, money. Beyond a scantily-furnished wardrobe, and a thinly-lined purse, he had little to rely upon in this country, save his talents and his medicine-chest. Unluckily for him, the season proved remarkably healthy, and, with the exception of one or two simple agues, neither was called into play. Next year, however, he resolved upon a stratagem, which he imagined must entail success. He had observed in his walks amongst the gardens, in the environs of the town, the strict watch that was kept by the numerous gardeners over the cucumbers and the melons, the green apricots, and other indigestible fruits, which were eyed with envious and hungry eyes from the wrong side of the prickly pear hedges by the hungry passers-by, especially boys and girls, some of whom were the children of the wealthiest inhabitants of Jaffa. He determined to remedy this evil, by renting a garden for the season, and laying open decoy gaps in the hedge large enough to admit one person at a time, and give free access to the hungry man and greedy child. Accordingly, having taken a garden, he had his tent pitched in the very centre of it, and there he sat and studied dry books through the weary hours of a July day.

"His servant, 'Giovanni,' a Genoese, being uninitiated in the designs of his master, was seized one day with great wrath on perceiving a burly peasant coolly stuck up on the branches of a fine apricot-tree, and devouring the unripe fruit by the basketful. Rushing into the medico's presence, he apprised him of what was going on. 'Let him alone,' replied the placid doctor; 'let him have his fill of fruit: he is working out good occupation for me.' The servant retired, with orders to watch his further movements, and report accordingly, but soon returned.

"'What now?' said the doctor, as he reappeared. 'What is our bird on the perch about now?' 'Oh! he has finished eating fruit, and is drinking *aqua vitæ* out of a large leathern bottle.' 'The deuce he is,' screamed the Esculapian, starting up from his chair in a frenzy of rage. 'Why, that will counteract the evil effects of the fruit. *Scacciatela subito!* out with him. Beat him, punch his head, vile thief and robber, that he is!' And the peasant had to thank the swiftness of his legs for escaping scathless from the infuriated doctor. You see," said the jolly old superior, "I have a doctor's opinion to back me in what I say. There is nothing like a little good wine and spirits after partaking of fruit."

Abu Gush, the bugbear of travellers proceeding from Jaffa to Jerusalem, has now settled down into a respectable character. His profession seems to have been a thriving one, for Mr. Ferguson tells us that his village is one of the neatest and prettiest in Palestine, and stands on a fine commanding situation, whence he used to sally forth and plunder the caravans as they passed.

Of Al Kuds—the ancient city of the Israelites—we need say little, as our authors add nothing to what was previously known of the city of religion. "We found ourselves with enthusiasm," says the Count of Pardieu, "before Jerusalem!!" "Some people," says Mr. Ferguson, "seem to have their feelings in such admirable discipline, that they have but to say to a sensation, 'Come,' and it comes; but such is not the case with me. The view that I saw reminded me of nothing more than that Jerusalem is a Turkish town of some 15,000 inhabitants." Mr. Neale was, in a better spirit, reminded of Heber's beautiful lines:

Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne?
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone.

The count was received and entertained by the benevolent monks of the Latin convent. Mr. Neale repaired to the Hotel de Palmir, kept by one Stefano Barry, and in which he says lodging and fare were unexceptionable. M. Barry's card is printed in Mr. Neale's work in large type, or we should have believed in some mistake. There is no such word as "Palmir" in the French or Italian languages. If in French, it might be meant for *palmier*, a date-tree; if in Italian, *palmiére*—a palmer or pilgrim. It is difficult to say which of the two "Palmir" may represent in *lingua Franca*. Excepting the rifraff, Ionian and Maltese cut-throats and renegades, who sing comic songs upon the tombstones of saints, and dance polkas and jigs where only prayer should be heard, Mr. Neale says there is one feature in Jerusalem which strikes most forcibly, and that is the species of strange solemnity which protrudes itself in every action, word, and deed. This is not difficult to understand when we consider that it is the Holy City of Jews, Christians, and Muhammadans alike. The example of one affects the other, and simple religious fervour in such a hotbed of diverse faiths soon becomes fanaticism and bigotry. That even Protestants themselves are not free from the same excesses as other faiths and creeds, an anecdote related by Mr. Neale will sufficiently testify:

Two reverends were travelling through Palestine: one was a very clever man, well known to all Europe; his companion was a stranger, who had worked himself up to a pitch almost verging on insanity, from deep studies of the Prophecies and Revelations. They were accompanied by a skilful draughtsman, whose duty it was to make sketches of the noted towns and villages through which they passed. One day, while Mr. de C——, the draughtsman, was occupied in making a sketch of the Mount of Olives, he was interrupted and annoyed by the ludicrous sight of the reverend stranger rushing up the hill at the top of his speed without hat or spectacles (both of which he had lost in running), shouting loudly, and waving his hands to Mr. de C—— to make all possible haste in preparing drawing materials for the purpose of drawing what proved to be an invisible picture.

"There it is," he cried; "the New City—the New City of the Bride! don't you see it in the clouds?"

But these incoherent exclamations, uttered at the top of his voice by the breathless missionary, gave way to excessive wrath when he found Mr. de C—— quite unable to distinguish even one faint outline of the glorious picture conjured up by his heated imagination. Mr. de C—— is still in the East, and can vouch for the truth of this anecdote.

The Frenchman, who, unlike many of his countrymen, never permits himself to sneer at holy things, still says of the monks' complaints that the holy sepulchre is in the hands of the infidels, "that with the perpetual discussions that exist among the different Christian sects, it is lucky that the Turks, who are neutral, are there to maintain order." It was, in fact, the scandalous dissensions of the early Christians which gave an opening to Muhammad to propagate a new faith—the worship of one God—by which he thought that all differences would be reconciled; but his views were unfortunately perverted by his followers making a prophet of himself. It is in the same manner the divisions among Christians of modern times which sap the Church and open its doors to infidelity.

Among the pilgrims taking part in the service of the Latin Church, Mr. Ferguson says he observed the venerable Baroness Talbot, who, with her silver hair and noble features, realised his idea of Helena, the mother of Constantine, the founder of so many shrines of Palestine, who undertook the same journey at the same advanced age.

Mr. Ferguson admits that the prospects of the Protestant mission are at present very gloomy, but he says they are so interwoven with social causes, and those again are so much dependent upon political events, that "unforeseen results might follow from some of the changes which may take place before long." He then runs a tilt with Miss Martineau, and asks upon what authority does that lady assert that the Muhammadans and Jews regard the Protestant Christians with utter contempt? Mr. Neale says: "The bishop and his pastors have a hard field to labour in, for Moslem, Greek, Armenian, Maronite, and Fellah, *and especially the Jews,* are so difficult of conviction in a creed so palpably differing from their own ideas and traditions, that it would indeed apparently be easier for a camel (cable?) to go through the eye of a needle, than for them to embrace the Protestant faith." "These missionaries," says the Frenchman, "in a religious point of view, obtain but slight results with their Protestantism; they limit their labours to obtaining by dint of bribes the conversion of a few Jews." It is a part of every Frenchman's faith that, whatever the English do in commerce or in war, in religion or in politics, is done by money.

Of the Church of the Protestant mission, Mr. Ferguson says: "Not far from the stately church of the Holy Sepulchre stands another and a more unassuming edifice, yet one which possesses a no less interest in the eyes of Englishmen." Mr. Neale is more laudatory. "The cathedral," he says, "is a beautiful structure, and stands out strikingly from amongst the uncouth specimens of Ottoman architecture that surround it."

Mr. Neale does not speak favourably of the general impressions received by his visit to the Holy Land:

So much has been said of Jerusalem, the Jordan, and the holy villages, in prose and verse, from the earliest ages to the present time, that it would be presumption on my part to attempt to enter into any elaborate description of them. Suffice it to say, that I visited them all, the Dead Sea, Jordan, Bethlehem, and the other places noted in Sacred Writ; and, having once done so, I must candidly confess, that it would require a very urgent motive indeed ever to induce me to repeat the visit—at least, unless some miraculous changes were effected in the climate, the method of travelling, and the nature of these countries and their inhabitants. Most true is it, that it is a great satisfaction to know that I have been there, and that I have undergone all the miseries and sufferings of such an expedition; but further than this, I have no bright recollections of pleasant scenes, or happy hours, experienced during my tour. Parching heat and intolerable thirst, the dusty wilderness, stumbling and jaded horses, the vain shelter of tents, the by no means vain stings of fleas, flies, and their coadjutors and accomplices; the fights with muleteers, and the impositions of divers hirelings, make up the sum of my recollections, to which I may add a fever I caught by bathing in the Jordan, and which has clung to me till my safe arrival home—a favour seldom accorded to other Europeans similarly situated, as they are almost invariably, and in a very few days relieved from their torments by death.

"After Jerusalem the Holy Land has lost its zest," is one of the few remarks of a charming writer (Mr. Warburton), to which the author of the "Pipe of Repose" says, he must emphatically say, Nay. He would, he says, rather say with Miss Martineau, "No place satisfied me more completely than Nazareth; and this is the way in which Mr. Ferguson discourseth eloquently upon this latter place:

There is something in a valley that has a charm to send home to the mind

at once the associations of the scene. There is no vagueness about it. It is not "somewhere near this spot," but nature seems as it were to present it to you in the hollow of her hand. And there are other circumstances that combine to give a charm to Nazareth. It is still a lovely vale, though the olive-trees are scanty now. And its inhabitants are chiefly Christians; and that, in my eyes, always gave an interest to a place in the Holy Land. I was tired of the moslem there, and the mosque, and the taper minaret, and the tombstone with the little turban at its head, that possessed such a charm at Stamboul, seemed out of place in Palestine. The Mussulman, too, though powerless for harm, glares on you sometimes like the crazy giants in Bunyan. But the Christian has always a welcome and a smile, and I could never stop to consider whether his creed were pure or his character unexceptionable. And the women of Nazareth are lovely. I never, in the same space of time, saw so many beautiful women—and there is no abominable veil over their faces. They wear their raven hair cut straight over the forehead, which, though it mars the intellectual beauty of the brow, yet gives a certain piquancy to the expression. From their lips, too, you hear the voice of welcome, and stop, perhaps, as you catch the sound of the Italian; but "bona sera" is the whole of their vocabulary: and as it sometimes happens to be the morning and *not* the evening, that is limited enough. But the beauty of the women of Nazareth becomes invested with a higher interest, when we remember that she whom Christ may be supposed to have resembled after the flesh was a Nazarene. And truly I saw more than one sweet serious face that methought might well have served a painter for his image of the Virgin.

The Frenchman acknowledges that the women of Nazareth are "assez jolies;" but of the town, he says it has less effect by daylight than by the glare of lightning (the count having, it is to be observed, arrived a little previously to a thunderstorm). The houses are of stone, as throughout Syria, but miserable-looking enough, rising up in steps like an amphitheatre, on the side of a hill, and forming several very dirty streets. The foundations of the Virgin's house, according to the count —the house itself having been transported by the angels to Loretta— are still to be seen, showing that the said *Casa Santa* stood against the rock, at the bottom of a grotto. A column of granite also marks the spot where the Virgin stood when the angel saluted her, "Benie entre toutes les femmes." It is curious that Robinson, who gives the history of the church and convent at Nazareth (vol. iii., p. 186), neither notices this pillar, nor another, said to mark the place where the angel stopped, nor the inscription under the altar, "Hic verbum caro factum est." It is not to be wondered at, however, that the doctor did not notice the foundations of the transported house!

The great feature of Nazareth, after its sacred associations, is the magnificent view obtained from the hill immediately above the village. The little vale of Nazareth, surrounded on all sides by mountains, lies at the feet like a safe and tranquil haven, while far away stretches the mighty plain of Esdraelon, like a boundless ocean beyond. To the left rises the conical top of Tabor, the mountain upon which tradition has fixed as the scene of the transfiguration, while to the north is seen, towering to the clouds, the snow-crowned summit of Hermon, and to the west, the range of Carmel and the blue line of the Mediterranean. "And," to use the words of Mr. Ferguson, "a beautiful ride it is from Nazareth to Carmel; much of the scenery resembles that of an English park, and therefore it must be beautiful. Skirting the valley of Esdraelon the road winds round the foot of Carmel, and crossing that

ancient river, the river Kishon, we come to the Mediterranean at Hayfa." Mr. Ferguson, however, says nothing about this latter place, as he rode at once up to the convent of Carmel. Mr. Neale, on the contrary, tells us, that from being, not four years ago, an insignificant fishing village, with a population of little more than 200 souls, it now numbers 3000; that, in the space of only two months, in 1850, no less than eight English vessels loaded 18,000 quarters of wheat for Falmouth and Cork alone; and besides these, there were several large Greek vessels for Bristol and the north of Ireland. Such a sudden start of trade on a gigantic scale, brought Arabs from the surrounding villages, and houses and huts could not be constructed fast enough to afford shelter to the numerous new settlers that were arriving daily. Such is the effect of the abrogation of the corn-laws on some insignificant ports in foreign lands. The holding at Hayfa is good, and at a small outlay it might be made one of the securest ports on the coast of Syria. But the difficulty of loading is great, the Arabs are extortionate, boats are insufficient, there is no vice-consul or agent, and fights and even murders are quite common.

"The chief difference between an hotel and a convent," says the amusing author of the "Pipe of Repose," *àpropos* of the convent of Mount Carmel, one of the most spacious and commodious buildings to be found in the Holy Land, "seems to be, that at the former you pay your reckoning, and the people are obliged to you; at the latter you pay (rather more than at an hotel) and still are obliged to them." Mr. Neale speaks in a different tone of the convents of the Holy Land. "What delightfully philanthropic hotels," he exclaims, "such convents are! You are waited upon, and fed, and, if unluckily necessary, physicked, and all this for the love, not of filthy lucre, but of charity. No bill hangs in mental *terrorem* over you head; there is no stout, obstinate landlord to contend with on a matter of conscience; no expectant waiter to fee for smiling benignantly behind a white cravat; no chambermaids, those least of all public evils; and, above all, no commissionaire to bother about passports." This is all so far true; but it does not do justice to the hospitality of the Latin convents. No doubt remuneration is expected, but without it they could not afford to lodge and entertain, and often to succour and to tend, during prolonged illness, the stricken traveller or pilgrim. Then a Syrian traveller can best tell of the comfort of a cleanly apartment, wholesome provisions, and a flealess bed:

> On Carmel now that travel's day of thine
> Change for a night of sleep and tranquil rest.

Mr. Ferguson himself acknowledges that, when your reception is such as it is at the convent on Carmel, the double tribute of money and gratitude cannot be grudged, inasmuch as you receive in return the advantages of comfort without the sacrifice of romance. "The idea of an hotel upon the mount where Elijah lived and worshipped would be a profanation; but call it a convent, and it alters the case. *Then* you enjoy your snug bed and your good dinner with the utmost serenity of mind, and without the slightest idea of anything inconsistent with the dignity of the place. And yet it is with somewhat of a strange feeling that you look out from your luxuriously-furnished bedroom upon the blue Mediterranean below,

and reflect that this is the same sea from which the servant of Elijah saw the cloud like a man's hand arise."

We need not say how much the Count of Pardieu appreciated the beds, the cookery, the wines, and the liqueurs of the Carmelites! Throughout Syria and Egypt the Franciscans shelter the wandering pilgrims; the Carmelites of Mount Carmel are the only exception, and they surpass the Franciscans in hospitality as they also do in the monachal hierarchy. Add to this, they live under the protection of the French flag, and it will easily be understood that the convent on Mount Carmel stood as high in the estimation of the French traveller, as it really does above the surrounding country, looking down on the Holy Land on one side, Phœnicia on the other, and the boundless expanse of the blue Mediterranean in front. Mr. Ferguson copied from the visitor's book on Mount Carmel: "The Religion of Nature and the Religion of Christ being found here, all minor distinctions may be forgotten, and all who meet may feel as brethren.—Harriet Martineau." A kindly sentiment, he justly remarks, though somewhat vague as a confession of faith. On the other hand, a minister of the Free Church of Scotland grieves, in the same book, over the spiritual destitution which now prevails on the mount where Elijah worshipped. What a discontented, sour, and captious disposition with which to travel in Holy Land?

"As the traveller's last view of Damascus, when he looks down upon it from the summit of the hill which shall so soon shut it out from his sight, is the most beautiful,—so the last view of Bairut, embosomed amidst its emerald groves, and reflected in its blue waters with the purple mountains of Lebanon for a background, is the loveliest of all." Such is all Mr. Ferguson says of the Queen of Syria, where Syrian scenery and luxuriance of vegetation begins first to succeed to the arid rocks of Palestine and still more arid sands of Phœnicia, and from whence, as you proceed northwards, it keeps on increasing in beauty and development. But, like all the rest of the fraternity, he was in a hurry to be gone,—the steamer was too great a temptation. The Count of Pardieu was delighted with Bairut, which, he justly says, is now an European port, chiefly for its hotels, and next for its sanatory doctor, France keeping such at every great port in the Levant, at a salary of ten thousand francs, to report upon the progress of epidemic and contagious diseases. But he was disgusted with the shot-holes—marks he calls them—of the *humanity* and *magnanimity* of the English!

Mr. Neale is far more full and satisfactory in his account of the modern capital of Syria:

At every successive visit that I paid Beyrout during my long sojourn of eight years in Syria, and these visits were manifold, I found vast improvements had taken place during my absence. Stupendous new mansions, the property of opulent merchants, were daily being built; beautiful country houses, summer residences of the wealthy; hotels and billiard-rooms and *cafés*, elegantly fitted up; and last, though not least, splendid steam factories, for reeling silk on European machinery, were springing up in every direction. Everywhere utility was blended with magnificence. The new buildings added fresh beauties to the already picturesque town, and, while they afforded comfort and luxury to their owners, gave employment to hands which would otherwise have wanted work. The owners of the silk factories reaped a rich harvest, and hundreds of boys and girls earned in them a ready livelihood by working as reelers. Meanwhile,

commerce augmented; the annual returns of shipping showed a vast increase in the amount of vessels; the number of lighters, too, increased in proportion, and ship-chandlers drove a thriving trade.

As the inhabitants grew more wealthy, attention began to be paid to dress and fashion. Evening parties and musical reunions became the rage. In the bazaars are shops kept by Greeks, Ionians, Maltese, and some few Italians. Skylarks, and linnets, and canary-birds, are suspended in gaily-painted wire cages over the doors of these magazines, and their shrill little songs enlivened the scene amazingly. There is a grand promenade for the cool of the evening in the southernmost cape. In its baths Bairut surpasses every other town in Syria, having elegant apartments, with glass windows and doors, and drapery hanging all round. Within may be obtained Rowland's Macassar and Warren's blacking.

Les Sœurs de la Charité have established a boarding-school for young ladies, and a day-school for poor girls and Arabs. They have also set up an hospital, where sailors attacked by fever or any epidemic are kindly nursed and cared for, and the two best doctors at Bairut attend them. This is, indeed, true philanthropy. The American missionaries have also their schools; and Mr. Neale says, strangers are surprised at the numbers of men and boys to be met with in the streets of Bairut who speak English as fluently, and pronounce it as well, as an Englishman himself. The ladies have several girls' schools; and there is one doctor and his wife who have twelve or fourteen orphans, whom they have reared almost from infancy, and educated, fed, and clothed, at their private expense. There is quite a little colony of English at Bairut, although fever is as rife there as elsewhere in the bad season, and is very fatal. The removal of the consul-generalship has been a decided loss to Syria, but has been remedied at Bairut, to a certain extent, by the formation of a mercantile board.

Tripoli, the next town proceeding northwards, is the general rendezvous for travellers wishing to visit Lebanon; and at the time of Mr. Neale's visit there were no less than forty gentlemen and ladies assembled there for that purpose. It is a charming seaport, abounding with beautiful gardens and fountains, not very cleanly, however, within, and fever, as elsewhere, poisoning the fragrance that rises from the sweet-smelling flowers. Gibili, the next port, celebrated for its tobacco, is said to be almost free from this bane of Syria and Palestine. Beyond is the goodly town of Latakiyah, which Mr. Neale confounds with the Laodicea, which was one of the seven churches. The city to which St. John was commissioned was the capital of Greater Phrygia, and a very considerable city at the time it was named in Scripture. Its ruins are now designated as Aski-hisar. Latakiyah represents Laodicea ad Mare; and there were also a Laodicea, surnamed Combusta, on the borders of Lydia, and a Laodicea ad Libanum. A wooded, wild, and romantic country lies between Latakiyah and Antioch. Francolin partridges, woodcocks, and hares, abound in this beautiful wooded district. But there are also cheetahs, hyænas, and jackals in abundance; and, according to Mr. Neale, the same district is much frequented by bands of Ainsairi robbers, although we have travelled through the same with only a muleteer, and without interruption. At the Turkish Khan at Orde (Urdi), where Mr. Neale and his party lodged for a night, there were a number of native travellers

who had been there upwards of a week, remaining for other travellers to arrive, till they should muster a sufficiently strong body to venture through the mountains. Many were the tales of bloodshed and rapine recounted by these unfortunates, as they sat crouching round the crackling wood-fire in the centre of the Khan; and such was the impression they made on three Hebrews bound for the Holy City, that they immediately relinguished their pilgrimage, and returned towards Antioch the very next morning.

At Antioch the superb barracks and beautiful mansion on the banks of the Orontes, erected by Ibrahim Pasha, of materials which had originally formed the oldest structures in the city, were, as in retribution for the sacrilege, in a tottering and dilapidated state. Mr. Neale stopped eight months at the olden capital of Syria, and, having, as before said, no turn for historical or antiquarian inquiries, excels in pictures of domestic life. Take, for example, the sketch of the life of a Turkish effendi, or gentleman, at Antioch:

He lives in his own, or rather in two houses—for the harem, though part of the same house, is entirely partitioned off, and no one but himself and his slaves know where it is, or how to get in and out of it. He always keeps the door-key in his pocket, and when the ladies want anything they rap, like so many woodpeckers, at a kind of revolving cupboard, which is securely fastened into the wall. Through this cupboard, at which neither party can see the other, the lady speaks to the servant, and tells him what to fetch or buy for her at the bazaars; and the article is brought and placed in the cupboard, which is wheeled round by the lady inside, so that she may take it out. When they are desirous of walking in the garden, or going to the bath, the key is delivered into the charge of some old duenna, and the effendi sees nothing more of it till the party has returned, and the ladies are safely locked up again.

The effendi is, generally speaking, an early riser, and seldom sits up till a late hour at night. On issuing from his harem, he is waited upon by half a dozen slaves, who assist in his ablutions: one holds the ewer, another the soap, a third the towel, and a fourth and fifth assist him with his clean apparel. Having washed and dressed, he goes through his morning devotions at the nearest mosque. Returning home, his servants serve him with his cup of bitter coffee and pipe of real gibili, by which time it is about seven A.M., the fashionable hour for a Turkish gentleman to call and receive visits. Acquaintances and friends saunter in, and salute the host, who salutes them. Beyond this, there is little conversation; for Turks hate talking; and still less joking, for they detest laughing. They inquire like a parcel of anxious doctors, very kindly after each other's health, and after the general salubrity of their respective houses, for no one ever dreams of asking how his friend's wife is; that would be considered the grossest breach of decorum. Draft-boards, and pipes, and coffee are introduced. Some play, others look on; and, save the rattling of the dice, very little is heard to interrupt the silence of the room. The effendi's clerk comes in occasionally, with a batch of unanswered letters in his hands, and whispers mysteriously to the effendi, who either goes off into a violent fit of rage or nods his consent in approval of what has been done, just as the contents of the letter are pleasing or the reverse. Most of these letters are from the overseers, or the labourers in the effendi's silk-gardens or olive plantations; some few from people craving his assistance, others demanding repayment of loans of money; for there are but few of the effendis of Antioch, though all rolling in riches, that are not indebted to some person or other for cash loans, as, such is their strange avarice, that though they possess (to use an Oriental expression) rooms full of money, they are loth to extract one farthing from their treasures for their daily expenditure.

About ten A.M. the effendi orders his horse, and followed by his pipe-bearer, who is equally well mounted, takes a sedate ride in the environs of the town. On Saturdays, in lieu of riding, he goes to the bath; but in either case he is pretty punctual as to the hour of his return. On reaching home, more pipes and coffee are produced, and he affixes his seal (for a Turk never signs his name) to the various business letters that his secretary has prepared, ready for despatching. The cry from the minaret now warns him that it is the hour for mid-day prayer. Washing his hands, face, and feet, he proceeds to the jami (mosque), where he remains till it is time to breakfast; and when the breakfast is served, he goes through the forms of ablution again. After his meals, he is required to wash once more.

I may here remark, for the guidance of strangers, that there is nothing a Turk considers more degrading than the want of this scrupulous cleanliness in Europeans; and considering the climate, and the wisdom of doing in Rome as Rome does (apart from all other arguments), travellers, although seldom obliged to use their fingers as Turks do at their meals, ought strictly to adhere to this custom whilst amongst Orientals.

The effendi, after his breakfast, which is generally a very good one, and is prepared by the careful hands of the fair ladies of the harem, retires into his seraglio for a couple of hours' siesta, during the heat of the day. In this interval, if a pasha, or a bosom friend, or the devil himself were to appear, and ask of the servants to see their master immediately, they would reply that he was asleep in the harem, and that it was as much as their heads were worth to disturb him.

At about two P.M. the effendi is again visible. He then occupies his time in playing drafts, or reading a Turkish newspaper. At four he goes once more to the mosque, and thence proceeds to the secluded garden, on the banks of the Orontes. Here several other effendis are sure to meet him, for it is their usual evening rendezvous. Carpets are spread; baskets of cucumbers and bottles of spirit produced; and they drink brandy, and nibble cucumbers, till nigh upon sundown. Sometimes cachouks, or dancing-boys, dressed up in gaudy tinsel-work, and musicians, are introduced for the entertainment of the party. By nightfall, every individual has finished his two—some, more—bottles of strong *aqua vitæ*, and they return homewards, and dine—and dine heartily. Coffee is then introduced, but nothing stronger—as they never drink spirit or wine after their evening meals. The nine o'clock summons to prayer resounds from the minaret, and nine minutes after that the effendi is fast asleep, and nothing under an earthquake would bring him forth from the harem again, till he rises simultaneously with the sun next day.

It may be safely stated that the whole of the wealth yielded by the rich and fertile soil of Antioch, and the villages under its jurisdiction, is divided between its ayans and effendis. The chief among these, Musoud Effendi, is said to possess upwards of one hundred mulberry plantations, which, in silk alone, yield him a revenue of about fifteen thousand pounds per annum. Hadgi Halif Aga ranks next to Musoud Effendi. He is descended from a renegade Jew, and possesses all the natural cunning of his ancestors, by which he has greatly augmented the influence and power arising from his social interest and position.

"Antioch," Mr. Neale says further on, "is beyond dispute the cheapest place" (and one of the most beautiful, he might have added) "in the world, as well as one of the healthiest; and were it not for the little ragged boys, who rush at every stranger and throw stones at his door, annoying you in every possible way (this was a thing unknown in Ibrahim Pasha's time), I should prefer it, as a place of residence, to any spot I have visited in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America."

My house was of perfectly new construction, well planted, and well situated,

and proof against water as well as wind. I had four rooms—a sitting-room, a dining-room, a bedroom, and a dressing-room. I had a walled enclosure of about eighty feet square, where roses and geraniums vied in beauty with jessamines and lilies. There was also a poultry-yard, a pigeon-house, stables for three horses, a store-house, a kitchen, and a servants' room. I had in the garden a grape-vine (muskatel), a pomegranate-tree, a peach-tree, a plum-tree, an apricot, and a China quince; and, in addition to all these, a fountain perpetually jetting up water, and a well, and a bathing-room. For all this accommodation I paid three hundred and fifty piastres—about three pounds sterling—and this was a higher rent than would be paid by any native. Of course the house was unfurnished, but furniture in the East is seldom on a grand scale—a divan, half a dozen chairs, a bedstead, a mattress, a looking-glass, a table or two, and half a dozen pipes, and narghilies, are all one requires. Servants cost about three pounds a head per annum. Seven and a half pounds of good mutton may be had for a shilling. Fowls—and fat ones too—twopence each. Fish is sold by the weight—thirteen rotolos for a beshlik, or about seventy pounds weight for a shilling. Eels—the very best flavoured in the world—three halfpence each. As for vegetables, whether cabbages, lettuces, *des asperges*, celery, watercresses, parsley, beans, peas, radishes, turnips, carrots, cauliflowers, and onions, a pennyworth would last a man a week. Fruit is sold at the same rates; and grapes cost about five shillings the horseload. Game is also abundant. Dried fruits and nuts can be obtained in winter. In fact, living as well as one could wish, I found it impossible—house-rent, servants, horses, board, washing, and wine included—to exceed the expenditure of forty pounds per annum.

If Europeans of moderate means, and especially with consumptive children, were to make Antioch their occasional home, many existing evils would gradually disappear, and the luxuries of Europe, society, books, and a place of worship, would gradually spring up. Unfortunately, the English agent in Antioch is worse than a nullity. The consequence is, that the few English resident in this part of Syria abide some fifteen miles off, near the sea-side, in the beautiful valley of Suwaidiyah, or Seleucia Pieria, where the Barkers have their winter and summer residence; and Mr. Neale pays a handsome and well-merited tribute to the virtues, the philanthropy, and the hospitality of the late head of the family. Here also Dr. Holt Yates, another philanthropist and a distinguished traveller and physician, has lately erected a handsome residence. Mrs. Barker having educated many of the Christian girls in the neighbourhood, European feelings are gradually creeping into the native society, as may be particularly seen at the house of Muxi Elias Abdilmasiah—the chief of the native residents; and Mr. Neale adds, the only native gentleman in all Syria in his principles and conduct.

Mr. Neale gives a detailed account of the late fanatical outbreak at Aleppo, but without throwing much light upon its real origin. "It was," he says, "no mere love of plunder or violence that incited the wild people of the desert to this atrocious act. There had long been a suppressed rancour in their breasts, which only wanted a spark to kindle into flames. I really believe that they were led on and secretly encouraged in their heinous outbreak by the cunning old chief, Abdallah Bay, who for many years acted as a rebel, and was at one time openly condemned as such. Yet he was permitted to remain governor of Aleppo, because the Porte, in its feebleness, had not the means or authority to bring him to an account for his oft-repeated atrocities."

In respect to matters of geography, our author pays as little regard to

correct information as he does in matters of archæology. On his way from Aleppo to Alexandretta, he calls the plain of Umk (ancient Imma), Amuk, and its chief river, the Afrin, he says joins the Orontes between the towns of Horns and Hamar. These are misprints for Hums and Hamah, towns situated far up the vale of Cælosyria. The fact is, that the Afrin empties itself into the Lake of Antioch on the plain of Umk or Amuk.

With Alexandretta—the great focus of malaria—Mr. Neale is exceedingly intimate, having resided there (his brother being the resident consul) for a considerable time. The pretty consular residence built by Mr. Hayes was, it appears, burnt by the Egyptians at the time when they were forced to evacuate Syria; while the great drain cut by Martinelli, under Ibrahim Pasha's auspices, is now choked up, and the place in consequence is as unhealthy as ever. Winter at Alexandretta presents a few peculiarities worthy of record:

I found wild ducks, geese, snipe, swans, and water-fowl of every description were plentiful at Scanderoon. We used to have an occasional shot from the windows of the house, and once or twice picked up a stray woodcock, but the heavy rain made it anything but inviting to follow up sporting to any extent. Ague, from which I had never then been a sufferer, hung in *terrorum* over my head; besides which, I never lacked game for eating, during the whole of the winter, as the peasants in the surrounding villages plentifully supplied us with it daily. This was peculiarly fortunate, as no meat was procurable, owing to the fast, and the villanous jackals had, despite every precaution, so thinned the poultry-yard in their nocturnal visitations, that we were compelled to be chary of such of our stock as remained.

The more frightful the weather at night, the more it snowed, and hailed, and blew, and the more terrific the thunder and lightning, the more plentiful and mischievous were the jackals; indeed, they certainly prefer stormy weather for their exploits, mingling their dismal yells with the uproar of the elements. Now a detachment close under our windows would give a sudden yell to a more distant party, which would bear it on to a third, employed in a still more remote quarter, and then, for the space of five minutes, an incessant yelling would be kept up, mingled with the deep baying of the village dogs, which were as great thieves among the poultry as the jackals themselves. After this, a deep silence would ensue, which indicated the approach of mischief, and soon a violent cackling and screeching gave notice that the Philistines were at work. One Christmas Eve we rushed out to the rescue, and succeeded in recapturing five geese and an old turkey-cock, which these inveterate rogues had slung over their backs, and were quietly trotting off with. Though they had to scale a wall some four feet high, they used to manage to carry heavy burdens with them, and, once over, the paddling of their feet in the marshes announced as orderly a retreat as the best dragoons could effect. When the moon enabled us to pick them out in this spot, they on some occasions lost the number of their mess, though I really believe that at times they were in detachments of no less than from eighty to a hundred strong. Jackals and dogs by night, and the interminable croaking of millions of frogs by day, are an astounding state of things to a new comer; but time and habit make these matters of course, and I soon began to regard them as little as a native.

If Alexandretta were properly drained, it would on many accounts (besides its being one of the best harbours on the coast of Syria) be a pleasant and cheap place of residence, although we should always give the preference to Bayas:

The villages in the vicinity of Scanderoon supply the bazaars plentifully

with vegetables and fruit in the season. The vegetables produced are beans of various sorts, cucumbers, turnips, turnip-radishes, pumpkins, the love-apple, or Tomatta spinach, the bamiah, a vegetable common in India, and the badan-jam, likewise of Indian origin, and known also in the south of France. The fruit consists of apples, pears, peaches, pomegranates, apricots, melons, and grapes; all, however, of a very inferior quality, except the grapes. Of these latter they make black and red wines for home consumption, and some of the wine is really good. The natives boil their grapes in the process, which makes their wines sweet and heady, and most unpalatable to Europeans. The sea supplies excellent red mullets, and several other fish, including at times sardines and tonnies; but I never saw any species of shell-fish. Living is certainly cheap; as the following brief table may show:

	s.	*d.*
A loaf of bread . . .	0	2
Fresh butter, the oke of 2 lbs. 11 oz. .	0	2½
Fowls, each . . .	0	2½
Mutton, per rototo, 5¾ lbs. . .	1	0
Rice „ „ . .	0	7½
Fish „ „ . . .	0	4

And so on, in proportion, with everything else. As regards fresh milk and butter, Scanderoon is better supplied than any other part of Syria, which is strange, considering the scanty pasturage the cows have to subsist upon.

Mr. Neale is happy in supposing the Sakal tutan, or so-called Jonas's pillars to have been raised perhaps by Alexander after his victory over Darius.

In *Ainsworth's Magazine*, vol. 5, p. 516, the following passage will be found on this subject:—" This (Jonas's pillars) is the spot at which Alexander had arrived in his march onwards from Issus, when he learnt that Darius had crossed the Amanus, and descended into the plain of Cilicia in his rear. Alexander's arrival at this point, and the passage of the Persian army across Amanus, happened on the same night, as we learn from Quintus Curtius and from Plutarch, who call it the Pass of Syria; and it was probably in commemoration of this fact, and of the great victory obtained on the plain of Pinarus, that this triumphal gateway was erected."

A curious account is given of Kutchuk Ali Uglu and Mustuk Bay, predatory chieftains at that most beautiful spot, Bayas (ancient Baiæ); the environs of Alexandretta; a residence in Bailan, a town in the mountains in the pass into Syria; and rural life in the mountains, are also well and interestingly depicted; and the work concludes with some account of Tarsus, which is called in mistake a city of Silesia; of Marsina, where the most prominent building on one of the prettiest capes is the property of Mr. William B. Barker; of Adana, where under the Turks fanaticism and bigotry appear once more to flourish rampant; and of Cyprus, with an appropriate romance.

THE VEILED PICTURE.

A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

THE dawn of a fine October morning, in 1817, was just breaking when the Paris diligence of Messrs. Lafitte and Co. took the opportunity of breaking also. That of the former, however, was as glorious as that of the latter was disastrous. I had been rambling during the summer months through that most interesting country; the volcanic district of Auvergne had laved both my inward and my outward man in most of the celebrated waters which abound in that neighbourhood, and was on my return to Paris, where I expected to find the friends with whom I had travelled from England, and hoped to travel back again. It was then with a light heart that I had, on the preceding evening, jumped into the *coupée* of the luckless vehicle at the little town of Gannât, congratulating myself, firstly, on my good luck in finding a vacant place at all, and secondly, on that place being in the *coupée*, and lastly, and most especially, on there being only one other passenger therein, whereby, as all travellers by diligence are aware, I was spared the uncomfortable task of performing bodkin all the way to Paris, and could take mine ease in mine own corner. When all prudential arrangements for the night, such as air cushion disposed at back, and cloak drawn over knees, were duly made, I began to take a survey of my fellow-traveller, who had greeted me on my entrance with much civility, but the light did not enable me to do more than perceive that he was a venerable-looking old gentleman, whose white locks escaped from under his travelling cap, and descended on his shoulders in great profusion. His manners, however, were so courteous and dignified, that I, at once, recognised in him a specimen of that now well-nigh obsolete race the *ancienne noblesse*. After sundry inquiries and observations on the country through which we were travelling, and divers speculations as to the period at which our journey might possibly end, my fellow-traveller turned to the topic of the battle of Waterloo, then a recent event. "Now," thought I, "for a quarrel." But no; though he felt for the tarnished glory of the French arms, he felt yet more for the old family, and bore me no ill-will for being one of that nation by whose efforts they had been restored, and the Corsican usurper expelled. From these he reverted to the "good old days" of Louis XV., to whose body of Gardes du Corps he had formerly, it seemed, had the honour of belonging, related many anecdotes of that period, and was especially prosy about the ceremonies observed at the court of that dissolute and *bien-aimé* monarch. It was during a long story of this sort that I fell into a sound sleep, from which I was awakened by a loud crash, a pretty considerable thump on the head, and a heavy weight pressing on my chest, for all which phenomena, though startling at first, I was quickly able satisfactorily to account. The crash was caused by the ponderous diligence coming into sudden and violent collision with the ground; the thump by the same sort of rude contact between my head and the roof thereof; whilst the weight which I felt so oppressive was the body of my fellow-traveller, lying upon me in a state of complete insensibility, and bleeding profusely. Freeing myself as gently as I could from the apparently lifeless mass, I managed to get the window

down, and creep through the somewhat-narrow aperture, when the cause and full extent of the accident was intelligible enough. The iron arm of the axle of the near hind wheel had broken off short, and such was the weight of luggage and packages of all kinds and descriptions stowed away on the roof, that, going, as I understand we were, at, for a French diligence in those days, a rapid pace, the shock had been sufficient to completely capsize us. Sudden and severe, however, as the shock had been, the lives and limbs of the passengers had escaped without loss or material damage; those in the interior being too closely packed for any very violent collision with each other, and the three individuals in the cabriolet, of whom the *conducteur* was one, being pitched clean, I do not mean any reference to their persons, but to their mode of projection, into a ploughed field by the road-side, where they lay sprawling, and *sacrêing*, and *mondieuing*, in the most piteous and guttural tones imaginable, though none appeared to have sufficient excuse for the unearthly noises he made from any actual hurt he had sustained. I was, however, too anxious to afford help to my companion in the *coupée*, to ascertain very minutely their condition, even had I been able to obtain an answer to my inquiries, where all insisted on talking at once and at the top of their voices, and in a tone and with a vehemence which, in any other country, would have seemed a prelude to nothing short of a battle royal. Seeing, however, a peasant, *en blouse*, standing hard by, leaning on his spade, and looking quietly on, I concluded he was not one of the passengers, and might consequently be of some use. Accordingly I hailed him, and after some irresolute gestures, he came up to me, when I explained, rather by dragging him to the door of the carriage than by any verbal communications, which would probably have failed, for what purpose I wanted his assistance. Having opened the door of the carriage, I looked in. There lay my unfortunate companion, "his silver skin laced with his golden blood," still insensible and somewhat cramped, it is true, but not in so uncomfortable a position as might, under the circumstances, have been expected, seeing that I had propped him up as well as I could, before I made my own exit, with my air cushion and that of the seat he had occupied. Being a tall and heavy man, to get him righted and out was a work of no small difficulty; however, our united efforts were at last successful, and the poor sufferer was laid on the turf by the road-side, on a couch formed of cushions, great coats, &c., &c.

My assistant, who, I must say, now exhibited all the alacrity I could wish, and more handiness than I had expected from him, ran for water, whilst I proceeded to examine my unlucky friend's wounds. He exhibited an ugly gash on the head, from which had flowed the stream of blood which had so disfigured his venerable locks. His left shoulder, too, I found was dislocated. By the plentiful application of cold water to his head and temples, and of some hartshorn, which I happened to have about me, to his nostrils, I at length succeeded in restoring him to consciousness, of which the first symptom he gave was to glare upon me with an expression of terror and alarm, and exclaiming, in accents of deep despair, "Hah! blood!—more blood!" He uttered a piercing shriek, and again relapsed into syncope. Thus assured, however, that he still lived, the present moment seemed so favourable for the reduction of the dislocated limb, that I set to work forthwith, and, with the assistance of my friendly *paysan*, quickly divested him of his coat, and having placed him in a

proper position, instantly slipped the joint into the socket, and bound it with my neckcloth. The snap recalled him to sense, and by the help of a little brandy from my travelling flask, he was completely restored. Still he surveyed me with a terrified look, for which I could not well account, until I discovered that my face and dress were stained with the blood which had flowed from his wound whilst he lay upon me in the carriage. I hastened to remove what I conceived to be the cause of his anxious looks, by assuring him I had received no injury whatever except a slight contusion not worth mentioning, and that the blood, which I washed off in his presence, was his own. The next consideration was—what was to be done? To stay where we were was out of the question; no sort of public conveyance would pass that way *en route* to Paris until the second morning at the same hour. My companion's wound required dressing, and I wanted my breakfast, for the sharp air of the morning had so quickened my appetite, that the thoughts of my disaster were fast fading before the vision of *café au lait* and a *biftek*. The realisation of this pleasing prospect became the more probable when I learnt that we were not more than a short league from the town of Moulins, whither I instantly despatched my trusty *paysan*, whose faculties and movements were much quickened by the promise of a five-franc piece when he returned with some sort of vehicle to convey us into the town. During his absence, which lasted two mortal hours, I had abundant time to consider and contemplate the person and demeanour of the individuals whom chance had thus thrown in my way, and, as it were, upon my charity. The former still exhibited sufficient traces of manly beauty to show that, in his youth, he had been strikingly handsome, whilst the latter spoke the accomplished and high-bred gentleman in the truest and least hacknied acceptation of the word. Being now perfectly himself again, he listened with much interest to such account of our accident as I was able to give, and, ascertaining from his bandaged head and shoulder the nature and extent of my services to him, his gratitude was expressed in the warmest terms.

"I am the last of an ancient house," said he, "and but for you should have died on the road like a dog. I am the Marquis de Marigny, pray tell me to whom I am under so much obligation."

"Why, sir," said I, "my name is D——, by profession a physician, and, at a pinch, a tolerable surgeon, and I never so congratulated myself on my slender knowledge of this branch of the healing art as on the present occasion."

Further conversation was interrupted by the arrival of the *paysan* with a sort of rickety cabriolet, drawn by so small a horse, decorated with so large a collar, and covered with such a profusion of trappings, that, until he drew up beside us, and I could clearly distinguish the animal's four legs, I was not quite sure that the vehicle did not progress by some locomotive power of its own.

Having roused the *conducteur*, whom we found fast asleep amidst a pile of disorganised packages, we selected our respective baggage, and, having secured it as well as we could on and about the cabriolet, I took an affectionate leave of the good *paysan*, and, mounting by the side of my venerable companion, handled the ribbons and started. Our diminutive steed, however, required no great skill in coachmanship, nor any persuasion to get home again as quickly as the weight behind him would

permit, so that we soon arrived at the town where, our arrival being expected, we found mine host of the Hôtel d'Allier and his *domestiques* on the alert; and, by the time I had made a hasty toilet, a good breakfast, to which I did ample justice, was on the table. Our meal being ended, and my companion complaining of a good deal of pain, I set forth in search of an apothecary's shop, where I procured the necessary materials; and his hurts having been properly dressed and bandaged, I advised him to go to bed and seek the repose he so much needed till dinner time. In the mean time I amused myself by writing some letters. and in strolling through and about the environs of this neat and lively town, which the pen of Sterne has rendered classic ground. The evening was spent in my friend's bedroom, as he was not well enough to join the party in the *salon.* Nevertheless he was in good spirits, and very communicative; informed me that he was the younger son of a noble family in Dauphiny, but that by the death of his elder brother, many years since, he had succeeded to the title and family estate, to which he had been paying a farewell visit when I joined him at Gannât. These family histories and sundry interesting anecdotes of the days of Louis XV. and XVI. so animated the old man, that I, fearing the excitement in his present condition, thought it prudent to plead fatigue and retire to rest.

Before we parted, however, for the night, he made me promise that I would not desert him on the morrow if he should not be able to travel, but that I would accompany him to Paris, and take up my quarters with him during my stay in that capital. The next morning I found him, though much better, yet still unfit for a continuous journey of any length. With the assistance, therefore, of our host, we engaged a *voiturier* who, for a certain sum, agreed to take us to Paris by such easy stages as we might direct and find agreeable. To describe the road from Moulins to Paris would be to write a guide-book; suffice it to say, that the weather was delightful, and my companion, who not only bore the journey well, but seemed to derive both health and spirits from this easy mode of travelling, was altogether the most amusing companion I had ever happened to meet with; insomuch, that I almost regretted, when we pulled up at the Barrière d'Italie on entering the gay capital of France, that our journey was at an end. We arrived about four o'clock P.M., and drove straight to the Place Beauveau, where, without his order to the driver to stop, I should not have failed to pitch upon his residence, so perfectly was it in keeping with the appearance and character of its venerable owner. There prevailed throughout the same air of antiquity; we were admitted by an ancient porter and received by another elderly domestic, well-nigh as venerable and aristocratic in his appearance as the master, who expressed in affectionate, yet respectful terms, the lively satisfaction he felt on again beholding his *cher marquis,* whose arrival he had been expecting for some days, and manifested the most touching anxiety when he saw the traces, and heard a brief account of the accident which had befallen him. My friend, having most courteously and cordially welcomed me to his house, consigned me to the care of Antoine, as this ancient serving man was called, and by whom I was conducted to a suite of apartments, *au seconde* it is true, but most comfortably and tastefully furnished in the Louis-Quatorze style of decoration. The walls were hung with tapestry, relieved at intervals by splendid mirrors and tables of rare marbles, whilst

a bed, with green silk hangings, worthy of, and apparently coeval with, Anne of Austria herself, promised me a night of luxurious repose.

Having, with Antoine's assistance, unpacked and arranged my wardrobe, I proceeded to dress for dinner, and my operations were scarcely concluded ere he knocked at my door and announced that it was served. I immediately followed him downstairs to a spacious and well-lighted *salon*, where my friend awaited me. The repast to which we sat down gave me a very exalted opinion of the *savoir faire* of my friend's *chef*. There was no *rosbif*, no *plomboudin*, no clumsy attempt at imitation of the English *cuisine*, out of compliment to me; all was French, and all was perfect—the soup pure and restoring—the *côtellettes magnifiques*, and the *vol au vent superbe*. The Champagne was *frappé* to the minute, the Chambertin shed its *bouquet*, and the Bordeaux of rare quality. Mine host ate and drank sparingly, but he did the honours of his table in a manner so courteous, yet so jovial withal, that our dinner was a protracted one, and it was late ere we retired to coffee in his library, an oblong room of noble dimensions, and so furnished that it would have been called comfortable even in England, and elegant everywhere. The sides were covered with bookcases, whose shelves contained the best German, French, and Italian authors, and a much larger assortment of English works than is usually found in a foreigner's collection. The ends were hung with some choice specimens of the old masters and one or two of the modern French school, whilst here and there on marble tables, or pedestals, stood some exquisite pieces of sculpture, which showed to the greatest advantage under the soft light of three lamps of the purest alabaster, which hung suspended from the ceiling; in short, the aspect of the whole apartment proclaimed the owner to be a man of wealth, taste and literature.

Amongst the pictures, I observed that a large one, which hung alone over the mantelpiece, was covered by a black crape veil or curtain. This, of course, excited my curiosity; but as my friend, in describing the others, never in any way alluded to it, I felt that inquiry was impossible. In fact, he always contrived, or appeared to contrive, to divert my attention when he perceived me looking in that direction.

"You see sir," said he, "that I do in some measure cultivate English literature. I have read the works of most of your best writers, and flatter myself that I can almost taste and appreciate the beauties of your great poet Shakspeare. I have seen, too, your Siddons give vitality and form to the sublime conceptions of his genius. Her *Queen Katharine* was noble, her *Constance* touching, and her *Lady Macbeth* terrible. I shall *never*," continued he, in a low tone, and as if talking to himself, "*never* forget it; it recalled too *vividly*," and here, methought, his eye glanced at the veiled picture, when, suddenly starting up, he fetched from one of the shelves the volume containing that play, and read aloud some passages with a power and effect that quite surprised me. I was about to compliment him on the correctness of his conception and the force of his elocution, but he waved his hand, as if pained by the images produced on his mind by the scene he had just read, hastily restored the book to its shelf, and turned the conversation to some topic of the day, which, with other trivial matter, occupied us till I proposed to retire. Shaking my hand warmly, my friend jocularly expressed his hope that, "as I had less on

my conscience than Lady Macbeth, so I should rest better," and we parted for the night.

Sleep, however, I could not, though my body was weary and my couch soft. My mind had been strongly and strangely excited, as well by my host's impassioned recital of Macbeth as by the crape-clad picture, and I could not help fancying that there was some mysterious connexion between it and the play. Thus I lay watching the flickering light emitted by the embers of my wood-fire, which was now fast away on the hearth, until the pendule on the chimney-piece anno in silver tones that it was *three* o'clock.

"I can endure this no longer," exclaimed I; "see that picture I must and will. Every soul in the house is now buried in sleep; why should I not steal down to the library and gratify my indomitable curiosity? If it be a breach of hospitality, it is surely a venial one? What can the old gentleman expect, if he will thus tantalise his guests?"

Whilst I thus reasoned with myself, I was busily employed in wrapping my *robe de chambre* about my person and in lighting my candle, and in one minute I stood before the object of my waking dreams, and in another the light was raised to its proper level and the crape thrown back; when, instead of some scene of blood, which my heated imagination had conjured up, there stood revealed before my wondering eyes the portrait of one of the loveliest women I ever beheld. The head, set gracefully on exquisitely-turned shoulders, exhibited a countenance in which sweetness and intelligence were intimately blended. The features, though not what is termed regular, were most harmonious, and gave me a clearer idea of Lord Byron's "the mind, the music breathing from her face," than I had ever had before. Her dark chestnut hair, parted Madonnawise on her pale and thoughtful brow, fell in rich clusters down an ivory neck, and finally rested on a bosom "firm as a maiden's, as a matron's full." But it was the eyes which chiefly riveted my gaze. Deep and clear as one of Ruysdael's lakes, they seemed to reflect in their limpid mirror every surrounding object. At the first glance their expression was that of softness; but on fixing mine upon them as I did, in all the intensity of admiration, they seemed gradually to assume so stern an aspect, as if reproving my impertinent curiosity, that I fairly quailed beneath their glance. Whilst I thus stood, rooted as it were to the spot, and lost in mingled feelings of admiration and wonder, not unmixed with a certain sensation of awe, a hand laid gently on my shoulder caused me to start round, and I beheld my friend standing beside me. I was about to mutter some apology, but he stopped me, saying, "It was my fault, I do not blame you. I ought to have known that that veiled picture would excite your curiosity, and I ought not to have brought you here unless I was prepared to gratify it. But return to bed, and to-morrow you shall know my history and that of the picture now before you. I never yet imparted it to mortal ear, but as it will interest, and may possibly be useful to you in after-life, you shall have it, as some return for the services you have rendered me. Good night." So saying he waved his hand in a friendly but somewhat authoritative manner, and I betook myself to my apartment, a good deal abashed and ashamed of my adventure.

It was late the next morning when Antoine, presenting himself at my bedside, broke my slumbers, and with them the current of a dream

of which the picture and the occurrences of the past night formed the basis. He informed me he had just dressed his master, and tendered me the like service, which, however, I declined, and proceeded, unaided and alone, to dress with all expedition. My friend received me in the *salon*, where we had dined the preceding day, with his usual benignant smile; but it was easy to perceive that his night had not been passed in sleep. He looked languid and out of spirits, and our breakfast was a somewhat silent one. When it was over, he sat awhile lost in deep thought, but at length, as if by sudden effort, he arose and took me by the arm, saying, "Allons, M. D——, let us adjourn to the library, where I will unburden my mind, and perform the promise of last night."

The picture was still uncovered, and we were no sooner seated than, as if fearing his resolution might give way, he immediately began thus:

In the year 1770 I had, as I have already informed you, the honour of belonging to that distinguished body the Gardes du Corps, and though my duty required my almost constant presence at Versailles, I, nevertheless, had a lodging in this house, which is now mine. I had at that time but little prospect of ever possessing a house of my own, and could not always pay my rent for the room I then occupied therein. My family, of which I was the youngest, was rich, but I was poor, and have often gone without a dinner, because I had not wherewithal to pay for one. I fell into debts, which my brother promised, some day or other, to pay; or I might, perhaps, get a rich wife, for we men of fashion, whilst youth and good looks lasted, thought ourselves fairly entitled to use the folly of wealthy old dowagers as an instrument placed in our hands by Providence to enable us to revenge ourselves on Fortune for her cruelty in making us younger sons. "Remember," my father used to say to me, "that there is nothing on which our good or ill-fate in life so much depends as on women; we are in their hands; they manage us as they please; and it is the gentlest and the meekest who rule us the most effectually." I, however, led a gay and thoughtless life, and never troubled myself to inquire what influence, good or evil, women might have on my future life. I had three occupations which took up all my time—the ordinary routine of duty at Versailles; to pay assiduous court to the Prince de Beauveau, who honoured me with his patronage, and for which reason I chose my lodgings as near as I could to his hotel; and last, though not least, there was Mademoiselle Zephirine, *premiere danseuse* at the Theatre Audinet. You smile, Mr. D——, but recollect that I am now speaking of more than forty years ago. Ah! it was then no slight affair to keep a mistress, I assure you; for, though not allowed to bear one's name, she was to be openly acknowledged and as openly fought for when there was occasion. I had, for instance, to call out an officer in the Swiss Guards, for presuming to say that Zephirine had failed in one of her favourite and most admired *pas*. The Princess de Beauveau knew of the connexion, and did not disapprove; so I practised all the fashionable dances of the day, that I might qualify myself to appear as the partner of Zephirine at the public balls in Paris and at the *fêtes champêtres* at Versailles, where we danced on the verdant carpet of the mossy turf. Zephirine had all the accomplishments and tastes that take the fancy of a sprig of fashion of that period; she fenced and rode beautifully; loved champagne suppers, and doted on all the costly fineries of Madame Bertia's splendid show-room. In short, I

ruined myself with so little thought and so much pleasure that I believed myself to be in love, and was quite sure that Mademoiselle was as warmly attached to me; when, one evening, she came into my room here,—this very room, my dear Mr. D——, were we are now sitting, still attired in her theatrical costume, and with the stage-paint not yet rubbed off her pretty face.

"Chevalier," said she, "take care of yourself, your creditors are about to pounce upon you—yes, to arrest you. I learnt the fact not five minutes ago from an attorney's clerk, who makes love to my maid, and I came in haste to——"

"How can I sufficiently thank you, dearest," said I; "and so for me you brave even a prison, and——"

"Why, not exactly," replied she. "You see, Chevalier, you have no longer either cash or credit, and I should be a burden to you."

"Well?"

"Well, at first I had thoughts of sharing your fallen fortunes, but a Monsieur Edmond, the son of an East India Director, has advised me to abandon my intention and accompany him to England; 'twill be a saving to you, and we are going to start immediately; our travelling-carriage waits. Good-by, my dear chevalier,—*au revoir!*"

With that she made a *pirouette*, and in three bounds was out of the room. I ran, I flew, but Zephirine was too nimble for me, and I reached the street just in time to see her jump lightly into the carriage of the rich Englishman, and drive off at a gallop. To follow them—to overtake the ravisher and force him to resign his prey, was my first impulse; but, alas! I had no money, nor the means of borrowing any, and stood, moreover, in need of the kind intervention of the Prince de Beauveau between me and my importunate creditors. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to digest the affront as well as I could. When my mind became somewhat calmer, and I had pretty well got over the jeers of my acquaintance, I began to ask myself if I had really loved Zephirine, and if there had not been more vanity than passion in all the follies she had led me to commit? The response was, that I had *not* been in love with her, nor she with me. We both loved a jolly, rackety life—that was all; she was too flighty for affection, and I too dissipated for serious attachment. Besides, a man rarely allows his whole mind and thoughts to be entirely engrossed by any woman; he courts distraction in the variety of other occupations and tastes; all pursuits, all channels of employment, are open to him; and if he be a soldier, he is exposed to so many vicissitudes and dangers, and meets with so many adventures, that all the passions are brought into play, and each in its turn so blunts and weakens the influence of the other that none makes any durable impression. He abandons, without scruple, a beloved mistress for a wealthy wife, and speaks of it openly without shame or reserve, whilst a woman would blush at the bare idea of such an act. Woman's love lives on self-denial, grows by sacrifices, and expands under the pressure of misfortune. I do not say that such is the love of all women, but it is of that chosen few with whose feelings it is dangerous to trifle, and who are not to be cast off with impunity. I have dwelt the more at length on my connexion with Zephirine, because her name will re-appear in the course of the history of my first *real* love. I was, however (continued M. de Marigny), more cut up by my misfortune than I cared to confess, and had thoughts of quitting my lodgings in the Place Beauveau, and of having no other residence than the barracks of

the Gardes du Corps at Versailles, when, one evening, at about eleven o'clock, as I was returning home, pondering over the urgent importunities of my creditors, and my brother's slackness in carrying into effect his promises and good intentions towards me, I heard piercing shrieks proceeding from the very place whither I was going, and from the spot where it is crossed by a narrow street which leads into the Champs Elysées, then, neither paved, nor, as now, ornamented by good houses on each side. I need hardly add that this street was as dark as pitch, whilst even the place itself was only dimly lighted by the flickering gleam of the one poor lamp which hung before the hotel of M. le Prince de Beauveau. I drew my sword, and ran towards the spot whence the cries proceeded, but had scarcely gone twenty yards before I stumbled over a lifeless body. I stretched out my hands, and caught by the arm a fainting female, who, at the same moment, seemed to come to herself only to redouble her cries and lamentations.

"Help! help!" cried she, in a voice choked by tears.

"Here is help, madame," said I; "what is the matter—tell me?"

"Help! they have slain this unhappy gentleman by my side."

My lodging being close by I ran and shook the great gate by repeated knocking, until I roused the porter and my own servant, cried murder, and, as at that hour of the night many of the inmates were not yet gone to bed, a light was soon procured, and all hastened to the scene of the murder. There we found, stretched in a pool of blood, a young and handsome female, her face whiter than the kerchief which encircled her blood-stained neck, her ears torn, her hands wounded, and close beside her the dead body of a man, somewhat older than herself, and which the neighbours speedily recognised as that of M. de Fosseux, a gentleman of some distinction at the bar, and who lived in the Place Beauveau, right opposite to my house. A general cry of horror burst from us all. The victim had been stabbed to the heart by a strong and steady hand, and the dagger—the instrument with which the crime had been perpetrated —had dropt from the wound, and was bathed in blood.

"There were two of them," cried the young lady, sobbing; "one seized my hands, tore the ear-rings from my ears, and snatched my necklace from my neck, whilst the other stabbed M. de Fosseux, who fell without a groan. Ah! if they had but been content only to rob us!"

Then were the lamentations of the unhappy lady renewed, and she fell into repeated swoons, from which she was recalled only to weep yet more and more bitterly. We raised her up and carried her to her own house, or rather to that of M. de Fosseux, whither we also carried him, and sent for a surgeon; but his help was useless; M. de Fosseux had long ceased to breathe. On receiving information of the occurrence, a lieutenant of police came instantly, and very speedily and satisfactorily decided on a very evident fact, namely, that the sole object of the assassins had been plunder, for M. de Fosseux had been robbed of his watch, his purse, a valuable ring, the mark of which was still visible on one of his fingers, and a pair of diamond buckles. Having satisfied himself on this point, the officer next proceeded to the apartment of the young lady, whom he interrogated most strictly as to all the details and circumstances attending the commission of the deed. She replied to all his questions with much self-possession, and the most exact precision—"stated her name to be Eugenie d'Ermay, by birth a gentlewoman, and a native of Poitou; twenty-five years of age, and an orphan, without any private

fortune; and," added she, casting her eyes on the ground, "I have lived for seven years with M. de Fosseux, without the sanction of the marriage tie." He, her sole protector, and the only friend to whom she could look on leaving the convent where she had been educated, had also been her seducer; but he introduced her to society and to the families of his friends, and that very evening they had been supping with Madame la Comtesse de T——, and were returning on foot, when, close to their own door, the above tragical event took place. As to the deed itself, all had been effected with the utmost rapidity. Two men, whom they had for some time observed to be following them, suddenly rushed upon them —one of the two had seized her and held her fast, whilst he stripped her of her trinkets; the other, laying hold of M. de Fosseux, had struck him a too sure and fatal blow, and robbed him with a despatch and address which showed an experienced hand; all this had been but the work of an instant, and the two assassins had fled towards the Champs Elysées with such speed that they were already far beyond pursuit before the unhappy lady suspected that he whom she loved was at all hurt, much less that he was killed.

"Did you observe," asked the police officer, "if one of the men was tall and strongly made and had red hair, and the other short and high-shouldered?"

Mademoiselle d'Ermay could not answer these questions; she felt certain, however, that the man who had killed M. de Fosseux was tall, and her impression was confirmed by the fact of the blow having evidently been struck from above downwards. There were at that time in Paris two highwaymen, one of whom was called Pierre le Mauvais, and the other Guillaume le Bossu. These worthies were the theme of market-places and wine-shops, and as every robbery and murder committed in the capital was attributed to them, this was of course laid at their door.

Whilst listening attentively to this examination, and marking the profound grief of Eugenie—her deathlike paleness and her silent despair—I could not but pity M. de Fosseux, whom cruel fate had thus severed at the early age of thirty-two, not only from life, but from so young and lovely a companion. As Mademoiselle d'Ermay had mentioned the name of the Comtesse de T——, the officer of police called upon this lady in order to ascertain the truth of the statement as to her supper party, and found it to be perfectly correct. The comtesse, as soon as she heard of the sad event, hastened to assure Mademoiselle d'Ermay of her sympathy by every demonstration of kindness and affection, and, determined not to leave her in a house now become one of mourning, with the corpse of M. de Fosseux for her sole companion, insisted on taking her instantly to her own. Mademoiselle d'Ermay consented on one condition, namely, that she should be permitted once more to look on him who had been the only object she had loved on earth. I was present at this last scene of this sad drama. Mademoiselle d'Ermay said nothing, but throwing herself on her knees by the side of the bed on which they had laid M. de Fosseux, her hands convulsively clasped together and her head sunk on her breast, she was absorbed for some minutes in fervent prayer, when, suddenly rising and turning to Madame de T——, she said, "I am ready, madame." She then immediately quitted the house in that silence which is the surest sign of profound affliction, and having seen her safely conveyed to Madame de T——'s, I took my leave.

On reaching my own abode, I fell into a reverie in which I could not

help contrasting the attachment of such a woman as Mademoiselle d'Ermay with the light and heartless nature of my connexion with Zephirine. Yet all my feelings revolted at the odious comparison. What? could I for a moment, even in thought, place a young lady of good family, well-educated, and whom the arts of a seducer, under the guise of a friend, had betrayed into her first and only error—could I for an instant allow myself to place her in the same class with an opera-dancer? I hated myself for the very thought, which could never have suggested itself but to one who had never known any other sort of tie than such as had bound me to Zephirine—who had never been loved, nor ever felt the genuine passion. I slept not that night, nor did I wish to sleep; my mind was too fully occupied in recalling every movement, every gesture, every word that fell from the lips of Mademoiselle d'Ermay; her gentle countenance, her angelic look, and that brow so fair and so open, whose polished surface even terror the most appalling had not been able to ruffle. Still I was not in love with her; I merely tried to recal her features, which the darkness of the night and the uncertain glimmer of candles had not enabled me to see and examine so perfectly as I could have wished. However, I promised myself better success the next day, when I resolved to observe her with the closest attention, although I felt that in so doing I was rashly exposing myself to that undefinable and seducing something which hung around her like a charm.

TO HER HAND IN AGE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF JUSTINUS KORNER.

By Captain Medwin.

Old as I am, could I command
  A youthful and a better lay,
How would I sing about her hand,
  And all its love has done portray.

The dear, dear hand, of anxious thought
  And housewife cares shows many a dent,
That hand no volume ever wrote,
  Nor played on any instrument.

But that dear hand—the industrious one—
  The spinning-wheel full oft has plied,
And stitching many a shirt and gown
  Till the late night, the needle eyed.

Yes, thou hast knitted, worked, and sewn,
  Till lined and red that hand of thine;
Press'd many a wanderer's too thine own,
  That heaped the board with meat and wine.

Well feel I too—remembered still,
  Thine hand's first pressure, in that hour
When on my heart, in deepest thrill,
  It struck with a magnetic power.

And now, when that true hand I feel,
  Lain on my faintly-beating heart,
Still do I know the magic spell,
  Its lightest finger can impart.

I kiss that hand with youthful glow
  From my blind eyes, dear hand! on thee
Fall oft my tears in hot streams flow,
  This hand, is it not poetry?

A FESTIVAL OF ART.

THE Arab poet exclaimed in his song:

"They said the time of our departure draweth near." I replied, "How oft shall I be threatened with departure?"

Thus it was with us, who have imprudently delayed our visit to Mr. Lewis's studio to the eleventh hour—we say imprudently, for was it not so to abri[illegible] ourselves so long of a pleasure such as can seldom be obtained with so little exertion? It is true that our climate has lately so much resembled that of the sun which shone on the enterprising artist in his rambles, that an excuse may be found for more than Eastern laziness; and such alone could keep the lover of the beautiful from the gallery of sketches with which Mr. Lewis has enriched himself and the world during a ten years' ramble in Italy, Greece, Turkey, and Egypt.

There are one hundred and seventy-five of them, and every one tells a tale such as a company of Eastern listeners would delight in hearing. There are peasants of the Abruzzi, Greek girls of Yanina, and young Egyptian maids, in whose faces may be read some of those life-histories which the poet Longfellow sees marked in the lights and shadows of the human countenance; books, he calls them, in which are sermons, love tales, poems and biographies, comic stories, and farces.

There are mosques and tombs, shrines and chapels, interiors of houses and bazaars, so truthful in their details, that, almost for the first time, we seem to become intimately acquainted with the habits and manners of the people amongst whom the master-artist has sojourned. We see the Mandarah in his house at Constantinople where he dwelt, its roof glowing with rich colours, its windows large and of Elizabethan form, except where the upper panes are dim, yet gleaming with a network of colour and gold so delicately and elaborately depicted, that the minutest forms can be discerned; on one pane steps proudly forth one of those jewelled peacocks such as accompanied the sage who visited the King of Persia when he kept the festival of the new year, and who was trained to mark the fleeting hours of night and day by flapping its wings and uttering its mournful cry; on a centre pane we can descry passages from the Koran entwined with garlands, and doubtless might read, if we paused to decipher the shining letters, promises and adjurations like these:

"Oh, true believers! ye shall be rewarded with the highest apartments in Paradise."

"Oh, true believers! obey God and his apostle!"

Close to this beautiful sketch hangs one of a richly-adorned hhareem carriage, drawn by two fine white oxen covered with trappings, which seem pacing steadily along, proud of the gorgeous ornaments they bear; their mild serene eyes gazing out of the picture as if to warn the spectator to give them way. The foreshortening here shows the wondrous power of the artist in a remarkable manner; the same may be said of the sketches of dromedaries in various attitudes, attended by their Bedouin drivers: one fine animal in particular snuffs the air and steps rapidly along his desert track with a movement really amazing.

There is a Turkish Surrogee, full of life and spirit, whose appearance confirms the remark of the author of "Eōthen," that "the wretched often look more picturesque than their betters, and though all the world look

down on these poor Surrogees, their tawny skins and their grisly beards will gain them honourable standing in the foreground of a landscape."

With singular and startled awe, we observe the interior and altar of the shrine of the Burning Bush in the convent of Mount Sinai, which has never before been revealed to European eye, for Mr. Lewis's pencil is the only one yet allowed to figure it to inquiring eyes. It is a strange and peculiar view of a spot still gorgeous in its great decay, mouldering and ruined, but glittering with gold and those antique vivid colours which will not fade before the glare of time. Portraits of saints on golden grounds surround the shrine, and seem to diffuse a mellow light from rays which beam from them on the broken walls and fretted roofs. There is a reality about this exquisite drawing which impresses the mind and sends it dreaming back to the days when armed believers as pilgrims from all lands filled every nook and corner of the now-deserted chapel, and brought in their hands rich offerings to deck the neglected and empty relic home.

No less impressive are the sketches of Saint Sophia; and though we are more acquainted with that wondrous temple, breathing of the "shining Orient," yet Mr. Lewis's *version* brings new beauties and wonders before us which we have missed in others. But with the mosque of Bajazid al Ildereem at Brussa, we are less familiar, and exquisite are the representations here given of that graceful and elaborate structure. At the entrance, beside a richly carved archway, sits a figure in white garments, his large and lustrous eyes bespeaking the benevolence of the faithful, or it may be, of the inquisitive, as he murmurs, " Peace be on you and the mercy of God."

Another sketch shows us the tomb itself, lighted by circling lamps and votive offerings, such as are usual in the East, as strings of beads, ostrich eggs, and golden ornaments The stone of the tomb is covered with painting and gold between beautiful, delicate pillars supporting horseshoe arches—all, however, lying in a ruin of beauty and splendour which would move an Eastern philosopher to exclaim of the great Bajazid:

" What have fortune and time done with the master of palaces, and where are his shining full moons and brilliant stars ?"

Raising the eye from this fine drawing, it lights on the bold, resolute, firm-standing figure of the Tâtar who carried the head of Ali Pacha of Yanina, that "chief ever glorious," to Constantinople. The man entrusted with so important a treasure is there before us, evidently one who would not shrink before the lance of an adversary, but would go through with his mission: he is "from his thigh to his throat loaded with arms and other implements of a campaigning life," and is in all respects as glorious-looking a fellow as ever accompanied a traveller or carried a message, quite able to curse a Surrogee, or ride a thousand miles if need were. There are more than one of these fine men with handsome Ottoman countenances, betraying the mixture of breed which has softened the original Tartar type. Some of the Bishareen Arabs and their horses that stand in groups, as if waiting for active employment, are striking figures, as are the Arnaout guards of the Pacha of Brussa, while, peeping from amidst this warlike company, stands timidly a peasant girl of Sorrento, who has evidently been bribed by the artist to lend him the light of her dark eyes for awhile. She poises herself on her brown feet, guiltless alike of slipper or of stocking; crosses her little round arms, and confines the ample folds of her variously-

coloured apron with her pretty careless hands: there is a chance whether she will stay long enough to be sketched, but the artist has said something to her that induces her to indulge him, and she lingers on till he has finished one of his most charming drawings. At least we thought so, till we looked at one not far off, of an Armenian Lady, contrasting exquisitely by the refined grace of its outline, and the rich costume which add, lustre to charms such as might have won the greatest prince on either side of the Bosphorus to enrol himself her slave.

There is another contrast, sufficiently striking, in the "Turkish school of Cairo," where a learned-looking philosopher, with a white beard and owl-eyes, is occupying himself with the tablets of certain juvenile students, who appear little more attentive to their studies than if they were expecting shortly to pass before the eyes of an European Holofernes.

One saucy-looking Nubian boy, on his knees, as the custom is, is repeating his lesson, and his sly eyes seem watching the state of mind of the learned Pundit whose power he dreads: perhaps he suspects the profundity of his master's learning, and expects to get off lightly, as those happy urchins must have done who "sat under" the ingenious "Mujawereen," whose history we cannot help recalling as we look upon his features.

Being neither acquainted with writing nor reading, this original genius yet hit on a plan for gaining his bread; it was no other than opening a school to teach boys. He acccordingly took his measures, and straightway collected writing tablets and written papers, and hung them up in a place, and he enlarged his turban, and seated himself at the door of his school. He felt sure that the size of his turban would, at once, impose on the vulgar; nor was he mistaken, for they delayed not to bring him their children to be instructed, the mothers exclaiming to each other, "Oh! my companions, we have met with a wonderful thing!"

The self-elected master directly began his system—one, by the way, recognised as no mistake of late years, but of world-wide adoption—he said to this one, "Write," and to this, "Read," and thus the boys taught one another.

It might have been in such a school as this that occurred that pretty love anecdote told by Arabian story-tellers.

A boy and a slave girl learned in one school, and the boy became affected with a violent passion for the slave-girl; so one day, when the other boys were inadvertent, he took her tablet, and wrote upon it these two verses:

"What say'st thou of him who is wasted away from excessive love of thee, and who has become perplexed?

"Who, in transport and sorrow, complaineth of his passion, unable to conceal the feelings of his heart!"

When the slave-girl also took the tablet, she saw these verses written upon it, and after she had read them, and understood their meaning, she wept in compassion for the boy, and wrote beneath his lines this couplet:

"If we behold a lover whom desire hath afflicted, we will confer favours upon him.

"And that which he requireth of us he shall obtain, whatever happens to us in consequence."

It happened that the teacher came in to them, and finding the tablet at a moment when it was lying unheeded, took and read it; whereat he was moved with pity for their state, and wrote these two verses, addressed to the girl, beneath hers:

"Receive thy lover and fear not punishment, for he hath become perplexed in his passion.

"As to the teacher, fear not his authority, for he hath long been afflicted with love."

Then the master of the slave girl happened to enter the school, and also found the girl's tablet, and, having read all, wrote beneath:

"May God never cause a separation between you; and may your slanderer be perplexed and wearied. As to the teacher, never, by Allah, have my eyes beheld a greater fosterer of intrigues."

The master of the slave girl then sent for a kadee and witnesses, and had the ceremony of marriage performed between the youthful lovers. He made them also a feast, and treated them with great beneficence, and they continued together in joy and happiness till they were overtaken by the terminator of delights and the separator of companions.

Perhaps, like one of these young future adventurers, if indeed his mother could have persuaded him to enter a school, and so be painted by a wandering artist, was our dear and favourite spoiled Aladdin, whose father, despairing of managing him, had sought rest from his anxieties amidst the hookahs of the blest; and behold, where lying, as if in wait for his destined prey, is no other than the dreaded, deceitful Bedouin Mogrebbi, the pretended uncle of the widow's son, who is reflecting in his mind how he may compass his design of becoming possessor of the talisman he covets. There is great power in this figure, which is wonderfully drawn, and is excessively expressive.

Just above it hangs a curious picture of a water-wheel used now, as in ancient days, in Upper Egypt, for the purposes of irrigation.

In a corner are two of our old friends, the Pifferari from Rome, puffing away zealously; they make a fine picturesque group, and recal scenes and adventures in the Campagna. Not far off, too, there is one of those wild huts of the shepherds; and soon after we see the portrait, full length, of the shepherd himself, clasping one of his milk-white kids in his brawny arms; his earnest, sun-browned face full of goodnature and intelligence, and his costume worn as gracefully as any ancient Roman of them all.

But what shall we say of those two studies of the heads of Roman girls! Such delicacy, dignity, and perfect beauty in a lowly state must realise to a painter the idea of the Madonnas which Raphael and Leonardo set on canvas; and the pencil of Lewis, we can at once see, has rendered Nature as she really exists in all her excelling loveliness. We were told, as we gazed enraptured on one sweet upturned profile, that the beautiful girl from whom it was painted died soon after. This lovely emanation of the spirit of beauty then had the fate of the rose, living but a day after charming all eyes and hearts.

Whom the Gods love die young.

We observed several European faces, both female and male, who, however deliciously painted, look but pale and faded in the Eastern costume, of which they became enamoured. In vain fine eyes and fair cheeks

assert their sway, if they appear surrounded with the overwhelming colours of the rich land of the sun. Even the fascinations of the beautiful Lady Louisa Tenison, and the fine feathers of Viscount Castlereagh, are not sufficient to redeem them from insipidity in a Turkish dress.

We start—for soul is wanting there.

The soul that speaks and burns beneath the flashing dark native eyes which glow beneath the turban, and the rich rose cheeks that enflame the heart, and on which the enamoured fair one can write her lover's name in musk, and still look charming, like her whose lover sang:

"She wrote Jaafar with musk on her cheek. With my soul would I ransom her who wrote on the cheek what I see.

"If her fingers have inscribed one line upon her cheek, she hath engraved many on my heart."

There is a very remarkable portrait of a Persian prince, Mirza Khan, of Constantinople: his long black eyes are nearly closed, and the want of genius in his face is a curious contrast to that of more than one head belonging to beings of a lower grade. So true is this portrait to nature, that one almost fancies the dandy prince of that nation, which is justly considered the Paris of the East, listening with nonchalant contempt to some famous minstrel, who is intoning to his lute the *rococo* strains of Hafiz, which he has abandoned for the stanzas of Lamartine, or the songs of the last new Italian opera.

Very different is the expression of countenance of yonder Syrian Sheikh: noble, dignified with a world of thought in his large gazelle eyes, and a world of command in his magnificent brow. Such may be that Abd'el Kader, whom French policy keeps confined in the lonely castle which overlooks the Loire, where "hope deferred has long made his heart sick." In vain may he exclaim:

River! whose waters murmuring flow,
  Oh! could I by thy side
Mark how, like hours that come and go,
  Thy waves in music glide,
As welcome and as blest to me
Those pure and sparkling waves would be
As are the founts on Eden's shore,
Where he who drinks shall thirst no more!

Few of these drawings, where all are admirable, are more interesting than those which exhibit the Bazaar of Khan-Khalil at Cairo, and the street and mosque of the Gorieh; the latter, in particular, is wonderfully done, and excites astonishment at the minute touches, all telling, as if by magic, which bring out to the eye of the gazer from a foreground platform, countless figures circulating in the narrow street beneath. There are horses and mules, and carriages with floating draperies, feathers flying and banners waving—a crowd and crush of people are following as if in a procession, though it is only the narrowness of the street that makes it seem as if there were no room for the glittering throng which fills up every avenue, while above, on their terrace, sit the unmoved merchants beside their wares, not even deigning to look down into the street to remark the brilliant *cortége*.

The interior of the tomb of Gorieh is also extremely fine, and elaborately touched "with pigments of every colour, gold and ultra-marine;" and this is the more worthy of remark, since it is in boldness and breadth

of style and handling that Mr. Lewis seems altogether at home. In some of his drawings the tints are only indicated, the forms only shadowed, the foreground just marked out, yet there will occur every here and there a bit of finish which reveals the amazing power which he can call forth when he pleases.

In the bold sketches of the plain of Thebes, the cataracts of the Nile, the temple of Edfoo, all is grandeur and effect; while in several "heads of roebucks" and dromedaries in the desert, he proves his mastery over this branch of art. His "studies of game" are full of truth, and all he does speaks of Nature as much as of accomplished art.

We know we have not named one-half of the gems with which the walls of Mr. Lewis's rooms are studded; we had nearly forgotten to name he black slave boy of Constantinople, whose fine intelligent face comes out so startlingly beside those delicate Roman girls; we had nearly passed the Circassians, and were quiting a sportsman at Rome without comment, and almost had we failed to speak of Subiaco, a fascinating bit, or the Kiosk of Rifat Pasha on the Bosphorus, a retreat fit for one of the chosen of the Prophet.

Taken altogether, Mr. Lewis's collection is one of the most delightful and valuable that has ever appeared in London, and there are few of his sketches which could not be worked into a fine picture, if need were. Like the miniature tree in the germ, figured by Nature as if to guide her in its growth, the rapid lines traced on the spot by his master-hand contain the future finished painting. If, however, we have suggested a task beyond his life-long power, we trust, at least, to see his gallery made familiar to the public by the means of a series of lithographs. It would be a rich addition to what we already possess of the works of our own artists on lands so spirit-stirring and so fraught with interest.

UNRECIPROCATED COPYRIGHT.

"There seems," said Dr. Johnson, "to be in authors a stronger right of property than that by occupancy—a metaphysical right, a right as it were by creation." And this "incorporeal right to the sole printing and publishing of somewhat intellectual," as Lord Mansfield defined it, has been acknowledged by the statute, if not by the common law of the realm. It was determined, in the case of Miller *v.* Taylor, in B. R. Pasch., 9 Geo. III., 1796, that an exclusive copyright in authors subsisted by common law. But afterwards, in the case of Donaldson *v.* Becket, before the House of Lords, which was finally determined 22nd February, 1774, it was held that no copyright subsists in authors after the expiration of the several terms created by the statute 8 Anne, c. 19. Since then various statutes have been enacted, among the chief of which are the act of 5 and 6 Victoria, c. 45, commonly called Lord Mahon's Act, which is the statute that now regulates literary property in this country, securing to the possessor of a copyright the enjoyment of the same for the term of the author's life, and for a period varying according to stated circumstances, after death.

But while "copy," as it was formerly termed, is protected by the law of the country, it does not meet with similar protection abroad. The Belgians,

Germans, and Swiss prey upon French literature, and the French, on their side, with the Belgians and Americans, especially the latter, realise immense profits by the piracy of British works. The necessity of a law of international copyright has thus forced itself upon the minds of all right-thinking persons. The abnegation of such a law is immoral in principle, and pernicious in practice, both to the intellect and the literature of a country. It is impossible, for example, to have a healthful professional literature in America, so long as American authors are beaten down to the minimum of price in their own markets, by a wholesale piracy of English works. This pirated English literature, also circulated throughout the whole of America, selling, in various modes, at the lowest possible price—a few cents—has a great effect upon the style of American composition; tending to make it a reflection and an imitation of our own, rather than the indigenous and spontaneous offspring of a different society, growing up under different aspects of nature. It is immoral, because international protection is only refused by those countries which profit more by the publication of the works of other countries, than they could benefit by obtaining, on the principle of reciprocity, protection to their own literature abroad.

A few years back Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Serjeant Talfourd, and Lord Mahon, succeeded in obtaining from the legislature the enactment of the well-known International Copyright Act, by which the English give the foreign author of all states a copyright in this country, provided the states do the same to our own writers. As yet only a few of the German states have availed themselves of this equitable exchange; but the principle has made some progress both in France and in America. Based as it is upon the just and fair principles of commercial exchange and the dictates of honour, it has obtained the advocacy of nearly all the American writers, and the consent of their leading statesmen. It has indeed been generally held in this country that a practice so destructive of the fair profits of mental labour, as the cheap reprints of foreign countries, can only be effectually repressed by prevailing on foreign countries to extend the benefits of their own laws against literary piracy to aliens as well as native authors. A step was thus taken in the right way, and a good example set, so far as it went, by the Act 5 and 6 Vict., c. 45. Example is better than precept, and by giving to foreigners a copyright in this country, we are enabled to demand with greater emphasis similar privileges from them. It is obvious that it is not because one nation does an unjust and an immoral act that we should do the same. Yet this is the whole basis of a case which has suggested these remarks. Sir Bulwer Lytton says, "Let this country do what it considers right, no matter what other countries may do. . . . . . It is the first duty of a country to protect and to secure the rights of its own subjects." As a result of this partial view of the subject, which would tend to defer the interchange of rights between two nations for an almost indefinite period, the example given to other nations by Sir E. B. Lytton's act, is neither liberal nor generous, for it insists that there shall be no protection given to foreigners unless reciprocity of protection be also granted by their country. This is making the individual author suffer for the bad policy or rapacity of his own countrymen. But the fact is, that the right of a foreigner to the copyright of his own work, when published in this country, has always been looked upon in the

abstract as valid and good. Sir E. B. Lytton himself quotes the case of Voltaire, who came to England a few years after the passing of the act of the 8th of Anne, and made the foundation of his fortune by publishing under the protection of that statute. Voltaire's copyright was certainly invaded, but this in no way proves that the illustrious writer did not suppose he could be possessed of a copyright in England.

The great object of the Act of the 8th of Anne was proclaimed and received as an encouragement to learning, by vesting in authors (not particularising creed or country), under certain limitations, the possession of their works secure from piracy, and thereby inducing them "to write and compose good and useful works." It would appear that foreigners might write such works as well as Englishmen, and the inducement to write was held out to all alike. Sir E. B. Lytton argues that the law was designed solely for the benefit of the people of England. If so, why was not the omission specified? Lawyers are not in the habit of making such important omissions in framing a statute.

In the case of D'Almaine *v.* Boosey, in 1835, Lord Abinger ruled that a foreigner might have copyright under the statute. In Bentley *v.* Foster, the Vice-Chancellor Shadwell held the same opinion. The Court of Common Pleas affirmed the same doctrine in the case of Cocks *v.* Purday. And this view of the subject was supported by the Court of Queen's Bench in Boosey *v.* Davidson, and by Vice-Chancellor Knight Bruce in Ollendorf *v.* Black, in 1850.

It is true, that in opposition to all these decisions, a few may be cited of an opposite tendency. Such was the decision of the Court of Exchequer in 1845, in the case of Chappell *v.* Purday; and the same court adhered to like views in the case of Boosey *v.* Purday; as also in the case of Boosey *v.* Jefferys, tried in 1850. But this is only one court, acting probably upon a first and erroneous precedent embodied in its judgments, and which, when brought in May, 1851, before a Court of Error, consisting of the Judges of the Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, was *at once overruled.* Lord Campbell saw no reason for supposing that the Act excluded foreigners from its benefits, but held that the foreigner, if he published first in England, should be entitled to the same privileges and advantages as a native.

Not only then, with the exception of the apparently erroneous verdicts given in the Court of Exchequer, and corrected by the Court of Error, has the right of foreigners been the law of the land ever since the law of copyright has been in existence, but it has also been acted upon, and unquestioned (with the trifling instances before alluded to), up to the present time. Mr. Murray paid Washington Irving 3000*l.* for "Columbus," 2000*l.* for "Granada," 1000*l.* for "Bracebridge Hall," and 1500*l.* for "Tales of a Traveller." Mr. Colburn gave 1000*l.* for the "Tales of the Alhambra." Mr. Bentley has also invested considerable sums of money in the purchase of copyrights of the works of Irving, Prescott, and Cooper. Musical publishers, as Boosey, Cocks, Novello, and D'Almaine, have done the same thing. It has become the accepted practice, as well as the law of the land.

The introduction of cheap literature—the literature of the Rail—as it has been designated by the *Times*, in a one-sided article (on which we shall take occasion to comment hereafter), while in itself an

admirable mode of raising the intellectual tastes of all classes, and of conveying valuable instruction to minds able and willing to receive it, has also been productive of some little immorality of proceeding on the part of certain publishers. When Messrs. Sims and Macintyre and Mr. Routledge, for example, began to print cheap editions of Washington Irving's works, adapted for the railway market, Mr. Henry G. Bohn, acting on what he calls the example of certain "spirited" publishers in the music trade, who felt themselves justified in printing certain portions of the works of foreign composers which had been published as English copyright, set to work to oppose Mr. Routledge in the cheap publication of works of which another publisher (Mr. Murray) held the legal copyright: and this because Mr. Routledge had forestalled him in the publication of an American book!

"At or about this period," says Mr. Bohn, in the preface to his pamphlet on the Question of Unreciprocated Copyright, "several of my most popular copyright books had been reprinted in America, to my serious loss, and, on the other hand, an American book—"Emerson's Representative Men," of which I had arranged for the so-called copyright in this country—was reprinted against me by a London publisher (Mr. Routledge). As the rival printer of Emerson had previously begun reprinting Washington Irving's works, I at once determined on the double retaliation of printing Irving against him, and reprinting American literature generally."

But Mr. Bohn does not show how this mends his case as regards Mr. Murray and Mr. Bentley.

In the mean time, Mr. Murray served a notice of injunction on Mr. Bohn, and the same publisher has since commenced proceedings in the Court of Queen's Bench, a demurrer having been pleaded on the 9th of May, 1851, by Sir Fitzroy Kelly, and there, for the time being, the matter rested. But pending this litigation, one of the judgments of the Court of Exchequer—that of Boosey *v.* Jefferys—upon which Mr. Bohn relied, was "unexpectedly" reversed in a Court of Error over which Lord Campbell presided. Mr. Bohn, who seems to have calculated upon the supposed untenable character of a foreigner's copyright in this country as an excuse for his republication of Washington Irving's works, is induced, in consequence of this verdict, so unfavourable to his proceedings, to make the question a public one, by placing the piracy of the Americans in contrast to our generosity; just as the publication of Washington Irving's works, which had not cost him (Mr. Bohn) one farthing, stood in contrast to Mr. Murray's generosity, who had given thousands for the right of publication; and he (Mr. Bohn) prevails upon Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who is opposed upon principle to the right of copy being granted to foreigners except where there is reciprocity, to defend a bad cause, and become unintentionally the advocate of a personal wrong.

Divines, Chartists, Publishers, Authors, and Artists assembled to discuss the question—as one of reciprocity rather than as one at issue in a court of law. The Rev. Dr. Worthington regretted much, as every one else must regret, the pertinacity with which the Americans refuse all concession in respect to foreign copyright in their own country; but there is not a word in the printed report of the reverend gentleman's address in

which reciprocity of evil conduct on our part is advocated. Ernest Jones, the Chartist, moved, that "this meeting views with great satisfaction the recent decision of Lord Campbell, as a preparatory step to obtaining justice and an international copyright." Mr. Foggo argued, that by the existing law the foreigner might publish his works here and in his own country, while the poor English author might retire from his profession, as he had only the right of publishing his works in one country! Mr. Colburn expressed strong indignation against American piracies, arguing that retaliation was the only way to obtain international copyright, and judiciously recommending his brother-publishers never to give a penny for a foreign copyright while their own works could be pirated all over the world. Mr. Colburn did not, however, add, that if his brother-publishers had been induced, under the provisions of the law, to give considerable sums of money for the possession of a foreigner's copyright, they were not to be protected in the enjoyment of their property.

Mr. Jefferys, the musical publisher, stated that the same thing obtained in his line as in that of literature, viz., that musical publishers would profit more by protection in America than by anything they were likely to gain by reprinting foreign music here. No doubt the Yankees know that pretty well too. Mr. Cocks, however, stated, that in regard to music, this state of things was going by gradually both in France and in America. Hyde Clarke and Vizetelly supported the principle of foreigners holding copyrights in this country. George Cruikshank exposed, in a droll address, that art suffered as much as literature and music from the piracies of the Americans; but he said nothing about the question in point, whether forbearance or retaliation would be most likely to bring about a satisfactory adjustment. Mr. Macfarlane spoke also only in reference to the question of the loss sustained by English authors from American piracies. Henry Mayhew denounced the conduct of those who had reprinted the works of Washington Irving without the license of the English copyright-holders, but he "became so violent and personal," says Mr. Bohn's report, that "he was called to order;" and for the same reason, we suppose, Mr. Bohn has not printed his personalities. William Howitt stated his opinion that the decision of Lord Campbell had given a great monopoly to foreign authors. "I have, however," added the author of "Rural Life in England," "never heard but one opinion amongst them (the Americans)—that there is nothing they are so desirous for as a great international copyright." If this be the case, liberality on our part will be more likely to ensure so desirable an end than the shabby imitation of their wholesale piracies. The amendment is described as having been lost by a show of 100 hands against 27; but it will be remarked, that of the above speakers upon the real question at issue—the right of the foreigner to an English copyright—almost all who alluded to it spoke in its favour; Foggo and Colburn alone having advocated retaliation, and William Howitt having denounced the right as a great monopoly—which it undoubtedly is, to a certain extent—but it is a concession, freely and generously made, by a great and intellectual country, to gain a just and fair reciprocity from our American brethren. More will be done by advocating the cause of a generous admission to our own rights, than by disreputable retaliation.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

Chapter I.

"Our Tom shall be a gent! Our Tom shall be a gent!" exclaimed old father Hall to himself, with a hearty slap of his fat leg, as, after a careful casting-up of the sum "tottles" of many columns of many books, he at length faced the nervous total, and found he was worth—we don't know how much. The observation escaped the worthy man in the partitioned-off nook of a dingy counting-house, through a four-square window of which he could contemplate the clerks, ranged on either side of the banking and wool-stapling departments. For five-and-forty years old Hall had laboured assiduously in the two callings, having commenced as an office-sweeping-out errand boy, with twopence in his pocket; thence, passing up the sliding scale of clerkships into the heaven of junior partnership, he at length loomed out into Hall and Co.—the Hall being our friend, and the "Co." himself also. Young Tom—the youth that was to be a gent—was to old Tom pretty much what a faded keepsake or annual is to a new one. The bald, turnipy-shaped head of the father was reproduced in the round, light, hyperion-locked one of the son; the still keen, but now watery grey eye, again shone forth in cerulean blue; the very dimples in his grizzly cheeks reappeared in the downy ones of his son, whose gaudy-coloured, exaggerated Joinvilles gave ample scope and latitude to a fine double chin, which the old gent kept a good deal within the folds of a puddingy white cravat. Their figures, too, were the same—round, fat, humming-top shaped men, upon whose plump limbs the flesh wobbled and trembled as they walked.

Figures, figures, figures! Old Hall's head ran upon nothing but figures. His mind seemed to be formed of three red-ink columns, up and down which his thoughts circulated in the shape of pounds, shillings, and pence. He was wary, cautious, and watchful. He always seemed to be thinking that the party he was speaking to was setting a trap to do him out of money, perhaps to get him to discount a bad bill, or buy some damaged wool He could not answer a common observation about the weather without doing a little mental arithmetic while he thought the thing over.

"Fine day, Mr. Hall," farmer Barleymow would say, as he stumped along to the market.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and eighteen is thirty-nine. Yes, sir, it *is* a fine day," the banker would reply.

Sivin and four must have stood Hall in good stead at some season or

other of his life, for, to whatever length his calculations ran, he invariably commenced with "Sivin and four's elivin," and built up his column on that superstructure.

But to the "gent" department, as they say at the Crystal Palace.

The emphatic slap with which we opened the chapter startled the clerks and astonished "our Tom," who happened to be engaged on the wool-stapling side of the counting-house, arranging an ingenious piece of mechanism, by means of which he fished off old Mr. Trueboy the cashier's scratch-wig, suspending it in the air, like the top of a Dioropha carriage.* Tom, who was only half educated, was just of an age and calibre to be ready for anything—anything except business. His father had had to take him from a private tutor's, to prevent his marrying Miss Jane Daiseyfield, ninth daughter of Mr. Mark Daiseyfield, of Butterlaw Farm—a most amiable and elegant young lady, but who, like her sisters, was a "treasure in herself." Miss Jane, however, was not Tom's first heart-ache; he had been desperately in love with Miss Sowerby, daughter of his respected tutor, who had completely wheedled and talked herself into his good graces, notwithstanding she was quite as fair and almost as fat as himself. He was *desperate* for her, and the lady, though a trifle older, was equally enamoured of him. How this, his *premier* heart-ache—of which, we are concerned to say, he has since had many—might have ended, is immaterial, for Jane Daiseyfield's slim, angelic figure, raven locks, and bright Italian complexion, once seen, completely turned the cream of his affection for Miss Sowerby, and made him wonder how he could ever take up with her. Then Mrs. Sowerby, with the honest outraged feelings of maternal pride, unable to see a "mere *boy*" so put upon (though it was as good as forty pounds a year out of their pockets, notwithstanding our Tom had a good appetite), wrote to old Hall, cautioning him against the designing Daiseyfields; and Hall forthwith removed his son, and shortly afterwards complimented the Sowerby candour with a "T Cox Savory" teapot with a silver handle. And Miss Sowerby returned our Tom the heartsease and forget-me-not entwined white cornelian brooch, with a dignified but not altogether despairing note; and our Tom passed the brooch on to "dearest Jane," with a schoolboy scrawl of very infirm English, vowing that nothing but death should prevent his making her Mrs. Thomas Hall. And all these things being accomplished, he presently took a second-class fare home, falling desperately in love with his fellow-passenger, Lady Bedington's pretty maid, who he was only preventing offering to by the station-master at Fleecyborough refusing to book him on by the train she was travelling in. So Tom was left, cursing his luck and kissing his hand to her from the platform.

Chapter II.

Fleecyborough, the new scene of our hero's exploits, though more of an agricultural than a manufacturing town, was large enough to have many of the attributes of a manufacturing one; fairs, assizes, races, and so on; also a theatre and assembly-rooms, where town and county met in

* *Vide* Messrs. Rock and Corben's specimens of carriages—not wig-tackle—in the Crystal Palace.

scornful defiance. In this not unfertile field old Hall had amassed money in a quiet, unobserved, unobtrusive sort of way, until Young Hopeful looming on the scene caused people to be suddenly struck with the fact that old Hall must be very rich. Nor did "Tummus," as his father called him, keep his candle under a bushel; on the contrary, he was continually polishing the flags of Lark-street along with Mr. Padder, Mr. Capias's swell clerk, or Mr. Yawney, Mr. Drugmore the doctor's young man, or standing with them at the corner of Spooneypope-street, sucking his cane-handle, gazing at the passing vehicles, or criticising as much of the ladies' ankles as could be seen for their draggling dresses. He was always arrayed in the brightest, most glaring colours, the gaudiest shirts, with the most inexhaustible wristbands, the most varied and glittering studs, the most bepocketed Baden-towel waistcoats, the queerest, scrimpiest little jackets, and the widest, boldest patterned trousers, with the tiniest lacquer-toed boots peeping out below that ever were seen. So our Tom stood "a gent"—a character that in old Hall's estimation simply meant a man with plenty of money and nothing to do.

The worst feature of Fleecyborough for a gent was, that there were no gents to keep him company—at least, not till the afternoon. All the other gents were only gents from three or four o'clock or so; consequently our Tom's time hung rather heavily on his hands. He had fished off old Trueboy the cashier's wig until the operation had ceased to create a laugh, and his practical jokes upon the other clerks had exhausted themselves by repetition. *Bell's Life*, though a pleasing paper and full of varied information, would not last him a whole week; and even Miss Isinglass the pretty confectioner's vapid simper oftener set him yawning than she inflamed him by the regularity and beauty of her features. Fortune, however, soon after his arrival, came to our friend's assistance. So marked a young man could not but attract attention, and one afternoon, as he was disporting himself on three chairs in the bay-windowed coffee-room of the Salutation Inn, after the manner of St. James's-street club swells, as his friend Padder assured him, the well-known Major Fibs, of the Heavysteed Dragoons, then quartered at Fleecyborough, entered the room. The major was a tall, gaunt man, with full, wide-extending, sandy moustachios, that curled out into points like antelopes' horns. The major was about fifty years of age, nearly five-and-thirty of which he had spent in the army, and he had long taken an M.A. degree in all that relates to the ways of the world. What a Mentor for a man of our Tom's inexperience! to whom let us get him introduced as quickly as possible. Let us suppose Tom lolling at his ease, and the major entering the room.

Now the military being to a country town pretty much what the nobility are to London town, Tom's first impulse was to get up and offer the major the chair; but recollecting that he was a gent, and well qualified, as his mother often assured him, to "hold up his head," hinting, woman-like, that he might even aspire to one of the lord-lieutenant's daughters, he just rolled a fat leg off a chair, and gave it a sort of outward twist towards the man of war. The major's strapping figure relaxed into a pokerified sort of bow, while a sardonic smile played over his hursite features as he scanned the young greenhorn with his greenish grey eyes. *Bell's Life* being a far better ice-breaker than the weather, or even the

Crystal Palace itself, the major at once proceeded to ask Tom if he would have the "Goodneth," for he lithped a good deal. "to tell him if Charley Brick's little dog had won the great rat match at Edgebathton."

Now Tom had just been reading the column "Canine," and knew all about it; so he detailed to the major, with remarkable accuracy, how the little animal had won, and expatiated on the beauties and delicacies of the affair. The old major listened with marked attention, and, having discussed that point, he asked Tom if he thought he could pick him out the winner of the Rascal Stakes at Chippenham. Tom could not, but referred the major to the very promising column of prophets in *Bell's Life*, to one of whom, viz., the genius who advertises "that his tongue is not for falsehood framed," though we should think it was framed for nothing else, he thought of applying for racing information. The major then assumed the office of Mentor, cautioning Tom against these impostors, who, he assured him, were the veriest scum of the earth, who knew nothing at all about "horthes," and would infallibly bolt if they got any money into their hands. The major was warm and energetic on the point, feeling morally certain that he was equal to easing Tom of any superfluous cash he might happen to have, as he had eased many a youngster both in his regiment and out of it. And after a little more such agreeable and instructive conversation, the major tendered his hand, saying that he was glad to have had the pleasure of making Mr. Hall's acquaintance, and so departed.

CHAPTER III.

"SIVIN and four's elivin, and eight's nineteen—I don't know that that'll do you any good," observed old Hall, when Tom boasted at dinner that he had made Major Fibs's acquaintance.

"I don't know *that*," my dear, observed Mrs. Hall, coming to the rescue. "I think it's just the sort of company our Tummus should be in."

"Sivin and four's elivin, and forty-five is fifty-six—don't like the mil*in*tary," replied Hall, gnawing away at a chicken leg.

"That's only because Captain Sloper bit you," replied his wife. "You shouldn't judge of all by the faults of one. The harmy's a most 'onerable profession."

"Middlin'," replied Hall, who had had the offer of many other "bites" besides Sloper's—for escaping which he was more indebted to his own acuteness than to the candour of the would-be biters.

Tom, too, with the generous sympathies of youth, defended the major, whose conduct he eulogised in cautioning him against the advertising turf swindlers; and what between his wife and his son, old Hall soon found that he might as well hold his tongue.

Next day, as he was peering over the dingy green blinds of his bank, and saw Tom strutting by on the arm of the red-jacketed major, in the full enjoyment of the curious pleasure some little men feel in walking with very tall ones, the old man felt more pleased than pained at the sight. The major and Tom walked the streets for two hours, in the course of which time they met Mrs. Flareup's gold lace-hatted coachman, nine times watched the Miss Skippingtons into seven milliners' and other shops, and

got innumerable salutes from the soldiers. Their conversation was chiefly about "horthes," which the major criticised, or rather denounced freely as they passed, pronouncing one to be a rip, another a brute, a third a devil, a fourth a screw, and so on; opinions to which Tom freely assented, though he knew nothing whatever about them. Seeing the swaggering way in which Tom brandished his cane whip-stick, the major asked him what houndsh he hunted with, and being told that he had never been out but once, and then on foot, with old Mr. Bloatingford's beagles, he particularly recommended hunting to his attention, assuring him that the very best introduction for a young man of figure and fortune like him was to be found at the cover side. He then entered into a dissertation on the relative merits of Lord Heartycheers and Sir Harry Bulfinches' hounds, commenting on the skill of their respective huntsmen, and the powers and performances of their packs.

He also glanced at the composition of their respective fields, denouncing this man as a "jealous dog," that, as a "fine orthman," and concluded by asking our Tom to dine at the barracks on the morrow, being band-day, to which our friend readily assented, to which enlivening scene let us now adjourn. Although Fibs was not considered quite the thing in the regiment—at least not by some of the saucy subalterns, who, after all, might be no great judges of propriety, or might, perhaps, mistake for cheating what in reality were most useful lessons in the ways of the world—although Fibs, we say, was not considered quite the thing in the regiment, yet, being an intense toady of the colonel's —Colonel Blunt—who was no great skakes himself, they pocketed their dislikes and wined with our Tom in the hearty, liberal sort of way of men who have got to pay their share of the shot. The colonel, who sat opposite Tom, led the charge with a great stentorian voice, an example that was quickly followed by the major, taken up by Captain Pippin opposite, responded to by Mr. Mattyfat down below, followed by Captain Dazzler higher up, repeated by Captain Spill from behind the epergne, re-echoed by Captain Whopper in the vice-chair, chorused by Mr. Stalker on his left, and squeaked by little Mister Jug, the junior cornet, who was very industrious in the drinking way, and generally got too much wine every night. They all took wine with our Tom—the adjutant twice.

The consequence was, that our Tom got a very considerable quantity of hot heady wine during dinner, and soon felt at home among these jolly cocks, instead of rising from table as unacquainted with them as when he sat down, according to the frigid rules of high society, where people are neither introduced nor make acquaintance by asking each other to wine. We really think it would be an improvement on the modern practice if a host were to calculate how much a dinner would cost, and send a share of the money to each guest, with, "Company not required," as undertakers do with mourning at a funeral—a solemnity that a modern dinner-party very much resembles. Not so our mess, however, where everybody wined with our Tom; and what with the novelty of the scene, the dash of the uniforms, the tall, tawdry, liveried footmen, the massive plate, the general glare and glitter of everything except the plate, which was dull and pewtery-like, when the profane Cardigans mingled with the cut-glass decanters, and the

band struck up, and the orderlies went round with their books, our Tom felt as though he had imbibed the spirit of the Duke of Wellington, and could lead whole armies on to glory and renown.

The conversation, however, did not take a military turn, for Colonel Blunt, being a great, coarse, blackleg sort of man, soon turned it into his favourite channel, and after a very critical review of the previous week's sporting transactions, as detailed in the Sunday papers, he evoked an expression of opinion as to the propriety of matching his bull-terrier, Griper, against Bullhide the butcher's Holdfast, and the band striking up "Rory O'More" in the course of the discussion, he sent the adjutant to dismiss them as a noisy set of scamps. Having got rid of them, he resumed the subject, frequently directing his questions and observations to our Tom, who felt flattered by the attentions of the great commander, and his offer of allowing any one to go halves in the match rather hanging fire, Tom boldly closed with it, leaving it to the colonel to make it for any sum he liked. Having attentively scrutinised Tom's fat, vacant face, and considered whether he had better pigeon him or let his daughter have a run at him, he came to the conclusion that he might do both, and being in the secret of the then great-coming cross between Sledgehammer, the blacksmith, and Granitenob, the miner, the colonel accommodated Tom with the favourite at evens.

He then introduced the subject of some leather plating they were getting up among themselves—quite select—"*small* stakes—just for amusement, and to please the country folks—five pound forfeits—*only* five pounds!" and Tom dashed at them too. In fact, he was ripe for anything; but the prudent colonel thinking he had done enough, and many of the officers having retired on the appearance of a bottle with a white paper cravat, the colonel looked significantly at the major, who forthwith proposed retiring to his room and having "thum thardines or anthovies, or bitter ale and grilled bones, or thumthin' of that thort." The fat boy and the fat colonel then rose together, and the fat colonel seeing that the fat boy rather lurched in his gait, thrust his huge arm through his, and led him away before the now tittering remnant of his regiment.

"What a youth!" whispered one.—"Green as grass," observed another. —"In good hands," said a third.—"The old 'uns will draw him," tittered another.—"Never mind, he's plenty of wool on his back!" exclaimed a fifth.—"Right shop for getting it shorn in," rejoined the first speaker, who had had practical experience both of the colonel and his major. But we must accompany the departing worthies.

Colonel Blunt being quite a martinet in money matters, never compromising a good bet, or letting a youngster off a bad one, or out of a bad horse deal on the plea of inebriety, which he used to say was only an additional reason for enforcing the bet or the deal, were it only to cure him of the foul propensity—the colonel, we say, being quite a martinet in money matters, was anxious to "compare" with Tom Hall in private, so that there might be no mistake or misunderstanding in the morning. Seeing, too, how freely Tom rose at all manner of bait, he thought he might feel how the land lay with regard to entering him for his daughter —a most lovely and angelic girl, as her mother told the gents, or a fiery little fiend, as she occasionally told the young lady herself. Accordingly

he stuck to our friend Tom, even after he had got him safe down the stone steps of the mess-room and into the spacious star-canopied barrack-yard, looking so different in the dull, sombre garments of night, to what it did when he entered in the bright glare of day. Whether it was the night air, or the stars, or the young moon, or the young port, or the old cheese, or the green salad, we know not, but Tom's head ceased to serve him even as indifferently well as it had been doing, and his legs seemed inclined to rebel too. However, the colonel got him over the ground, and up to the end of a spacious wind-whistling passage, through which darkness was made visible by a few glowworm-looking lamps, aided by occasional gleams of light from partially-opened doors on either side, disclosing adjourned scenes of revelry, or emitting the fumes of tobacco. The major's soldier-servant, anticipating his master's coming, had got a couple of composite candles lighted, which cast a cheerful radiance over the crimson furniture and fancy fittings of the little room, and had even been so considerate as to lay a pack of cards on the table.

"Thit down, my dear feller—thit down," lisped the major, wheeling a semi-circular chair behind our friend Tom, which, taking him just behind the knees, sent him souse into it. The colonel then took possession of one opposite. Tom's head now began to swim. He thought the carpet was undulating, like the sham sea at a theatre, and clutched his chair manfully with both hands.

"I wish this chair mayn't come down with me," observed the colonel, as his chair began to creak under his enormous weight, for he walked seventeen stone.

"That would be ve—ve—very *awk*ward," stammered Tom, staring wildly.

"Oh, no, it things (sings) with me," observed the major from the adjoining cupboard of a room, whither he had gone under pretence of arranging his supper tray, but in reality to give the colonel an opportunity of taking Tom through hands.

"Well, I hope Bullhide won't whop us," observed the colonel, reverting to the dog-match, slapping his great brawny hands on to his enormous knees, and contemplating Tom just as a cat contemplates a mouse before pouncing. "I hope Bullhide won't whop us," repeated he, in a louder tone, Tom not noticing the observation.

"That would be ve—ve—ve—ry *awk*ward," replied Tom, after a pause.

"If the Nob beats the Hammer I shall want two ponies of you," observed the colonel, slowly and sententiously.

"That would be ve—ve—ve—ry *awk*ward," replied Tom.

"Humph!" grunted the colonel, fixing his eyes on the now open-mouthed, drooping-lidded, chubby-faced boy, and thinking whether it was worth while continuing the effort.

Just then Tom thought he felt the room begin to rock, and started forward with a violent stamp on the floor. Finding his mistake, he gave an idiotic sort of laugh, as if nothing particular had happened, and then essayed to sit bolt upright.

The colonel thought he would make one more attempt.

"You understand the terms of the Warrior Stakes," observed he, speaking very loudly, and leaning towards Tom. "It's a fifteen-guinea

stake, ten guineas forfeit, and only five if declared by the 15th. If you don't mean to run you'll have to pay five guineas."

"That would be ve—ve—very *awk*—ward," replied Tom, with much labour.

"Ay, but if you don't declare in time you'll have to pay *ten*," rejoined the colonel, with a knowing jerk of his great bull head.

"That would be ve—ve—very *awk*—ward," replied Tom, as before.

"Hang your awkwards!" growled the colonel, rising from his chair; and, going to where the major was still busy among his condiments, he whispered him "that the boy was drunk, and he (the major) must see that matters were right in the morning."

This the obsequious major promised to do, and bidding Tom "Good night," the colonel rolled off home, to take the usual revenge upon his wife and daughter that he did when things didn't go right.

And the major got a fly and took our Tom home to his father's.

Chapter IV.

Major Fibs was in town betimes the next afternoon, having double duty to perform, namely, to call the colonel's bets over with our Tom, and to caution him against the men in the regiment, who he thought would be likely to enlighten Tom as to their joint propensities. The mess dinner having made Tom common property, the major felt the urgency of the occasion; for though few of the men had been long in the regiment —which, indeed, seemed to act the part of conduit-pipe to others—yet they could all tell something against the colonel or the major, or both.

Not falling in with Tom in High-street, or Cross-street, or at the corner of Spooneypope-street, and seeing nothing of him over Paddington, the tailor "from London's" blinds, between the brush and soap bottles of Bergamot, the hairdresser's window, or in the coffee-room of the Salutation Inn, the major drew on to Miss Isinglass, the confectioner's, where he found our jolly friend sitting backwards in his chair, contemplating the young lady over a conical tumbler of capillaire and soda water. The major clanked in with his long brass spurs and coarse iron-heeled boots.

"Ah, my *dear* fellow, how d'ye do?" lisped he, as if the meeting was the veriest accident in the world. "Good mornin', Miss I.," continued he, addressing the lady, with a military touch of his gold-laced foraging-cap: "hope I don't intrude? as Paul Pry used to say," looking significantly at Tom; at which the lady smiled and hung her head, showing her auburn corkscrew ringlets to great advantage.

The trio then entered upon the interesting subject of the weather; the major wanting rain, to soften the ground, to train a ticklish-legged horse; Miss Isinglass wanting it fair, as she was going by the last cheap excursion train to the Great Exhibition, and Tom Hall not knowing exactly what he wanted. So they talked a very edifying pastrycook-shop sort of conversation. At length, having finished his beverage, and told Miss Isinglass to "tick it," Tom rose from his seat, and, with a parting leer, linked arms with the major, and sallied forth for a stroll, Tom observing confidentially to his friend that his "coppers were hot."

"I thought you were rather thleepy last night," replied the major,

suspecting that Tom might be wanting to cry off his bets on the plea of intoxication. "I thought you were rather thleepy," repeated he; adding, "That beethly band's enough to thet anybody to thleep."

The "sleepyness" was not the only reminiscence of the previous night's carouse, for, in addition to the ghost of a tune with his head-ache, Tom had awoke with a desperate military mania. Nothing would serve him but he would be a soldier. As he lay cooling his throbbing head against the pillow, he thought over the glories of a military career, the magnificent uniforms, the splendid dinners, the enlivening bands, the brazen trumpet's sound, the honour of belonging to the "Rag;" and he fancied himself capering about the streets on a splendidly caparisoned charger, with a red-and-white feather floating gracefully from his cocked hat.

"I tell you what," said he, squeezing the major's arm confidentially—"I tell you what, I've been thinking—that's to say, I've been considering—I mean, I've half an idea—I should like to go into the army."

"Hem!" mused the major, thinking how that would fit.

"And I should like to go into your regiment," continued Tom, eagerly; adding, "D'ye think I've any chance?"

"Not im*poth*ible," replied the major, making a good mouthful of the "*poth*"—"not im*poth*ible. The colonel's parthal to sthout men—likes them fat."

"Indeed," replied Tom, who didn't consider himself at all out of the way in that respect. "D'ye think he'd give me a commission?" asked Tom.

"Why, as to that," mused the major—"why, as to that, I dare thay he'd give you his interest, and he's thick with the old Dook; has a bed at Apthley Houth whenever he goes to town; indeed, I've no doubt the Dook would be only too happy to thervc him. But thee him yourthelf, my dear feller," continued the major—"thee him yourthelf, and ask him the question."

Tom walked on in silence, not exactly knowing how to set about it.

"You might call under pretenth of talking over your last night's beths, you know," suggested the major, "and that would give you an opportunity of theeing his daughter Anthelena, the most lovely creature you ever thet eyes on—things like a theraphum!"

The lady temptation was for the moment lost upon Tom by the sudden irruption of Granitenob and Griper, and Bullhide and the Warrior Stakes, upon his recollection. He now felt that, if he hadn't made the colonel's acquaintance thereby, he would rather not have made the bets; for, like the great John Gilpin, although on pleasure bent, Tom had a frugal mind—a deal of old Hall's cautious cunning about him.

"If you have any theiious thoughts about the army," continued the major, after a pause, "it wouldn't be a bad plan to humour the old gentleman by making a few more beths with him. It isn't the money he cares about," continued the major, "he likes the exthitement of the thing. Money!—bleth ye, he has more than he knows what to do with. I'll be bund to thay, Anthelena will have fifty thouthand punds—not fifty thouthand stock, but stock that will prodooth fifty thouthand tholid, thubstanthal thovereigns."

And Tom felt cheered by the assurance, and thought he saw his way through the Granitenob and other difficulties. If excitement was all the old boy wanted, he could accommodate him with that to any extent; and though aspiring to so great an heiress might appear presumptuous, Tom was not prepared to say but he was ready for the attempt.

"Is she pretty?" asked Tom, flourishing a cane whip-stick in an off-hand sort of way.

"*Beeau*—tiful!" drawled the major. "The most *beeau*—tiful figure and complexthon you ever thaw."

"Indeed," replied Tom. "I'll have a look at her."

"Do," replied the major. "I athure you, as a friend, she's well worth it."

"Hum!" mused Tom, wishing he hadn't given Jinny Daiseyfield the brooch, and wondering how he could get it back.

"The colonel's an exthellent cretur," observed the major as they sauntered along.

"He seems so," replied Tom.

"*Exthellent* cretur," repeated the major, with an emphasis and a twist of the points of his ferocious moustachios; "quite a father to all the young men in the regiment,—far too good for some of them, indeed," added he.

"What sort of chaps are they?" asked Tom.

"Why, between ourselves," replied the major, in an under tone, and hugging Tom's arm as he spoke,—"between ourselves—in strict confidence in course, for one doesn't like to speak ill of one's brother-offithers—there are some queerish blades among 'em; that Dathler, for instance, and Whopper" (both of whom the colonel and major had recently cheated in horses), "and Pippin, is no great things; but you've no occasion to trouble yourself about any of them; the colonel's the boy for you—stick to him. It's a far finer thing to be thick with field-offithers and colonels of regiments than with little whelps of boys like that little Mithter Jug, and Shuffler, and so on."

And Tom thought so, and fancied that he, too, might come to have a bed at Apsley House. The major interrupted the reverie by entering upon the more immediate object of his mission—namely, that of ascertaining how far the youth's memory retained the recollection of the overnight's transaction; and finding that he was pretty well "up" in them, he next sounded him as to his means of carrying them out, particularly as regarded the race for the Warrior Stakes. Hearing that his hunting-cane then constituted his whole equestrian stock in trade, the major hinted at the desirableness of getting horthes directly so as to get them into condithon before the season, observing that condithon was half the battle with a hunter; a fact that Tom was wholly unconscious of, being of opinion that a horse, like a carriage or a steam-engine, was always ready to go when wanted In short, Tom knew nothing at all about horses, and in more ways than one seemed to have been sent for the especial benefit of the gallant Colonel Blunt and his able and indefatigable coadjutor, Major Fibs. The major then proceeded to show how, if Tom got a nice orth or two, thummer'd *à la* Nimrod, which the major pronounced to be the most orthodox thystem, Tom might do a little cocktail rathin, and perhaps win a goodith sthake; all of which was extremely comfortable to our young friend's comprehension. The

major even hinted that he knew a very likely nag to do the trick; but he just mentioned this in a casual, incidental sort of way, addressing himself as much to the wall as to Tom Hall; and after a protracted saunter, the major at length parted with his amiable young friend, assuring him of his distinguished consideration, and returned to the barracks to report to the colonel; while Tom turned in for a four o'clock dinner at his father's, his head still harping on the army, and aching with the fine military port of the previous day.

Chapter V.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and ninety-four's a 'under'd and five," exclaimed old Hall in astonishment, planting his knife and fork erect with a thump of each on the table when our Tom broached the subject of soldiering. "Sivin and four's elivin, and ninety-nine's a 'under'd and ten—*wot the doose should you go into the army for?*" gasped he.

"Serve one's queen and country," stammered Tom, blushing, not expecting such a note of exclamation.

"Serve one's queen and fiddlestick!" replied old Hall, who, like Mr. Cobden, was all for peace and politeness.

Mrs. Hall was equally opposed, though on a different principle. She couldn't abear the idea of her dear boy being cut up by the Caffres, or burnt by the Indians, or peppered by the Irish, or prodded by the French. "No, no, Tummus musn't be a soldier. He must stay at home and comfort his pa and his ma."

But Tom was obdurate; and having always got what he wanted by standing out, he worked the subject morning, noon, and night. The old people took counsel together. Many were the expedients and diversions they suggested.

"It's a pity but we could get him into Lord Lavender's army," at length observed Mrs. Hall to her husband, one night after Tom had been unusually persecuting. "He would look uncommon nice in marmalade-coloured tights, and it's just the sort of company Tummus ought to be in."

Now Lord Lavender was the preter pluperfect tense of dandies; his hussars were the pink of the yeomanry cavalry of England, and officered by noblemen and swells of the first water. The facilities of railways enabled many listless, lounging, London bucks to beheard and bespur themselves, and take up their quarters at his noble mansion for fourteen days, eating and drinking and playing at soldiers in the park. His lordship, who had the soul of an army-tailor in the body of a nobleman, spent endless time and countless cash in the advancement of this his favourite hobby, and though in reality commanding but one regiment, it was as good as having two, for they were heavies in the morning and hussars at night. Red coats and horse-haired helmets, with leather tights and jack-boots were the marching order, while richly silver-braided, ermine-trimmed, lavender-coloured jackets and pelisses, and the aforesaid marmalade-coloured tights, with silver-tassel'd Hessian boots, annihilated the ladies of an evening.

None but the wealthy, or men with good credit, could go into the corps, for all the appointments were studiedly expensive, no German silver

allowed, and the lace was laid on as if it was impossible to get it thick enough. Into this "heaven of heavens" Mrs. Hall was desirous of intruding our Tom, or rather her Tom. We diverged at the point where she introduced the idea.

"Sivin an dfour's elivin, and sivin's eighteen—there wouldn't be much difficulty about that," replied old Hall.

"D'ye think not?" exclaimed his better half, in delight.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and eighteen's thirty-nine—think not," replied her husband, cautiously; "at least I take it not—I apprehend not."

Old Hall had been recently reading that great work of information his bank-ledger, wherein he had a concise view, not only of his lordship's affairs, but of the affairs of many other great men of the county, and finding that his lordship had what he called "overdr*oo*d most *de*sprate," he had very little doubt that he could have whatever he chose to ask for.

His wife, of course, urged him to ask for a commission for our Tom; and our Tom, though he had been desperate about the Heavysteed Dragoons, yet feeling, on reflection, that all the splendour in the world would be little worth if he hadn't dear Fleecyborough to exhibit it in, with becoming reluctance at length came into the arrangement. Old Hall, after duly considering whether he should address his lordship on the subject of the overdrood account, and allude to the commission in a postscript—or address him on the subject of the commission, and allude to the overdrood account in the postscript, at length chose the latter, and finally despatched a very business-like letter, beginning as high up the page as if he meant to fill the whole sheet, though, in reality, he only got through a third of a page, stating that his son, a very promising young man, who had just finished his education, was desirous of joining his lordship's regiment, and that he (the father) would esteem it a favour if his lordship would appoint him, for which he would be ready to pay whatever was required; adding, that he was his lordship's obedient, humble servant to command; and, as if by way of showing how little he was his servant in reality, he added this:

"P.S.—My cashier has just drowed my attention to your book, which he would like to have a little more evenly balanced before Christmas."

Chapter VI.

Words cannot express the rage Lord Lavender was in when he received the foregoing missive, which he did as he sat at breakfast with his family, who, as they will occupy a somewhat prominent position in our story, it may be well for the reader to become at once acquainted with.

His lordship, though past the hey-day of youth, had not been able to persuade himself of that fact. Indeed, he laboured the other way, and, by dint of belts, bands, washes, cosmetics, and dyes, managed to set half a century at defiance as successfully as any made-up gentleman we ever saw; and but for three full-grown, buxom-looking girls, to say nothing of a son or two out of sight, might have passed for a gentleman a little turned of thirty. The girls, unfortunately, looked older than they were, and, instead of the father's high-bred air and Italian-like complexion, took after their mother, who was fair, and now somewhat dumpy. Lady Lavender, though painfully aristocratic, now that she had scrambled into

the peerage, might have been a little higher bred without disadvantage. Indeed, it was not exactly known whence she came, the stud-books of humanity merely entering her as daughter of John Smith, Esquire, thus offering a wide field for the speculations of the curious. Be that, however, as it may, she was very highty-tighty, fully appreciating the advantages of position, and entering into the outraged feelings of her husband at such overtures as Hall's.

"Such impudence! Such presumption! What next, I wonder? Passes all comprehension. Will be offering to one of the girls next," observed her ladyship, throwing the wide, unenveloped letter from her with disdain.

"Who is it?" inquired Miss Maria Henrietta Jane, pricking up her ears at the sound of the word "offer."

"Oh, nobody—only your pa's banker writing about a cub of a boy of his," replied her ladyship.

"What! old fat throat!" exclaimed Maria, whose other two names we will now take the liberty of merging.

"What do *you* know about fat throats?" demanded his lordship with a frown, which might be caused either by the familiarity of the expression or the inconvenient postscript to the banker's letter.

"Oh, nothing," replied Maria, with a blush; "only we see a great porpoise of a boy in all the colours of the rainbow hanging about the streets and shop-doors at Fleecyborough, and—and—and—somebody christened him old fat throat."

"I dare say the somebody was yourself," snapped her ladyship; "you are always demeaning yourself with undue familiarity."

"Always!" exclaimed his lordship, who wanted some one to be angry with.

"Indeed I know nothing about him," replied Maria, quite innocently.

"*I* should hope not!" replied the lady-mother. "*I* should hope not!" repeated she, with great dignity. "I should hope no daughter of mine would demean herself by a plebeian connexion." So saying, she rose from the table and sailed out of the room, with as much stateliness as a dumpy lady all stomach up to the chin can assume, followed by her daughters, nudging and laughing and giggling at the idea of our Tom forming one of their select family circle.

Although his lordship had made use of at least a bushel of bad words in declaring his fixed determination not to sully his corps by admitting such a snob as our Tom, and had mentally consigned him to all manner of out-of-the-way and uncomfortable places, yet when he found himself in the solitude of his own room, with the ill-omened document before him, and a strong file of last year's unpaid bills at his elbow—some, indeed, beginning with the ominous words, "To bill delivered" so much—he thought better of writing in the indignant strain to old Hall that he at first contemplated; indeed, he believed it was best to be civil; most likely it was ignorance; the man mightn't mean to be rude—didn't know the regulations of his corps, and so on; so he would write him a polite put-off note, beginning, "Lord Lavender presents his compliments to Mr. Hall, and regrets exceedingly," &c.

Before he had got an answer combed out to his mind, a servant announced that Mr. Drearyman, the land-agent, was waiting for an audience,

and that dread functionary being admitted, and at length induced to take a seat, proceeded to pour out such a catalogue of grievances, such wants, such distress and poverty among the tenants, aggravated by the tedious prolixity with which Drearyman dwelt upon each item, that, before he was done, his lordship felt he would be fortunate if the estates did not bring him debtor instead of his having anything to receive.

Mr. Drearyman, indeed, drew a lamentable picture of the state of the country—a striking contrast to the pen-and-ink prosperity of some of the newspaper press. But there are no people so confident of the capabilities of land as those who have none.

When Drearyman at length took his departure, his lordship saw things in a different light. So far from gratifying Mr. Trueboy with an adjustment of his account, he felt satisfied that he would have to increase his obligations; and after a strong struggle between pride and pocket, pocket at length gained the mastery, and the haughty lord humbled himself before the griping banker, and, sinking all notice of Hall's postscript, wrote that he would have great pleasure in appointing Mr. Thomas Hall to a cornetcy in the Royal Lavender Dragoons and Hyacinth Hussars. By the same post he increased the weight of his obligations to the bank, by sending Madame Dentelle a cheque for her ladyship and daughter's long-standing account, for which he had had innumerable applications and assurances that the money was wanted, to enable Madame to meet a heavy bill coming due the then next week.

Chapter VII.

Old Hall's house was in the heart of the town of Fleecyborough, in Newbold-street, and, though substantial and well built, could not vie with the more modern plate-glass windowed mansions that had sprung up in the outskirts and newer streets. It was a dingy brick mansion, with heavy wood-work windows, a massive green door, and an old iron railing enclosing nothing. Newbold-street at this part was rather narrow, and only flagged on Hall's side, but some fifty yards to the west was an airy market-place, and the bank, forming part of the house, was what was called extremely "used" for business, the farmers popping in and out like rabbits in a warren. Though the bank was as dark and as dirty as a place could be, and the little partitioned-off nook, wherein we introduced the banker to our readers, was all the "sweating room" he possessed, it was wonderful the amount of business he did, and the agonies parties underwent in that vile den. "Sivin and four's elivin, and nineteen's thirty—I'm afeard this bill won't do," he would say to a ponderous farmer who wanted a little accommodation, or perhaps a good deal, to enable him to meet his rent. "Couldn't you get some 'un to join in a note?" or, to another, "Sivin and four's elivin, and fifteen's twenty-six—it's not convenient just now," returning the gaping goose his hopeless paper. "Ay—w-h-o-y—ar'll call again in haafe an hour," perhaps replies the innocent, not understanding the delicacy of the refusal.

But we are entering into the mysteries of Hall's calling, whereas our object is only to introduce his residence to our readers, preparatory to receiving company. We will now suppose our worthy friends in receipt of Lord Lavender's letter, and, the first transports of joy over, Mrs.

Hall castle-building—imagining a match between our Tom and one of the Miss Myrtles, his lordship's daughters.

"Our Tom shall have an Honourable for a wife!" exclaimed she.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and forty-one is fifty-two—I don't know that that would do him any good," replied Hall.

"Not do him any good!" retorted his wife; "why, it's the very thing that Tom ought to have—a high-bred lady for a wife, who'll take him to court, and into distinguished society, and make a first-rate man of him."

"Sivin and four's elivin, and eighty-three is ninety-four—I don't know that he'd be any better of that," replied the imperturbable banker.

"Not any better of *that!*" retorted his wife, who was all for advancement, and saw no reason why our Tummus should not marry a lord's daughter as well as Miss Nobody-knew-who Smith marry Lord Lavender; and so Hall and she got into a discussion on the point.

Their dialogue was interrupted by the most violent pounding of their hitherto peaceable brass lion-headed knocker, and before the astonished couple had recovered from the surprise, or speculated whether the bank was broke, or the house on fire, a second assault, if possible more furious than the first, thundered through the mansion, and caused a simultaneous rush to the drawing-room windows to see what was "oop," as old Hall said. A tall, gold-laced-hatted moustachioed footman, in a dirty drab great coat, was in the act of returning to a high yellow mail phaeton, picked out with red, drawn by a pair of silver duns, in which was seated an enormous Daniel Lambert-looking man in undress uniform, and a little shrimp of a woman in a mixed costume of faded finery, in the shape of summer and winter clothes. A green terry-velvet bonnet with a yellow feather, a large dirty ermine tippet over a light blue muslin gown, with a machinery-lace-covered pink parasol, bright yellow-ocre-coloured gloves, and black velvet bands, with long ends and bright buckles round her wrists, as if she had sprained them. Altogether—man, woman, vehicle, horses—a very remarkable turn-out. The servant is now waiting for orders.

"Ask if Mistress What's-her-name's at home," bellowed the monster, in a tone that sounded right into the house, and was heard by the curious on either side of the street, who had been attracted to their windows by the unwonted pounding of the door—"ask if Mistress What's-her-name—HALL'S at home," repeated he, catching the name, and flourishing his whip triumphantly over his stout Hanoverians.

"*O lauk!*" exclaimed Mrs. Hall, in dismay. "I'm not fit to be seen! I've got my old gown and a dirty cap on," glancing at herself in the eagle-topped mirror, as she hurried out of the room. "Not at home, Sarey!—not at home!" exclaimed she, leaning over the bannisters to the maid, who, startled over the remains of a currant dumpling, was rushing pale and frightened to the door. "Not at home, Sarey!—not at home," repeated Mrs. Hall, almost loud enough to be heard outside.

"Not at home!" blurted out Sarah, before the question was put at the half-opened door; and forthwith the lady in colours produced an elegant mother-o'-pearl card-case, and handed the footman an assortment of

various-sized cards for the not-at-homeites to help themselves to when they returned.

"Master's at home," observed Sarah, in a tremulous voice, with a laudable regard for the honour and credit of the bank.

"I THOUGHT YOU SAID NOT AT HOME!" roared the officer, in a voice of thunder.

"Master *is*, missis is not," replied the maid, timidly.

"AH—WELL, I'LL JUST GO IN AND SEE WHAT SORT OF A TIGER HE IS," observed the officer, in the same tone after a pause; and, depositing the whip in its case, he handed the pipeclayed reins to the lady, and descended with a swag that shot her up in her seat like a pea.

He was indeed a fat man, and his crimsom and gold belt was lost in the folds of fat at his sides. Having alighted on *terra firma*, he shook himself to see that he was all there, and then proceeded to labour in on his heels, paddling as it were with his short fat fins of arms.

The tiger had got himself into his lair ready for a pounce before the heavy man got creaked up-stairs to the door which Sarey had left wide open, after a hurried, half-frightened exclamation of "The gentleman, sir"—hoping she was right in letting him in—fearing she was wrong.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and forty-five is fifty-six—what the deuce can the feller want with me?" muttered old Hall to himself. "Sivin and four's elivin, and ninety-five's a 'under'd and six—he'll stand a dooced bad chance of gettin' a bill done after that impittence," thinking of his calling him a tiger. "Sivin and four's elivin, and a 'under'd and fifteen is a 'under'd and twenty-six—what a time he is in gettin' up," thought he, as the ponderous heavy-breathing man still laboured at the ascent. At length he appeared at the door.

"Mr. Hall (puff), I believe (wheeze)," gasped the officer, snatching his gold-laced foraging-cap off his great round head, and giving an uncouth bow with a kick out behind.

The banker acknowledged the impeachment without rising from his seat.

"I've called (puff)," roared he,—"that's to say, Mrs. Colonel (wheeze) Blunt and (puff) I have done Mrs. (wheeze) Hall the (gasp) honour to call. I mean to say," continued he, waddling across the room to an easy-chair as he spoke,—"I mean to say, Mrs. Colonel Blunt and (wheeze) I have done our (gasp) *selves* the honour to call on Mrs. (puff) What's-her-name," sousing himself into the chair as he spoke, "to ask you to come to a little (puff) entertainment—music—mornin' hop, *thé dansante*, as she calls it, or ear-ache and stomach-ache, as I call it; and your (puff) son—how's your (puff) son? James, that's to say—fine young man (wheeze), great favourite of mine (puff); great (wheeze) pleasure in making his (gasp) 'quaintance. And your daughter; oh! I beg (puff) pardon, you haven't a daughter. It's Mr. Buss who has the daughter (puff); you towns-people are all so (puff) alike, you puzzle one. It's Mr. Buss who has the daughter—(puff)—dev'lish ugly girl she is too (wheeze); ugliest girl I ever saw—nasty-looking girl, I should say. He—he—he! Haw—haw—haw! Ho—ho—ho!"

Hall accompanied this speech, or rather parts of a speech, with the following mental commentary:

"Sivin and four's elivin, and forty-nine's sixty (what a fat man he is), and sixty's a 'under'd and twenty, and ninety's two 'under'd and ten (I wonder whether he'll be asking me to do a bill), and twenty-nine's two 'under'd and thirty-nine" (that's a piece of impittence callin' Tummus, James—knows his name's Tummus as well as I do), and forty-five's two 'under'd and ninety-four (Miss Buss *is* an ugly girl);" and, as Hall hated old Buss, the censure of the daughter rather expiated the offence of calling Tummus, James.

"Thank you, sir,—that's to say, colonel—that's to say, sir—that's to say, Colonel Blunt," replied Hall, after the monster had exhausted himself. "Mrs. H. and I are much obliged by the compliment of this call. *Tummus, not James*," continued Hall, eyeing the monster intently,—"*Tummus, not James*," repeated he, "will have much pleasure in accepting your note,—that's to say, your *invitation*," continued he, with an emphasis, shuddering lest the inadvertency should lead to the production of a bill-stamp.

"Oh, but *you* must come too," roared the now-recruited colonel; "you must come too—*you* and *Mrs. What's-her-name*, and all—hear my daughter play—finest performer in the world!—quite divine!"

"Sivin and four's elivin, and forty-eight's fifty-nine—there's a darter in the case, is there?" mused Hall. "Thank you, sir—that's to say, colonel," replied he, aloud. "You're very good; but music's not much in my way."

"Why, as to that," replied the colonel, with a shrug of his great shoulders—"why, as to that, I've no great eye for music myself; but the women like these sort of fandangoes, and we must knock under to them sometimes, you know—he, he, he!—haw, haw, haw!—ho, ho, ho!" his fat sides shaking like a shape of blancmange.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and eighty-three's ninety-four—my black shorts wouldn't show well by daylight," mused Hall, "and Mrs. H. would be sure to want a new gown to go in. No, I thank you, Mister Colonel," resumed Hall, aloud; "you're very good, but it's really quite out of my line, and Mrs. H., though very well at home, don't do to take abr*oo*ad."

Just as Mr. Hall made this unfortunate declaration, the lady who "didn't do to take abr*oo*ad" made her appearance, a splendidly revised edition of the one that had fled. A fine fly-away cap, with full forty yards of twopenny pink ribbon, graced the back of her silvery-streaked head, while a most elaborately-worked collar drooped over her shoulders, concealing the frays and little deficiencies of a shot-silk dress, that assumed a variety of colours according to the light.

"Oh, here's Mrs. Buss!" exclaimed the colonel, as she entered; "here's Mrs. Buss herself!"

"I say, Mrs. Buss, what d'ye think your husband says?" roared the military monster, treating her just as he would a barmaid—"what d'ye think your husband says? He says, by Jove! that you're very well at home, but you don't do to take abroad—he, he, he! Now *I* should say," continued he, eyeing her intently—"*I* should say that you're a devilish deal better looking woman than he is a man—haw, haw, haw!—ho, ho, ho! But, however, never mind," continued he, checking his guffaw; "I'll tell you what I've come about—I'll tell you for what I've come

about. Mistress Colonel Blunt and I have called to ask you to come to a *thé dansante*, or dancing tea, as she calls it; or ear-ache and stomach-ache, as I call it—you and your husband, and my friend Charles—so now you must come," continued he, rising and rolling out of the room, leaving old Hall and his wife to settle the question of looks between them at their leisure as soon as they recovered from the petrifaction of astonishment into which his condescending visit had thrown them. The colonel then stumped down stairs, and climbing up into the phaeton, resumed the whip and reins, roaring out as he squashed himself into his seat, "RUMMEST COUPLE I EVER SAW!" He then flourished the whip over the Hanoverians, the tall footman clambered up behind, and the rickety vehicle went jingling, like a tambourine, over the uneven pavement, to the delight of the children and the admiration of the country folks, who thought it a most splendid turn-out.

"MANY YEARS AGO."

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

WE have roamed the woods together
When the sun was low,
In the sunny summer weather,
Many years ago.
And we visit still the places
Where we used to stray,
But how many absent faces
Miss we by the way?
Since we roamed the woods together
When the sun was low;
In the sunny summer weather,
Many years ago!

I remember those bright flowers,
Still they seem to grow,
That we pluck'd in childhood's hours
Many years ago.
Now around us, sporting, smiling,
Happy children stray,
They the woodbine wreaths entwining
As in our young day,
When we gather'd those bright flowers,
Still they seem to grow,
That we plucked in childhood's hours,
Many years ago!

Few the blessings life can give us
Others may not know,
They'll look back, who may outlive us,
Many years ago.
Others, too, will haunt the places
Where our children play,—
Fondly as our mem'ry traces
May *they* calmly say—
"We have roamed the woods together
When the sun was low;
In the sunny summer weather,
Many years ago!"

REMINISCENCES OF BADEN.

It was our lot to reside for many years at the Queen of Watering-places, and during the course of that time we witnessed much, both curious and instructive. We lived in the midst of the storm-boding events of 1848, and the awful desolation of the ensuing year, after the thunder-cloud had burst. We saw princes tottering on their thrones, and even then breaking their plighted word; and a nation so intoxicated by the first fumes of liberty, that it slept away in inglorious inactivity the fair season in which to become great and free. But beside all this, much has attracted our attention which casual tourists would be apt to neglect; and this we now humbly venture to submit to our readers, our purpose being to amuse those who have not been to Baden, while at the same time we trust we shall not fatigue those who have already visited "les Eaux" and "la Foret Noire;" and, as the Limonadier of the Quartier Latin remarked to his "pratique," when expressing their astonishment at the alarming development of hair on his upper lip, drunk "la bonne Biére de Mars" at the fountain-head, which Major H., of the Baden Artillery, so aptly rendered by a "verre de Brasse."

This hero, who was more conversant with the word of command than the French language, once had occasion to pay a visit to Strasburg. In great doubts as to his own capacity to express his wants, he was still so overcome by his natural thirst and the heat of the weather, that a "choppin" of beer was absolutely necessary before he could go further. Imagine his joy at seeing the magic word "Bierbrauerei," painted in large letters on a board beneath the word "Brasserie." By a mental operation, as Aldrich, in his Logic, hath it, he soon discovered that "Brasserie" and "Bierbrauerei" must mean the same thing; and by a further process of ratiocination, concluded that "Brasse" must be the French for "Bier." So he boldly walked in, and summoned the waiter with the authoritative command, "Garçon, un verre de Brasse."

Baden-Baden is, in sooth, a pleasant place, which none can leave without regret; some at their losses to Mons. Benazet, others at being compelled to bid adieu to the delightful scenery. A philosopher might here study, with advantage to himself, the mutability of fortune: he may see a "Milord" arrive with a dashing equipage, and observe him, within a week, modestly retiring from the stage of his late splendour, leaving behind him horses, carriage, and all!

But of all the gay scenes, none surpasses the Promenade in front of the Conversations Saal, where, on a fine afternoon, the company sit beneath the orange-trees, sipping coffee and listening to the band. To this circumscribed sphere every nation of the civilised world sends its representatives. Here may be seen Americans glowing with all the hues of Parisian fashion, and, like Christmas turkeys "hung in chains," as retiring and modest as they usually are. What more striking proof can be furnished, than by a conversation which the writer had the fortune to hear between two of these gentlemen and the proprietress of the Reading-room. They were engaged in paying their subscription, and in the course of the conversation one of them asked:

"And what countrymen do you suppose us to be?"

"Englishmen, of course," the lady replied.

"I thought so," was the next remark, accompanied by a bland smile of pity at her ignorance. "Let me inform you, my good lady, that when you hear English spoken with remarkable purity, you may lay it down, as an established rule, that the speaker is an American—not an Englishman."

Poles, who are always disappointed in the arrival of their remittances, which have been unaccountably delayed, and who, in consequence, are ever ready to borrow from the person to whom they impart their anxieties any sum from a franc upwards, to be repaid on the arrival of the said remittances, but as they never do come, the liquidation of the debt is deferred to the Greek Calends, Chevaliers d'Industrie, and of the Legion d'Honneur, who yet have no honour but that typified by the red ribbon attached to their button-holes—Alsacians of a cunning and astute appearance, who realise Æsop's fable of the bat, which was neither bird nor beast, by being neither French nor German, and speaking a "Kauderwelsch," which bears no resemblance to either language: and, indeed, where but at Strasburg would it be possible to hear such an apostrophe as the following? which we carefully recorded in our note-book on the market-place of that city:

"He da! Bourgeois! Voulez-vous des navets? 'sind nit hölzig, 'sind nit pelzig (*i. e.*, they are neither woody nor woolly). Prenez où prenez pas—wenn Sie aber nit nehmen, so kimmt Musieu le Caporal und giebt mir un sou davantage."

Then there are Russians, bearded like the pard, who, by avowing liberal principles, induce their countrymen to give expression to their complaints, and then, on returning to their hotel, transmit to the paternal government of St. Petersburg a full account of all that has been said, with the additional "haut goût" of their own inventive talent. Now and then, too, may be seen a swarthy and scowling "Sclave," wrapped in his dingy Bunda, and carrying a bundle of mousetraps, which he offers for sale while cursing the Suabes to whom he offers them. Swarms of artists flock hither from Germany, from Dusseldorf to Munich, and line the passages and stairs of the hotel where any exalted personage takes up his abode with their own productions, in the hope of covering the expense of a 'Bad reise" by the sale of a picture. Next we have a heap of Puseyite parsons, who glow with a mild fervour when speaking of the splendours of a Catholic church, and praise the wondrous effect of a brass band that plays in the Cathedral of Cologne at high mass, while they mildly repine at the crass obstinacy of their parishioners, who cannot be persuaded to regard the matter in the same æsthetic way as themselves. Then the peasants who flock in on Sundays, the women in red petticoats and black bodices; the men in blue cotton coats, flat three-cornered hats, red waistcoats, and high well-greased boots, who expend their "hoarded Batzen" in cheap jewellery, and gaze with wondrous looks on the tightly-laced Parisian mam'selles. And here let us not neglect to record an anecdote relative to one of these peasants, who, on the railroad being opened from Baden to Oos, had a great desire to travel by it, and so went to inquire the price by the Stehwagen. On being told six kreutzer, with the love of bargaining so peculiar to this race of beings, he offered four, which was of course refused, and he walked away. He had

not gone far before the whistle was sounded on the train starting, and thinking it was a signal to him that his offer was accepted, he turned round and said:

"Ihr mögt peifen—i kimm nimmi zurück"—"You may whistle, but I shan't come back."

Besides all these, there are our own exports and specimens in the great foreign exhibition; but these deserve a separate paragraph.

Make way there for the great Captain Bobadil. Who does not know him, that has visited those towns on the Continent where Englishmen most do congregate? Admire the pendant moustache and huge beard, which render him so like one of Salvator Rosa's brigands modernised. The gentleman he is walking with is Mr. Theophilus Muff, as we learn by the "Fremden Buch" of the hotel where he is stopping; B. A., or, as he has written it, "Bachelier ès Arts," of Teakettle Hall, "Gebürtig aus," Sappington, "Wohnhaft in," Oxford, and on the road to Rome—not the only B. A., be it said parenthetically, who is bound the same journey. We also happen to know, fortunately for our readers, that Theophilus Muff, in the opinion of his friends, wrote the best prize poem for the Newdigate, but by some unaccountable mistake the palm of merit was awarded to another. He lately passed his examination in a manner so creditable to himself and his tutors, that it has gained him immortality in the columns of the *Sappington Independent*, the paper which bore such an undaunted front in the great Gorham case, and whose letters, signed "No Humbug," are confidently said to have materially influenced the Privy Council in their late decision. The paragraph to which we allude commenced thus:

"It affords us great satisfaction to be enabled to inform our readers that the worthy head-master of our excellent grammar school, Dr. Ferule, has gained fresh laurels for his brow by the unexampled success of our talented townsman, Mr. Theophilus Muff," and so on.

Muff, of course, learned French when at school, but it appears to him that there must have been a great change in the pronunciation since he benefited by the instruction of Monsieur Tabatière; but as he justly remarks, "With a people so fond of changes in the government, it would be surprising were no alteration in the language to take place." See how well satisfied he is at walking up and down the Promenade side by side with the distinguished Captain Bobadil, who, with that condescension which is the characteristic mark of a truly great man, addressed him during the morning in the reading-room. With what reverential awe he listens when the captain, in his off-hand manner, speaks of the intimate terms on which he stands with kings and their ministers! Let us too listen for an instant.

"You came through Brussels, I presume, sir? It is a very nice town. I lived there for some time, to be near my friend Leopold, but, 'egad, sir, I was obliged to leave, the place became so low, and the society at the Royal Balls was infernally mixed. I warned Leo of it, when he asked my advice about accepting the throne; but wilful men will have their own way. He used often to send me a boar's head when hunting at Laeken, with a hint that he would drop in at six to dinner—and, 'egad, sir, I never begrudged a couple of hundred francs to do honour to the royal guest and his present."

Were we to tell Muff that Bobadil has only a lieutenant's half-pay to support himself, his wife, and six children, would he believe the malicious tale? We unhesitatingly answer, "No."

But, see! a sudden gloom has overspread the captain's countenance. Now he is speaking of the brutal conduct of the government towards him. "The first lord was jealous, sir, of my humble abilities—you understand me?"—and so on. The rest is lost in his ample beard.

Bobadil, however, once had his revenge in rather a comical way. One of England's most distinguished statesmen visited a much-frequented Bad for the benefit of his health, where the captain was for a time residing, and in accordance with the custom of the place went to the reading-rooms each morning alone. Here he fell into Bobadil's clutches, who was frightfully enraged at not meeting with that attention which he considered he merited; in point of fact, Lord —— paid no regard to him or his complaints. On this account, Bobadil vowed vengeance, and he had it. Lord —— read the papers for a fortnight, and never thought of the daily twelve kreutzer he ought to have paid. The old Jew who kept the rooms fell into a frightful state of alarm, as he did not know his visitor's rank, and asked his old friend the captain whether he knew the gentleman. "What, hasn't he paid you?" asked the captain; and on hearing it was so, he added, with fiendish joy, "Then he never will—he never pays anybody; but as the first loss is the best, I would recommend you to ask him for the money the next time he comes." The Jew followed his advice; in expressive, though not very choice French, he informed Lord —— he expected to be paid at once; and if not, he should summon the police to his aid. Of course a most ludicrous scene ensued when the Jew learned the nobleman's name; and thus Bobadil repaid his insulting silence.

The next specimen is the Honourable Captain Fitzspavin, without exception the best *cicerone* a philanthropist like the revered Howard could have, for he is intimately acquainted with the interior of every gaol on the Continent, and is equally great at selling a horse or a friend. He must have obtained some money somewhere, for, see how eagerly he rushes up the steps which lead to the Conversation's Saal. He'll now play till it is all gone, and then he will exert his wits in devising some fresh scheme to replenish his pockets. It is strange that a man so clever in gaining money should be so deficient in the requisite talent to keep it; but, "Ainsi va le monde."

You are looking at that portly gentleman with the sleek smile and sparkling eye; surely you recognise him? It is the Reverend John Doubleface, who edified us so greatly at Xhausen by the refreshing sermon he preached. If you happen to be in the Kursaal next Sunday evening, you will see him, when he thinks nobody is looking, with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, and pushing a Kronenthaler on to the zero rouge.

But these pictures may be multiplied *ad infinitum*. Let us turn to more grateful subjects. The Lichtenthaler Allée is a pleasant scene on a bright summer afternoon, filled as it is with carriages, from the King of Würtemberg's coroneted and well-equipped calèche down to the banker's wife from Carlsruhe, who parades her Iris-rivalling splendour in a humble drosch, while her husband is essaying his infallible martingale

at the green table. And then, again, at the end of the season, Monsieur Benazet, with a count as his huntsman *en chef*, gallantly provides stags from the grand ducal park, and gives luncheons worthy of Apicius to those who have confided their money to his coffers, or else brings boar pigs from France to be speared by the chivalrous nobility of Europe. How pleasant, too, the balls in the "Salle des Fleurs"—heretofore so free from the taint of exclusiveness which the travelling English have lately introduced—the air redolent with the sweet-smelling orange-trees, and the thousand-and-one perfumes to which odoriferous Paris gives birth; or the Trinkhalle, with its frescoes, which allure the gazer to visit the fairy scenes which Götzenberger has so well depicted; or else the Restauration Saal, with its dainty *table d'hôte*, where such conversations as the following may be heard between stout Englishmen and waiters:

"Garçon, un biftek."

"Oui, monsieur; avec blaisir."

"No, no; avec des pommes de terre."

One of the pleasantest amusements we know, is to sit in front of Mellerio or Buffa's shops, at the little round tables, and play at chess or dominos; nor is any lack of opponents to be feared, for there is an *habitué* of Baden, who is such a *fanatico* that he constantly walks about with a chessboard beneath his arm.

And if none of these scenes satisfy our craving, we can take an agreeable walk to the Alt Schloss, and breakfast beneath the umbrageous oaks, whence, by-the-by, the writer had the fortune to see the great Lola expedited by two fierce gendarmes, and convoyed to the railroad station, in 1846, on account of certain eccentricities of behaviour she had displayed on the preceding evening in the Kursaal. She, however, escaped on this occasion better than she did in 1848, when passing through Baden from Switzerland, for then the students shamefully ill-used her at the station in Heidelberg, and compelled her to fly further. In spite of Lola's almost sovereign authority in Munich, the pot-valiant Münchener gave vent to many sly jokes about her, the *Fliegenden Blätter* taking the lead, and cleverly managing to evade the censorial shears. One caricature had a great run, representing the king as Io, and Lola as the vengeful οιστρὸς, in the shape of a huge Spanish fly. The following lines also excited considerable attention, for the author had the audacity to affix them to the door of the Countess Landsfeldt's mansion:

Un jour Lola,
Bel oiseau, s'ènvola
Vers un pays chéri de Loyola:
Elle trouva là,
Un roi poéte—et puis—le cajola
Et de caresses l'accabla.

Du roi la tête se troubla—
Il affubla Lola
Dans un beau falbala—
Des titres, des bijoux, en veux tu—les voilà.

Le ministére s'assembla
Et voulut chasser Lola—
Mais c'est lui qu'on exila
La cour bela

Le bourgeois beugla,
On siffla Lola,
On persiffla le roi—hola!
Malgrè cela,
Lola est toujours là,
Et puis voilà—
Vive le roi, Lola et Loyola!

Spite of all her faults, Lola did some good in her unquiet way, and the king was perfectly right when he wittily said, "Had her name not been Lola, but Loyola Montes, she would have still been in Munich." A plain proof in what awe her power was held, is furnished by the well-avouched fact that not only the so-called Austrian party at court offered her 20,000*l.* to go away quietly, but that the ecclesiastical and temporal nobility, who formerly managed state affairs in Bavaria, had, on several occasions, shown themselves well-disposed to form a coalition with, and gain an ally in, her. Even the ministers who had been appointed through her influence would have gladly conceded her a certain share in the government, had she not wished to become more than the other royal mistresses, Mesdames Lizius, Dahn, &c., had been—that is, mediators between the king and ministers. These ladies had been satisfied with receiving advice and hints from ministers in weighty state affairs, and with cleverly conversing with the king about them, discovering his views and wishes, and then imparting them to the ministers. But Lola would not be servant to any one—she wished all to become her slaves. She hated the ecclesiastics—she detested the nobility—not through any democratic feelings, but because the laws of society prevalent in Germany did not suit her; for even in Munich they set certain bounds on her passions and her avarice, which despised every effort at concealment, and she deemed even common prudence a restraint on her liberty.

Still, though Baden is so delightful a place in summer, yet we must confess we prefer it in winter. At that season the amusements are ever varying, and a sociability exists which it is not possible to maintain during the summer months. We have balls given by the "Leseverein" and the "Bürger-Gesellschaft;" the haute volée also play their part, by holding, fortnightly, reunions at the Zähringer Hof. The pedestrian may find ample entertainment by a walk to Lichtenthal, where Graf is ever ready to welcome him with a warm room and cold beer, and a hissing caldron on the top of the stove, filled with "Knoblauch, meth, or Blutwürsten," while his Jung Bier preserves its well-merited reputation, and is even better than the "Lager Bier" he dispenses in summer, these being the names given to the winter and summer brewage, as during the former season beer is being constantly brewed, but, in the latter, they are obliged to brew it all at once, and lay it up in a "Felsen Keller," whence it derives its name of "Lager Bier." At the Fremersberg, too, he will always find a welcome and a shelter, go when he may; or he may extend his walk to Ebersteinburg, Sinzheim, or Steinbach. One great amusement, to which we can hardly grant the name of sporting, is the "Meissen fang," or capture of titmice, which occupies a large proportion of the population at large during the months of November and December. The orthodox method of proceeding is by carefully searching for a place in the surrounding woods, generally near the

Yburg, where the birds usually feed, and there a hut is formed of pine boughs, large enough to conceal two persons. An aperture is left in the front, through which a piece of wood is extended, with springes of horse-hair hanging on either side. A tame titmouse is fastened on the other end of the stick, and by his twittering he induces his unfortunate relatives to enter, when they are soon despatched by having their necks twisted. We have known two persons catch as many as 1500 birds in the course of an afternoon. They are esteemed a delicacy, and are eaten like larks in England. If snow intervene, still there is no cessation to our amusement, for then the sleighs come into use, and fly with hundreds of tinkling bells through the streets. The chief inconvenience of winter is the "Glatteis," formed by rain falling on the congealed earth, and making one entire sheet of ice; and as the streets are all paved with small round stones, tumbles in abundance may then be predicted. At such times it is a common occurrence to see a party of citizens, on leaving their tavern, deliberately pull off their boots, and walk home with stockinged feet, which is the only safe method of locomotion. The Carnival is also kept up to a certain extent, and a "Narren-Verein" holds its sittings during the month of February.

As regards legitimate sporting, shooting may be had in abundance, extending for miles round the town, as, since the revolution of 1848, the crown lands, heretofore so strictly preserved by the grand duke, have been given up to the corporation, and they have let them to a party of citizens, from whom permission to shoot may be purchased for about eight florins annually. Roebuck, hares, partridges, woodcock, and snipe, may be met with, the two former in considerable abundance, though the chevreuil have been sadly thinned by the peasants, who, on the abolition of the game-laws, went out *en masse*, with every description of firearm—muskets, pistols, and the long rifles with which their fathers had so mercilessly received the French, when they tried to force their way through the Acherner Thal. It may be imagined what devastation was done, when the writer states that upwards of 200 head of roebuck were sold in one day on the market-place of Strasburg for half-a-crown apiece. Another sad blow and heavy discouragement for sportsmen was the so-termed revolution of 1849. On the Prince of Prussia passing through Baden-Baden, martial law was proclaimed, and all guns, &c., ordered to be given up, and deposited in the Town Hall, under pain of death. This was, of course, directly complied with, and all went on quietly till six o'clock in the evening, when the Prussians marched to Oos, where they encamped for the night. At about eight, however, the Nassau and Mecklenburg contingent marched in, and in a very short time broke into the Town Hall, and carried off nearly 200 fowling-pieces, all of considerable value, and among them eight belonging to a Prussian Graf. Maugre all our exertions, we never saw any of them again, though we heard of them all up the country to Constanz, and found they had been sold to Jews from Strasburg, who doubtlessly made a rich harvest by them. All the satisfaction we obtained was, that we should send in our claims to the respective governments, and when matters became quiet again, they would be examined into. One trick, however, these godless soldiers practised at Lichtenthal is too rich to pass unnoticed. They persuaded a poor simple gardener of the convent to

purchase a gun of them, inducing him to do so by the low price they asked. He was foolish enough to buy it for about a pound, but had scarce arrived home when a picquet seized him for having arms in his possession, in contravention to martial law, when he was imprisoned for three weeks, and sentenced to five-and-twenty blows with the haselnuss stock, while the informer, the very fellow who sold him the gun, received a reward for his keen scent after hidden weapons.

It appears to us that the whole affair of 1849 has been greatly misunderstood in England. It has been termed a revolution, though, in in point of fact, nothing of the sort took place. A public meeting was convened at Offenburg on the 6th of May, at which a petition to the grand duke was drawn up, strenuously urging the necessity of the constitution being called into life—a step considered requisite, as the grand duke had been playing fast and loose for a considerable time. On the following Tuesday some drunken life-guardsmen, who had been conducting prisoners to the Penitentiary at Bruchsal, on returning to Carlsruhe, gave three cheers for Hecker. In consequence of this, the duke expressed his opinion that it was impossible to live in such a state of things, and therefore quietly departed. The chamber was taken unawares by this unexpected defection, and, as the government was at a stand-still, eventually established a dictatorship under Brentano.

It was, in truth, curious to see the different manifestations of joy and sorrow on the countenances of the bourgeois of Carlsruhe when this event took place—those notable heroes who, in the stormy times of 1848, after being enrolled in the Burgerwehr and armed, patrolled the streets without any weapons of attack or defence, for fear the workmen of the "Kesslersche Fabrik" might fall on them and deprive them of their weapons. But now their ardour was excessive in all the Bier and Wirth Stuben, and all vowed they were ready to fight, and, if need must, die for the republic, though, when called upon to furnish their quota to the expenses of the war, all set more value on their money than their lives. Oh, these bourgeois! whose salient points Glasbrenner has so excellently described in his "Hauptkennzeichen eines Philisters."

The Philistine is either noble or a government employé, or else hath a business which provideth him with a respectable livelihood. He also hath several children, whose clever sayings it delighteth him to repeat.

The Philistine formerly felt an agreeable sensation on hearing the word "Liberty," and would even read forbidden books, or was pleased in his heart when despotism was cursed and reviled. But when the light of freedom dawned, things were not sufficiently quiet for him, and he now heartily wisheth himself once more beneath the protecting wings of absolutism's police, though he dareth not give expression to such sentiments, "for fear of being laughed at."

He also attacheth to the words "Popular Representation" the idea of murder and rapine; and if he heareth of a public meeting, he diggeth a hole in the ground and hideth his money, though he hath no objection to the windows of his richer neighbour being broken now and then.

The Philistine also termeth each person "a Foreigner" who was not born in his own town.

Whenever he readeth a satire, he always feeleth himself the subject of

it, and he therefore abuseth violently or giveth vent to his spleen in the daily journals of his town.

Under the term " Freedom of the Press," he understandeth that each must hold the same opinion as himself.

From pure anxiety and fear of excesses, he continually causeth disturbance and unpleasantness.

These were the men who, in contradistinction to Napoleon's Garde Imperiale, were ready to reply, " La Garde se rend mais ne meurt pas"—pot-bellied citizens, who would march to the exercising-ground on wet days with an umbrella in one hand and a musket in the other; for even if they were about to lay down life for their country, that was no reason they should suffer from a cold, like the man left for execution who complained that his sheets were damp. Others walking to parade in uniform, while the maid-servant carried musket, sabre, and cartridge-box after them, for they had no wish to appear in the streets as common soldiers, although they were compelled to exercise;—men, who were all anxious to be elected officers, and so caused a wit to propose that they should proceed to elect a private. All this was of daily occurrence in Carlsruhe. But when the time for real action arrived, a sad change came over the spirit of their dreams, and few, very few, were to be found among them ready to march to the frontier; so, to prevent such an awful catastrophe, they commenced caballing against Brentano, and doing their utmost to evade the collectors of the voluntary loan. At length they succeeded in carrying a measure that only the young men of the 1st "Aufgebot" should be marched to the seat of war, while they remained behind and pledged themselves to fight *pro aris et focis.*

But, in sober sadness, the whole affair was a melancholy mistake. Brentano, to whom we are inclined to attribute the purest motives, was in a serious state of ill-health, and was driven by his colleagues to proclaim a Republic. From that moment the fate of the country was sealed. Besides, too, their leaders were enough to ruin any cause, however righteous; such men as the two Mieroslawskis, who make a trade of rebellion, and care for nought but plunder and good cheer, continually intoxicated, and only mindful of their own safety. The odium thrown on the whole cause by the shamelessness of the military leaders checked the growth of the young Republic, and caused the ever careful Suabes to ponder ere they raised the standard of insurrection. And still, in spite of all this, they fought bravely. It was great to see the youth of the whole land foremost in the van at Ladenburg, Mannheim, and Muggensturm, and, though conscious of the impossibility of success, through a mistaken sense of duty standing firmly to their ground. How many mothers had to mourn for sons laid low by the Prussian tirailleurs with their murderous " Nadel-Gewehre;" how many had to weep for their children's blighted hopes; and how many families have been condemned to the bitterness of poverty to afford their relatives a sustenance in a foreign land! God knows! the country has suffered enough, and years must elapse ere Baden become again the happy and prosperous Garden of Germany it formerly was.

MIGNET'S LIFE OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary Queen of Scots, by her beauty, her sufferings, nay, her very crimes, has always been at the head of the historical names of Great Britain to which interest and sympathy are attached. A foreign education and manners palliating in some degree her foibles, the troublous times in which she lived, and the stern and hostile reformers and covenanters with whom she had to contend, confining her still more closely to her own circle; the strange vicissitudes of her fortune, and, above all, her tragic fate, which, in the eyes of some, expiated almost every possible error, have made her the theme of historians, theologians, philosophers, antiquaries, poets, and novelists alike. It was something to have merited the rebukes of Knox, and to have aroused the ire of Calvin. It is still more to have inspired the genius of Schiller and Scott. As for the historians of Mary Stuart's life, they are more numerous than perhaps appertains to any other female. They comprise men of all kinds of views, favourable and unfavourable, and of all degrees of talent or industry of research, from the Keiths, the Robertsons, and the Fraser Tytlers, down to the Glassford Bells—inditers of little biographies of the very smallest possible pretensions. These histories have, however, with the exception of the last-mentioned class, almost always contained some new materials, dragged by persevering research from dusty parchment or state paper, or more accidentally brought to light through some long-lost or neglected correspondence; or they have been characterised by placing known facts in a new and striking point of view, identifying persons with causes and parties, and writing, in fact, a history of the last great struggle between Protestantism and Romanism in this country—not unaptly personified on the one hand by a clever, worldly, unforgiving woman, and on the other by a beautiful, seductive, and unprincipled syren. It was truly the austerity of the Churches of Luther and Calvin confronting those sensual charms of the Roman Catholic Church, which so often mask deep guile and a whole abyss of hierarchical ambition.

Already, in 1734, Keith introduced into his "History of Scotland" some valuable materials towards a more perfect history of Mary. Robertson supported his disquisitions upon the same epoch by justificatory documents obtained from the official records of England and Scotland. The great collections of Anderson and Goodall contained all that related to the debates carried on in 1568 at York and Westminster in reference to the murder of Darnley. The equally important records of Digges, Haynes, Murdin, Hardwicke, and Chalmers, were also all founded upon the authority of state papers.

Yet this mass of documents has received additions in our own times. Sir Henry Ellis and Mr. Thomas Wright have published many letters of Elizabeth, and Miss Strickland, in her correspondence of Mary, has also brought to light many letters of the unfortunate queen, which assist materially in placing several incidents of that eventful epoch in a new point of

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[illegible]ire de Marie Stuart. Par M. Mignet, Membre de l'Académie Française, Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences, Morales, et Politiques. 2 tomes.

view. Sir Cuthbert Sharp has also recorded the progress of the Romanist insurrection, provoked in 1569 by the imprisonment of Mary, and got up with the view to effect her delivery, from previously inedited materials. Mr. Patrick Fraser Tytler, in the same manner, enriched his well-known work with a host of new and interesting materials derived from state papers, and more particularly from the despatches of ambassadors and political agents.

In respect to Mary's first impressions and early education, it has been justly remarked that, half French by birth, she was wholly so by education, early life, and style of thought. She habitually spoke the idiom of France. From first to last, her heart was in that country. "I have often seen her," says old Brantôme, "dread this voyage as greatly as her death, and desire a hundred times rather to remain a simple dowager in France than to go and reign in her own wild country." On the scaffold, at Fotheringay Castle, almost her last words were—"I rejoice that I have always been true to France, the land of my happiest years." The nearest relations of her blood were all French. Her first husband was a King of France. She corresponded with her mother in French. She wrote French verses. Her graces and her vices may be traced to the same common source; and it is therefore in the letters and memoirs of the celebrated nobles and courtiers of France—in those of Noailles, Montluc, De Foix, Du Croc, Mauvissiére, and D'Esneval, for example—and in the poems of Ronsard and the diplomatic notes of Lamothe Fenelon, that the early history of her misfortunes, or, in other words, the early perversion of her mind, should be sought. It is to his greater familiarity with such sources of information, comparatively unknown to Mary's Scotch biographers, that the work of M. Mignet owes much of its novelty and interest.

Mignet has, however, a still greater claim to interest in having first brought into connexion with the history of Mary the part which Spain took in the dark events of those days of Romanist intrigues and persecutions. The reader of "Antonio Perez" will remember the hopes and the ambitions there unfolded as once entertained by that brave and adventurous young soldier, Don John of Austria. Philip II., in fact, the great head of Romanism in Europe, mixed himself up intimately with the religious and political affairs of Scotland and England, and never ceased to interest himself and to take an active part in the long and terrible rivalry between two parties, two religions, and two queens. Don Tomas Gonzalez published, in 1832, a few extracts from the correspondence of the Spanish ambassadors in England between the years 1558 and 1576. M. Mignet has carried the researches still further, by means of despatches copied from those rich archives of Simancas whence he drew his materials for that incomparable piece of biography, "The Life of Antonio Perez." The confidential letters of Philip II. himself, of the Duke of Alva, and of the Spanish ambassadors in England, at Rome, and at France, from 1558 to 1588, have enabled him, he says, to become better acquainted with the attempts made by the Romanist party in Great Britain, and with the designs of Mary, during the nineteen years that, detained in captivity, she conspired to obtain her liberty by overthrowing the throne of Elizabeth.

Next to these claims, and next in importance to the value of the new

materials and evidence thus obtained, come the impartiality of the historian. M. Mignet is a Frenchman, and he dwells with manifest leaning and sympathies to the peculiarly French grace, vivacity, poetic taste, intellectual culture, and refined manners of Mary; he also, to a certain extent, palliates her conduct; and it is probable that, considering her sex, her youth, and her education, Mary's life, bad as it was, ought not to be written without some such palliation. But still Mignet is a strictly impartial historian; he neither wishes to extenuate Mary's crimes nor exaggerate her faults. He has discarded national prejudices and religious animosities; and while he could not, with the Romanists, raise Mary to the rank of martyr, no more could he, with some ultra-Protestants, depict her as a monster of cruelty and lust.

"I shall not judge Mary Stuart," he writes in the introductory chapter, "as she would be judged by a Catholic or a Protestant a Scotchman, or an Englishman. With the calm impartiality of history I shall strive to show how far her misfortunes were merited, and how far they were the result of necessity, by giving such an explanation of her position and conduct as shall be devoid at once of indulgence and of harshness." With respect to the former, it will be seen, on entering into details, that Mignet has at times succumbed, like others, to the interest excited by the heroine; but still, taking it all in all, he has been as justly severe as any of his predecessors, and his work—the work of an historian, and not of an accuser or an apologist—is the most impartial that has yet been written.

It was the first time that a woman sat upon the throne of Scotland. Mary Stuart brought to it the double infirmity of her age and of her sex: she was only six days old when she succeeded to her father. Miseries were already accumulating upon ever-troublous Scotland. Two parties—that of the Protestant nobility, headed by the Earl of Arran, and that of the Romanists, headed by Cardinal Beaton, already disputed for power; and when the latter failed in obtaining the regency, he did not hesitate to invite the Duke of Guise to come and assume the reins of government. A treaty of marriage, concluded by Henry VIII. on the 1st of July, 1543, between Mary and the Prince of Wales, was annulled five months afterwards by an act of precipitancy on the part of Henry, and the ever-wakeful jealousy of the Scots, which led them to ally themselves still more closely with France. The wars of Henry, and the successes of the Duke of Somerset, at length drove the latter to offer to France the guardianship and the inheritance of Mary Stuart. The accomplishment of this project was nearly frustrated by the activity of the Protector, who sent Lord Clinton to intercept the French fleet; but Mary escaped from Dumbarton with four companions of noble birth, and near her own age. They were called the four Marys—Mary Stuart, Mary Fleming, Mary Seaton, Mary Beaton, and Mary Livingston. Henry II. of France received Mary as his own daughter, assigned to her a house worthy of her rank, and had her brought up with his own children.

The war that was subsequently carried on in Scotland has, according to Mignet, been described in most animated language in a work unknown to our historians, and written by one Jean de Beaugué, *gentilhomme*

François. Its title is, "Histoire de la Guerre d'Escosse, traitant comme le royaume fut assailly et en grand partie occupé par les Anglois, et depuis rendu paisible a sa reyne, et réduit en son ancien estat et dignité." The ten years that followed upon the peace of 1550 witnessed the progress, the establishment, and the fall of French domination in Scotland. This progress of the French was mainly owing to intrigues of the dowager queen, Mary of Lorraine, who dispossessed the Earl of Arran of the regency, and got herself nominated in his stead by her daughter, Mary Stuart, then about twelve years of age. Then were to be seen M. de Rubay, Vice-Chancellor of Scotland; M. de Villenore, Controller-General; M. de Bouton, Governor of Orkney; and the general conduct of affairs in the hands also of a Frenchman—a M. de Oysel. Such a state of things naturally wounded the pride of the Scotch nobility exceedingly. But all open ruptures with the French party were averted by the then state of things in England. Mary Tudor had succeeded to the throne, and was undoing, with all a woman's bigotry, the religious reformations of her predecessor. She had also wedded herself to Philip II., and this powerful alliance rendered the marriage of the Queen of Scotland with the Dauphin of France more urgent than ever, so that the one alliance might be opposed to the other.

The mental and personal attractions of Mary Stuart were early developed. She was tall and beautiful.* Her eyes beamed with intelligence, and sparkled with animation. She had the most elegantly-shaped hands in the world. Her voice was sweet, her appearance noble and graceful, and her conversation brilliant. She early displayed those rare charms which were destined to make her an object of universal admiration, and which rendered even her infancy seductive. She had been brought up with the daughters of Catherine of Medicis, and under the superintendence of the learned Margaret of France, the sister of Henry II., the protectress of Michel de l'Hôpital, and who subsequently married the Duke of Savoy. The court, in the midst of which Mary Stuart had grown up, was then the most magnificent, the most elegant, the most joyous, and, we must add, one of the most lax in Europe. Still retaining certain military customs of the middle ages, and fashioning itself at the same time to the intellectual usages of the age of *renaissance*, it was half-chivalric and half-literary—mingling tournaments with studies, hunting with erudition, mental achievements with bodily exercises, the ancient and the rough games of skill and strength with the novel and delicate pleasures of the arts. Nothing could equal the splendour and vivacity which Francis I. had introduced into his court, by attracting thither all the principal nobility of France, by educating as pages therein young gentlemen from all the provinces, by adorning it with nearly two hundred ladies belonging to the greatest families in the kingdom, and by establishing it sometimes in the splendid palaces of Fontainebleau and Saint Germain, which he had either built or beautified on the banks of the Seine, and sometimes in the spacious castles of Blois and Amboise, which his predecessors had inhabited on the banks of the Loire. A careful imitator of his father's example, Henry II. kept up the same magnificence at his court, which was presided over with as much grace as activity by the subtle Italian, Catherine de Medicis, whose character had been formed by Francis I., who had admitted her into the *petite bande de ses dames favorites*, with whom he used to hunt the stag, and frequently divert himself with alone, in his *maisons de plaisance*. The men were constantly in the company of the women; the

* "Venant sur les quinze ans sa beauté commenca à paroistre, comme la lumière en beau plein midy."—*Brantôme.*

queen and her ladies were present at all the games and amusements of Henry II. and his gentlemen, and accompanied them in the chase. The king, on his part, together with the noblemen of his retinue, used to pass several hours every morning and evening in the apartments of Catherine de Medicis. There (says Brantôme)—there were a host of human goddesses, vieing with one another in beauty; the different lords and gentlemen entertaining those which they liked best, whilst the king conversed with the queen, his sister, the dauphiness (Mary Stuart), and the princesses, together with those lords and princes who were seated nearest to him. As the kings themselves had acknowledged mistresses, they were desirous that their subjects should follow their example; and if they did not do so (says Brantôme) he considered them as so many coxcombs and fools. Francis I. had taken as his mistresses, one after the other, the Countess de Chateaubriand and the Duchess of Etampes; and Henry II. was the chivalrous and passionate slave of the Grand Seneschal of Normandy, Diana of Poitiers. But, besides these acknowledged amours, he also carried on many other intrigues; and Francis prided himself in his unblushing licentiousness in training the ladies who arrived at his court. His second in the work of debauchery and corruption was Mary Stuart's uncle, the opulent and libertine Cardinal of Lorraine.

Such is the court which supplied Brantôme with his narrative of the "Dames galantes," and his frightful pictures of the debaucheries of the Cardinal de Lorraine. "Peu ou nulles sont elles sorties de cette cour femmes et filles de bien." Such was the school of elegance and corruption at which the characters were formed of so many witty and vicious kings, and of princesses so amiable and yet so disorderly as Mary Stuart. Yet Mary was as gifted in mind as in person. All her contemporaries agree upon that point. At ten years of age she wrote letters remarkable for their good sense to her mother, the queen regent. She was familiar with Latin, as well as with most living languages; excelled in music; and wrote verses that were praised by Ronsard and Bellay. In 1558, being then fifteen years of age, she was married to the Dauphin, and upon that occasion, M. Mignet justly remarks, the court of France laid the basis of her future misfortunes and disasters, by prompting those acts of treachery and dissimulation which could not be otherwise than fatal to her in the end. France had also attained the culminating point of her influence in Scotland; from the date of this marriage that influence began to decline. The feudal barons began openly to manifest their distrust. Elizabeth had succeeded to Mary, and re-established in England the faith of Henry VIII., and of her brother, Edward VI. The French court had declared Elizabeth incapable, by her birth and religion, of succeeding to the throne of England, and they at once placed Mary Stuart in open and formidable hostility to Elizabeth, by declaring her right to the throne of England, as the direct descendant of Henry VII., by his eldest daughter, Margaret Tudor, and making her assume the arms of England by the side of those of Scotland. From that moment, says Mignet, Elizabeth became Mary's rival, both as a queen and as a woman. When Francis II. succeeded to the throne of France, Mary openly assumed the titles of Queen of England and Ireland. It was, no doubt, these assumptions on the part of Mary, backed by France and the Romanist party in Scotland and on the Continent, that made Elizabeth identify herself still more definitely with the Protestant cause, which Knox upheld so energetically in the north. But Mary was placed, by the death of Francis II. on the

5th of December, 1560, in a very different situation. The crowns of France and Scotland were no longer united. Charles IX. was not partial either to Mary or to her cause; he also mistrusted the Guises and the Lorraines. Scotland was in rebellion, and for the most part Protestant. Yet Mary, a widow at eighteen years of age, received offers of marriage as soon as decency would permit from the Kings of Sweden and Denmark, and Philip II. urged the claims of his son, Don Carlos. But Mary, who appears to have sincerely regretted the loss of her young husband, would not listen to these proposals, and, after a short residence in Lorraine, prepared to sail to Scotland. This, however, not without an appeal to Elizabeth for a safe passage through her country, which the rival queen at once refused. Already, at this epoch, Mary felt all that her mistaken policy, vain assumptions, and family intrigues, had brought upon her. She said to the English ambassador, "I hope the wind will be favourable, and that I shall not require to land on the coast of England, for if I do so, sir, your queen will hold me in her hands, and can do what she likes with me. If she is so cruel as to wish my death, let her do as she best pleases; let her sacrifice me. Perchance such a destiny will be better for me than life. May the will of God be done." Mary, however, arrived safely at Leith, where she was well received by her subjects, and was conducted in triumph to the palace of her fathers. This was the 20th of August, 1561. The morning of her arrival was foggy—a circumstance which was viewed as ominous by many of the superstitious Scots. "What comfort," said Knox, "was brought into this country with her—to wit, sorrow, dolour, darkness, and all impietie." Mary herself, indeed, soon found that the noisy demonstrations of loyalty with which she was received in Edinburgh, were but a lying promise of her people's allegiance. It was in vain that the Hamiltons were disgraced, that the Lords James and Lethington endeavoured to conciliate both parties, and that the Protestants had a majority in the privy council; rebellion still stalked through the land, and the marriage of the queen soon began to be looked upon, by supplying her with an adequate protection, as the only solution to existing difficulties.

Don Carlos had not withdrawn his suit, and, according to Mignet, Mary was not averse to such an alliance. But the opposition of Elizabeth, and still more especially of Mary of Medicis, placed insurmountable stacles in the way. Cardinal Lorraine even went so far as to affiance his niece to the Archduke Charles of Austria. Elizabeth, on her side, urged first the suit of the Earl of Arran, and then that of the Lord Dudley; and she was herself so notoriously dependent on his presence for her happiness, that there was little suspicion of sincerity in her proposal; while at the same time the French court was supporting the pretensions of the Dukes of Nemours and of Ferrara, but they were "des princes trop petits et trop faibles pour elle," says the historian.

None of all these various matrimonial projects (if we except, perhaps, Don Carlos) appear to have met with favour in the eyes of the young queen, who in the mean time was bringing scandal upon the Scottish court, by the introduction there of the pleasures and customs of the French. It was in vain that Knox declaimed against such practices. A Captain Hepburn only escaped by flight the punishment that awaited what Tytler designates as "an act of brutal indelicacy to Mary;" and the

sad catastrophe of Chastelard (to the narrative of which Mignet adds nothing that was not before told by Brantôme) brought such scenes into sad and painful publicity.

Mignet has obtained evidence from the Spanish archives, that at this period of her history Mary was, notwithstanding the opposition of her uncles and of the English and French courts, carrying on negotiations with Philip II. for her marriage with Don Carlos, who was three years her junior. This was effected through the mediation of Lethington and the Bishop Quadra, Philip's ambassador at the court of Queen Elizabeth. Diego Perez, secretary of embassy, was despatched to Philip, then in Arragon, and Philip, in return, sent Luis de Paz by way of Ireland with a favourable response to the Queen of Scots. Mary, indeed, gave evidence of much astuteness in the negotiation, having threatened to wed Charles IX. in case of refusal; and Philip's sophisms in palliation of his passing over the claims of his cousin, the Archduke Charles, are very characteristic. This negotiation did not, according to Mignet, fail so much from the opposition of Knox and his party, as it did from the habitual slowness of the court of Spain, and from an accident which happened to Don Carlos, by which Philip was induced, as Mignet has made quite clear from two letters extracted from the archives of Simancas, one to Guzman de Silva, who had succeeded to Quadra as ambassador in England, and another to Cardinal Granvelle to withdraw the suit of the turbulent young prince, and to interest himself in that of the Archduke Charles.

Thus circumstanced, and obliged to renounce the Spanish prince, Mary was induced to lend a willing ear to the proposals of Lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII., and who advocated the pretensions of her son, Henry Darnley. The mission of James Melvil to Elizabeth, as related by himself in his Memoirs, published by the Bannatyne Club, forms a truly amusing interlude to these negotiations. Murray and Lethington supported the favourite of Elizabeth. The Earl of Athol and his father, Lord Lennox, who had been restored by Queen Mary to his property, supported the interests of Lord Darnley. But personal affection soon terminated a prolonged discussion. Good fortune saved the lovers from a conspiracy to seize them on their way from Perth to Callendar, and they were ultimately married, to the great annoyance of Elizabeth and the alarm of the Protestant party, on Sunday, the 29th of July.

Mary, whose marriage was approved of by both the courts of France and Spain, and who received in consequence large subsidies of money from Philip and from the Pope, entered upon a campaign against her rebellious subjects, in which she was so successful as actually to assume a haughty tone towards Elizabeth herself, and to attach herself openly to the league of the Romanist princes against the Protestant cause. She was abetted in this conduct by David Riccio, a creature of the Pope, who had taken the place in the young queen's affections that had been lost to Darnley by his insolent, imperious temper, and his rude, drunken habits. Darnley did not fail to perceive this, and he engaged Ruthven Douglas and others to aid him in his revenge. The story of which is told by Mignet from Labanoff, Tytler, Wright ("Elizabeth and her Times"), Knox, Keith, and Ellis—a mass of authorities never before brought into juxta-position.

On the Saturday evening, as it had been agreed, Morton, Ruthven, and Lindsay proceeded, with about two hundred armed men, to Darnley's apartments in Holyrood Palace, which were situated below those of Mary Stuart. He had supped earlier than usual, and was quite ready to receive them. At eight o'clock he went up to the queen's chamber by a secret staircase, followed at a short distance by Ruthven, George Douglas, Andrew Ker of Faudonside, and Patrick Bellenden; whilst Morton and Lindsay, with their men, occupied the court-yard, and seized the gates of the palace. Darnley was the first to enter the queen's cabinet, a little room of about twelve feet square, where he found Mary Stuart at supper with her natural sister, the Countess of Argyle, and attended by David Riccio, who had "his cappe upon his heade," the Commendator of Holyrood, the Laird of Creich, Arthur Erskine, and some others of her household. He took his seat behind the queen, who turned towards him, and embraced him affectionately.

A minute had scarcely elapsed before Ruthven, clad in complete armour, and pale and haggard with disease, broke into the room. He was followed almost immediately by George Douglas, Faudonside, and Patrick Bellenden, armed with daggers and pistols. This invasion of her private apartments, at such an hour, and with such weapons, left Mary Stuart no doubt of the sinister design of the king and the conspirators. She demanded of Ruthven what was his business, and by whose permission he had ventured to enter her presence.

Ruthven replied, pointing to Riccio, "Let it please your majesty that yonder man David come forth of your privy-chamber, where he hath been over long."

"What offence hath he done?" said the queen.

Ruthven answered, "That he made great and heinous offence to her majesty's honour, the king her husband, the nobility, and commonwealth."

The queen then said that if any one had any charge to bring against David, she would cite him before the Lords of Parliament; and she ordered Ruthven to retire under pain of treason. Ruthven, however, paying no attention to her commands, approached Riccio to seize him. But he took refuge behind the queen, crying out, in his broken language, "Madame, je suis mort! Giustizia, giustizia! Sauve ma vie, madame, sauve ma vie!" In his attempts to avoid the danger which threatened him, the table was thrown down upon the queen, who was six months gone with child, and who strove to defend him from the assassins, whose short swords and pistols were for a moment turned against herself. Riccio had seized the pleats of her gown, and clung tightly to them. Darnley, however, loosed his hands; and whilst the rest were carrying off their victim, he held the queen in his arms, that she might make no further efforts to save him.

Alarmed at the danger of her unfortunate servant, and not altogether without fear for herself, Mary implored the pity of the conspirators for Riccio, who, while he was being dragged away, reminded Darnley of the good services which he had rendered him. Darnley hypocritically assured the queen that they would do him no harm. The poor and trembling Italian was dragged from her cabinet, and through her bedroom to the entrance of her presence chamber, which was close at hand. He found there most of the conspirators, waiting for their victim. Morton and Lindsay wished to keep him until the next day, and then to hang him; but George Douglas, more impatient than they, struck him, while on the staircase, with the king's dagger, which he had got hold of, and called out that that was the royal blow. The others immediately rushed upon him, nor did they think their work complete until the body was mangled with fifty-six wounds. His corpse was thrown out of window into the court-yard, and carried thence to the porter's lodge.

Mary was at once humbled and annoyed to the extreme by this outrage. To Darnley she said, "My lord, all the offence that is done to

me, you have the wite thereof, for the which I shall be your wife no longer, nor ly with you any more, and shall never like till I cause you have a sorrowful a heart as I have at this present." To the other conspirators she said, "Well, it shall be deare blude to some of you." But she felt the necessity there was to tamper with them for a time, in order that her revenge might be the more certain. She was, indeed, the prisoner of Darnley, Morton, and the other conspirators, and to gain her liberty was obliged to feign a return of affection and duty towards her husband. This effected, she soon found herself once more at the head of an army, and marching back to Edinburgh, she pursued the murderers of Riccio with implacable resentment. She, at the same time, openly manifested her real feelings of hatred and contempt for Darnley. The birth of a prince, afterwards James VI. of Scotland and First of England, kept her for some time an invalid in Stirling Castle; but this event over, she repaired to Jedburgh, to join the Earl of Bothwell, that "glorious, rash, and hazardous young man," as Throckmorton calls him, and who had been wounded in the hand in a personal encounter with a renowned freebooter, Elliot of Park. Mary's concern for the wounded man made her new passion apparent to all, and she appears from that time to have meditated the death of Darnley. The chief conspirators against Riccio —Morton, Lindsay, Ruthven, Lethington, Argyle, Huntly, and Murray —now associated themselves, in order to regain favour with the queen, to effect the downfall of Darnley, and raise up Bothwell in his place. This new conspiracy was matured at Craigmillar Castle. Darnley was not even asked to the baptism of his son. The perils of his position were felt not only by himself but were notorious to every one. Falling ill at Glasgow, Mary repaired to his bedside, exhibited all the outward signs of sympathy and of return of affection, and even said she would have him carried in a litter to Craigmillar. Mignet says, upon this, "How are we to explain this reconciliation? Is it possible that she was so blinded by her passion, and so submissive to the ferocious and ambitious will of her lover, that she (Mary) went to Glasgow to gain Darnley's confidence, by manifesting a hypocritical interest in his condition, that she might place him in the hands of his enemies. Such an act of perfidy is scarcely credible, and yet all moral appearances and written testimonies rise up at once against Mary Stuart with overwhelming force."

Two days after her arrival at Glasgow, Mary sent her valet to Bothwell with a letter, which attested at once her criminal affection for the latter, and the part which she took in his sinister designs: "You constrain me so to dissimulate," she said, "that I am horrified, seeing that you do not merely force me to play the part of a traitress." Darnley exhibited so much repugnance to being conducted to Craigmillar, that the treacherous Mary was fain to be content with conveying him to a house of Balfour's at Kirk of Field, where the queen had a bed prepared for herself in the room immediately below that in which the king slept. Bothwell was at the same time occupied in making all due preparations for the murder. Mary was so deliberate in the prosecution of the scheme, that the night before the murder she caused a bed of new velvet to be removed from the king's apartment, and substituted an old one in

its place. She also removed from her own chamber a rich coverlet of fur, which she did not wish to be involved in the explosion. On the fatal night she withdrew from the house, under the pretence of being present at a ball at Holyrood, given in honour of the marriage of her servant Bastian with Margaret Carwood, one of her favourite women. Darnley is said to have beheld her departure with grief and secret fear. The unhappy prince, as though foreboding the mortal danger by which he was threatened, sought consolation in the Bible, and read the 55th Psalm, which contained many passages adapted to his peculiar circumstances. After his devotion he went to bed and fell asleep, Taylor, his young page, lying beside him in the same apartment:

Bothwell remained for some time at the ball, but stole away about midnight to join his confederates. He changed his rich costume of black velvet and satin for a dress of common stuff, and left his apartments, followed by Dalgleish, Paris, Wilson, and Powrie. In the hope of attracting less attention, he went down the staircase which led from Holyrood into the queen's garden, and directed his course towards the southern gate. The two sentinels on guard, seeing a party of men coming along this unusual path at so late an hour, challenged them:

"Who goes there?"

"Friends!" answered Powrie.

"Whose friends?" demanded one of the sentinels.

"Friends of Lord Bothwell!" was the answer.

On this they were allowed to proceed, and going up the Canongate, found that the Nether-bow gate, by which they intended to leave the city, was shut. Wilson immediately awoke John Galloway, the gate-keeper, calling to him to "open the port to friends of Lord Bothwell." Galloway, in surprise, inquired what they were doing out of their beds at that time of night. They made no answer, but passed on. . . . Continuing his route as far as Blackfriars Wynd, Bothwell left Powrie, Wilson, and Dalgleish at this point, and proceeded with Paris alone to Kirk of Field, where he waited for Hepburn and Hay of Tallo in Balfour's garden. It was at this moment, we have every reason to believe, that the two murderers concealed within the house perpetrated their crime. By the aid of their false keys they gained access into the king's apartment. On hearing the noise, Darnley jumped out of bed in his shirt and pelisse, and endeavoured to escape; but the assassins seized and strangled him. His page was put to death in the same manner; and their bodies were carried into a small orchard near at hand, where they were found on the next morning, unscathed by fire or powder, the king covered by his shirt only, and the pelisse lying by his side. After the execution of this dark deed, Hepburn lighted the match which communicated with the gunpowder in the lower room, and the house was blown up, in order completely to obliterate all traces of the murder. Bothwell, Hepburn, Hay of Tallo, and the other bandits went to a little distance to await the explosion, which occurred about a quarter of an hour afterwards, between two and three o'clock in the morning, with a fearful noise.

The destruction of Darnley was effected in a manner so regardless of consequences, that public instinct appears to have fixed the crime upon its real authors at once. Placards affixed on the door of the Tolbooth proclaimed the names of the guilty, and voices were heard in the streets of Edinburgh at dead of night arraigning the same persons. Mary withdrew herself for a time from the public indignation to the country-house of Lord Seton, and where, in the company of Bothwell, Huntly, Seton, and others, she endeavoured to stifle conscience in distractions and diver-

sions. But public notoriety denounced the former in such an open manner, and the English and French courts, backed in Scotland by the Lennox and church party, insisted so urgently upon some inquiry being instituted, that it was impossible to put off the investigation for ever; Bothwell was put upon a sham trial, and having been acquitted, challenged any one, except a defamed person, to single combat, who should accuse him of the king's death. Mary, on her side, took advantage of the earl's acquittal to heap new favours upon him, till he became the first subject in the kingdom. Nor was he even satisfied with that position. Murray and Lennox had both left the country. He resolved to become king, but to effect this he must get rid of his own wife, and many feared even for the life of the young James. As for Mary, she was in the power of her imperious lover, and it was only at the risk of their lives that any one could venture to give her good advice. Her consent to wed Bothwell had been given seven days before his acquittal. He, by her own consent, seized publicly upon her person, and carried her off to Dunbar; and as soon as Lady Gordon's divorce was obtained from the servile Archbishop of St. Andrews, they returned together to Edinburgh to be married. "Few Scottish barons," says Mignet, "were present at the revolting ceremony which, three months' after the king's assassination, made his widow the wife of his murderer. The people heard of it in sullen silence and deep disapprobation. The next morning there was found stuck on the door of the palace the following verse:

Mense malas majo nubere vulgus ait.

This menacing prognostic, drawn from an union universally condemned by public conscience, was not long in being realised."

Expiation, indeed, was not long in waiting upon Mary Stuart. Scenes of violence occurred between her and Bothwell the very day of her nuptials. So rude and overbearing was the conduct of the earl, her husband, that she was now frequently heard threatening to destroy herself. Heavy trials and severe punishments hung at the same time over the heads of both. The nobles who had acted in concert with Bothwell, were confederated against him before his marriage. After Mary's shameless marriage, the ranks of the league received daily reinforcements. Mary affected to despise them. "Athol," said she, "is but feeble; for Argyle, I know well how to stop his mouth. As for Morton, his boots are but new pulled off, and still soiled, he shall be sent back to his old quarters."

On the 10th of June the confederates invested Borthwick Castle in the hopes of surprising Bothwell, but he effected his escape, followed by the queen disguised in men's clothes, and they repaired together to Dunbar. The city of Edinburgh then declared itself in favour of the confederates. Mary could only raise a force of 2500 men to oppose to her enemies, and the two armies met near Musselburgh. After an intercession on the part of the French ambassador, Du Croc, to which Mignet attaches far too much importance, Mary, deserted by her troops, was obliged to give herself up to the confederate lords, and she parted with many expressions of sorrow from Bothwell, whom she was never destined to see again. Mary gave herself up to the confederates upon the understanding that by abandoning her husband she, at least, assured her crown and supremacy. But she was soon undeceived even on this score, and in her

anger, she threatened Lindsay, Morton, and Athol with death for their disloyalty—a threat which only aggravated the evils of her situation. It was in vain that she appealed from the windows of her prison to the people—the time of atonement had come; they only raised up before her the banner which bore the representation of her husband murdered, and her son claiming vengeance, and which had preceded the confederates at Carberry Hill. A letter from the queen to Bothwell, intercepted by the confederates, having shown that she was still ready to make any and every sacrifice to her disordinate passion for that vicious man, it was resolved for the safety of Prince James and the country that she should be imprisoned in the castle of Lochleven, and to which little islanded fortress she was removed under the personal custody of the Lords Lindsay and Ruthven. Once in prison, the confederate lords, who held over the queen the terror of a public trial for the murder of Darnley, did not experience much difficulty in obtaining her signature to an act of abdication, whereupon James was declared king, and Murray named regent. Murray, according to Mignet's view of the matter, returned to Scotland from France after his appointment to the regency with feelings favourable to Mary. It was, he says, the perusal of the condemnatory letters found in the celebrated silver casket, and the violent and impolitic conduct of Elizabeth, that brought about a change in those feelings. (This from *Gonzalez apuntamients*, p. 75, and vol. vii., p. 323, of the *Memorias de la Real Academia.*) Murray has been represented as hastening to Loch Leven to cajole the unhappy Mary into a request, which he might represent as unforced, that he should assume the regency, but Mignet takes the more generous and probable view of the case, that Mary's brother insisted, and that against the will of the confederate lords, upon first seeing whether Mary's abdication had been really an act of her own free will. That he afterwards obtained from Mary her assent to the regency, he attributes partly to feelings of ambition on the part of Murray, but as much to the sense the earl entertained of such being the only possible solution to the difficulties of the case, and the sole way of saving Mary's honour, if not her very life. Bothwell had made an effort to hold out for a short time in the Orkneys, but misfortunes overtook him, his ships went to pieces, and he was obliged ultimately to take refuge in the north, where he was seized by a Danish vessel, treated as a pirate, and shut up by the King Frederick II. in the fortress of Malmoë until his death, which happened in 1576.

Murray, having been recognised as regent, " went," in the language of the day, " stoutly to work, resolved rather to imitate those who had led the people of Israel;" yet while a few of the subordinate criminals in the Darnley affair were put to death, the more powerful conspirators were let off, parliament at the same time passing an act which rendered the queen's captivity still more severe, and in which they publicly avowed her complicity in the murder of her husband, as testified by her own writings. But the beauty, the graces, and the misfortunes of Mary did not cease to exercise an irresistible power on those who were placed near her. George Douglas, a half-brother of the regent Murray, succumbed to these blandishments, and resolved to set Mary at liberty. A first attempt failed, from her fair and white hands peeping from beneath a laundress disguise. A second, described with such amplitude of detail by Scott, was more

successful, and Mary once more found herself free, and at the head even of a considerable body of partisans. Mary assembled her followers at Hamilton, the regent his at Glasgow, but a short distance from the other; and by the 13th of May, only eleven days after her escape from Loch Leven, she was in a condition to give her adversary battle, when fortune once more declared itself against the guilty. Nothing remained but flight, and on the shores of the Solway Firth, Mary meditated for a time whether to sail for France or trust in Elizabeth; she, to her misfortune, preferred the latter, taking refuge for the moment at Worthington, from whence she addressed a long and supplicating letter to the Queen of England. The interests of religion decided the conduct of Elizabeth. She had everything to fear from Mary as the head of the Romanist party in Britain; restored by force to her throne in Scotland, she would always be in alliance with the continental powers against a Protestant queen; received in England, she would be a focus for Romanist intrigues and conspiracies; allowed to go to France she might still further endanger the cause of Protestantism by engaging her uncles in a military expedition against Scotland. Under the pretence that she could not receive her till she had proved her innocence of the murder of Darnley, Elizabeth had Mary at once put under arrest at Carlisle, by virtue of a warrant to the sheriffs and justices of peace in the country, and Lord Scrope and Sir Francis Knollys were sent to take charge of this illustrious refugee, now Elizabeth's prisoner. These emissaries were much struck with the beauty, the eloquence, the courage, and the fervour of Mary; no one approached her but seems to have been surprised by her most remarkable personal and mental qualifications. Nor did her spirit fail her even under such accumulated adversities. She despatched Lords Fleming and Herries to London at once to plead her cause with Elizabeth, and to raise money out of her revenues, as Queen Dowager of France, with which to uphold her cause in Scotland, and in favour of which Dumbarton still held out. But while Elizabeth temporised, she also entered into an understanding with the regent Murray, that the guilt of the queen should be investigated, and Middlemore was despatched to Carlisle with the intimation that until such an investigation had taken place, Elizabeth could not receive Mary at her court. The Queen of Scots repudiated all investigation whatsoever, as opposed to the divine rights, or rather the irresponsibilities of kings and queens. "She had no judge but God," she answered; and, as she afterwards repeated on the scaffold, "none other had a right to judge her."

Philip II. and Charles IX. interfered in Mary's favour by their respective ambassadors, Gusman de Silva and Montmorin. The latter even went so far as to visit Mary at Carlisle, where he found the Queen Dowager of France and Queen of Scotland reduced to the condition of a prisoner of state. The following is the account given by Gusman de Silva, in his despatch of June 27th, 1568, to Philip II., from the statement of Montmorin, and extracted by Mignet from the archives of Simancas:

The room which she occupies (said Montmorin, on his return from Carlisle) is gloomy, being lighted only by one casement, latticed with iron bars. You go to it through three other rooms, which are guarded and occupied by hackbutters. In the last of these, which forms the ante-chamber to the queen's

apartment, resides Lord Scrope, the governor of the border districts. The queen has only three of her women with her. Her servants and domestics sleep out of the castle. The doors are not opened until ten o'clock in the morning. The queen is allowed to go as far as the church in the town, but she is always accompanied by a hundred hackbutters. She requested Scrope to send her a priest to say mass; but he answered that there were no priests in England.

Mignet also gives, in the appendix to his work, two unedited letters, written at or about this time, one to Gusman de Silva, the other to Philip II., copied from the archives of Simancas; and Labanoff had previously published letters, written by the queen at the same period to Charles IX. to Catherine de Medicis, all supplicating their aid and intervention in her then disastrous position. She even addressed a manifesto to the princes, her uncles, to call them to her defence. But nothing came of these applications, and Elizabeth was left at liberty by the continental powers to remove Mary to Bolton, and to take steps towards those judicial proceedings which she was bent upon as the means of ruining her rival. Mary herself was induced, by Elizabeth's promises of acting in the inquiry as a friend and sister (at the same time that she held out views of a totally opposite description to the Regent Murray), to lend herself to the investigation, the seat of which was fixed at York. The disinclination to act on the part of the Duke of Norfolk, and of the Regent Murray, the latter, ashamed to expose to the utmost the mother of the future King of England, led the less scrupulous Elizabeth to remove the court to Westminster. As, however, the conference at York was without results, so when the sittings were removed to Westminster, there was still nothing but a series of recriminations; the documents, said by many to have been forged, but the validity of which Mignet establishes upon a variety of evidences, were produced on one side; Mary, on the other, retorted the charges against her accusers; while discussions among the commissioners themselves—a result almost inseparable from everything in which Mary was engaged; a sudden affection taken for her person by the Duke of Norfolk; and the fears of Elizabeth that Mary's character might be so vindicated as to render it imperative on her to restore the Queen of Scotland to her dominions, brought the conference to an untimely and unsatisfactory end.

Mary, left in charge of the Earl of Shrewsbury, stirred up from the recesses of her prison the whole of the then civilised world. Without breaking off from negotiations with Murray and Elizabeth, she interested France in her favour, intrigued with the most powerful nobleman in England, excited the Romanist party to a religious struggle, and animated the Spaniards to an invasion of the island. She left nothing unturned that could revenge her upon the subjects who had driven her from her country, and the queen who had placed her in captivity.

Passing over the successful struggles of the Regent Murray against Mary's partisans in Scotland, and the insurrection in the North of England, for the narrative of which Mignet is, as before observed, indebted to the pages of Sir Cuthbert Sharp's work, we come to an event of a most tragic character, and which for a time raised the hopes of the Romanists and of Queen Mary's party to the highest pitch. This was no less than the assassination of the regent.

James Hamilton, of Bothwell-Haugh, had sworn a deadly hatred to the regent. Taken prisoner at the battle of Langside, he had recovered his liberty by the arrangement made at Glasgow on the 13th of March, 1569, by the regent and the Duke of Chatelherault. But he had been stripped of all his property. Confiscation, which ruined the vanquished to enrich the victors, was the least baneful effect of these civil wars; and this unpleasant consequence of defeat would probably have been submitted to with resignation by Bothwell-Haugh, if it had not been iniquitously extended over his wife, who ought not to have shared in his punishment, as she had not participated in his offence. She possessed the small estate of Woodhouselee, on the river Esk; and this had been taken from her, and given to Bellenden, one of the most devoted, but most insatiate, of the regent's creatures. The injustice of this robbery was increased by the cruelty with which it was perpetrated. In the midst of a winter's night the unfortunate wife of Bothwell-Haugh was driven by Bellenden from the humble abode to which she had retired, and left to wander half-clothed in a wood till morning. When morning came, she was furiously mad; despair had turned her brain. From that day an implacable thirst for vengeance took possession of the heart of Bothwell-Haugh. He resolved to slay the regent, to whom he attributed the desolation of his household. Several times he attempted to effect his purpose, but without success. His hatred, encouraged by the Hamiltons, eagerly sought an opportunity for punishing the author of his ruin, and laying low the oppressor of his party. This opportunity ere long presented itself. The regent was on his way from Stirling to Edinburgh, and intended to pass through Linlithgow. In the High-street of this last named town, the Archbishop of St. Andrews, uncle of Bothwell-Haugh, possessed a house in front of which Murray and his cavalcade would necessarily pass. This house was placed at the disposal of Bothwell-Haugh, who made every preparation for the unfailing performance of the act of vengeance which he had concerted with the Hamiltons. He took his station in a small room, or wooden gallery, which commanded a full view of the street. To prevent his heavy footsteps being heard, for he was booted and spurred, he placed a feather-bed on the floor; to secure against any chance observation of his shadow, which, had the sun broke out, might have caught the eye, he hung up a black cloth on the opposite wall; and, having barricaded the door in front, he had a swift horse ready saddled at the back. Even here his preparations did not stop, for, observing that the gate in the wall which enclosed the garden was too low to admit a man on horseback, he removed the lintel stone, and, returning to his chamber, cut in the wooden panel immediately below the lattice-window where he watched, a hole just sufficient to admit the barrel of his caliver. Having taken these precautions, he loaded the piece with four bullets, and calmly awaited his victim. Murray had spent the night in a house in the neighbourhood. Rumours had reached him of the dangers by which he was threatened. One of his friends had even persuaded him to avoid the High-street, and pass round by the back of the town. But the crowd, pressing round him, rendered it impossible for him to do so; and he rode onwards through Linlithgow, with calm courage, amidst the acclamations of the populace. He proceeded at a slow pace along the High-street till he reached the archbishop's house. He was thus exposed to the fire of the assassin, who, taking deliberate aim, discharged his caliver. The regent, shot right through the lower part of his body, fell mortally wounded. At this sight, the crowd rushed towards the house from whence the shot had been fired. But while they were endeavouring to break down the door, Bothwell-Haugh, escaping at the back, had mounted his horse and fled at full speed in the direction of Hamilton Castle. Here he was received in triumph by Lord Claud Hamilton, Lord Arbroath, and the Archbishop of St. Andrews, who welcomed him as the deliverer of their party. Murray expired on the same day, the 23rd of January, 1570, in a state of noble calmness and fervent piety.

Mary's party rose in arms at this event. They even obtained possession of the capital of the country. The most powerful nobles flocked to her standard; and they would have soon deposed the youthful king, and re-proclaimed their queen, had not Elizabeth sent an English force into Scotland. All the results held out by the death of Murray were thus soon lost to Mary; and, what was worse, any advantage, anticipated from the French alliance were at this moment annulled by the projected marriage of Queen Elizabeth and the Duke of Anjou. Nothing remained to the unfortunate Queen of Scots, but to appeal as a last resource to Philip II., of Spain. Here the new materials derived from the Spanish archives come into play, but not with that amplitude or significance that might have been expected. Were it only, indeed, for the new matter that Mignet has added to what was previously known from these sources, it would not have been worth while writing a new history of Mary Stuart—the whole might have been contained in a very thin pamphlet—but the merit of Mignet lies elsewhere, in most industrious compilation from all possible sources, in a clear, sparkling narrative, in his historical impartiality.

Certain it is that in order to induce Philip II. to interfere with an armed force in the affairs of England and Scotland, it was necessary to hold out promises of considerable assistance, and to satisfy him that the Duke of Norfolk would become a Catholic, and be at the head of the insurgents. Philip had refused to the Duke of Guise to make war on Elizabeth, in April, 1569; and the Duke of Alva had, in the month of November of the same year, represented to Pope Pius V., who had also been recommending a fanatical crusade, the great difficulties that lay in the way of success. Philip, however, would have acted upon the insurrection of the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland, and would have sent aid from the Low Countries, had the rebellion lasted long enough to have enabled him to do so effectually. George Quempe was the emissary employed in this negotiation so threatening to the welfare of England. In the conspiracy that followed upon the failure of the rebellion in the north, the chief actors were, after Mary, the Duke of Norfolk, the Bishop of Ross, and the Florentine Ridolfi—a man of great influence, great wealth, high connexions, and strong Romanist bias! The instructions given to Ridolfi were first published by Labanoff from the secret archives of the Vatican. Mary first sent John Hamilton on a mission to the Duke of Alva, and he was followed by the Florentine banker, whom it does not appear from the Spanish records, was much admired by the Duke of Alva. This clever politician, says Mignet, was no more given to illusions in his judgment than he was scrupulous in his acts. He did not place much confidence in the Florentine envoy, whom he called a great talker (*parlanchin*), nor in the proposed enterprise, which he looked upon as rash. He wrote to this effect, on the 7th of May, 1571, a letter of more than twenty pages to Philip II.* In this remarkable letter, previously inedited, the Duke of Alva mentions, among other projects of the conspirators, the capture of the Tower of London, the imprisonment of Elizabeth, and the restoration of the Roman Catholic religion; but he added that the difficulties of the case would be considerably diminished by the removal of

* MS. Simancas, Neg. de Estad. Inglaterra, leg. 823.

Queen Elizabeth *by a natural death, or any other kind of death*, before his most Catholic majesty should have publicly interfered in the matter.

Ridolfi proceeded from Brussels to the pope; and thus armed with additional credentials, he repaired to the court of Philip. He was there received confidentially by the Duke of Feria, and the conversation was recorded by the secretary of state, Zayas. Mignet wishes to absolve Mary from conspiring against the life of Elizabeth, but the conversation on this occasion referred mainly to the murder of the Queen of England, which was evidently a project spoken of as one that had been long a subject of consideration; nay, Ridolfi said it was not to take place in London, as that was the seat of heresy, but while Elizabeth should be on her travels; and that a certain James Graffs (a name which Mignet believes to be disfigured, as it does not appear elsewhere) was already engaged to accomplish the deed. The council of state was next summoned to deliberate upon the same leading question, as to whether it should be arranged with the conspirators that Elizabeth should be made prisoner or should be murdered. Opinions were various, but the majority of counsellors were in favour of putting Elizabeth out of the way by violence. This mode of proceeding must have been, as before said, notorious; for Don Hernando de Toledo, Grand Prior of Castile, and the Grand Inquisitor, Archbishop of Seville, had already a certain Ciapino Vitelli at their disposal, who was prepared, he said, to seize Queen Elizabeth in one of her country seats, with the aid of only twelve or fifteen resolute men. Philip, however, did not act; he hesitated, as usual, what to do, procrastinated from month to month, and at last, in a letter dated the 14th of September, left the matter to be decided upon solely by the Duke of Alva.

In the mean time, the conspiracy had become as notorious in England as it was at Brussels, at Rome, and at Madrid. Several conspirators were arrested, and confessed to their guilt, and that of others. The Duke of Norfolk paid with his life his unfortunate attachment to Mary, and his zeal in her cause. As he remarked himself, in one of his last letters to Queen Elizabeth, "nothing prospered of what was done for her (Mary) or by her." Mary herself was left for more conspiracies. The English parliament, influenced by the inexorable Burleigh, asked for her blood, but Elizabeth refused: she could not, she said, kill the bird which had sought her protection when pursued by the eagle.

The massacre of St. Bartholemew, which followed shortly after these events, struck such horror into the heart of Protestantism, and filled England with so much dread of the Romanist party, that Elizabeth, who had spared Mary so many conspiracies, was at length induced to connive at her destruction. Sir Henry Killegrew was deputed to Scotland to arrange the matter with the Earls of Mar and Morton. The death of the former, and certain pecuniary demands on the part of Scotland, defeated this criminal and cruel project.

Mary, on her part, gave up conspiring for a time, and occupied herself with rearing birds and flowers, and doing fancy work, which she sent as conciliatory offerings to Queen Elizabeth; but no sooner had Henry III. succeeded to Charles IX., than she made overtures for the formation of a "league," to enable her to recover her rights. But Henry was guided in his policy by Mary of Medicis, and sought the alliance of Elizabeth. The popes were more active and persevering in her cause, not from admi-

ration of her person or character, as had been the case with so many others, but in the interests of their ever ambitious church. Gregory XIII. had succeeded to Pius V., and, like his predecessor, he spared no trouble or expense in keeping Ireland in a state of insurrection. The Duke of Norfolk was dead, and Gregory advocated the cause of Don John of Austria, as his successor in the affections, the interests, and the fortunes of Mary Queen of Scots. This double project of a marriage and invasion, which Philip refused to entertain in 1574, was seriously renewed in 1577, when Don John succeeded to the grand commander requescens in the government of the Low Countries. Closely united to the Duke of Guise, Don John wrote to the king, his brother, a letter, dictated as much by ambition as by foresight, that the subjection of the Low Countries could only be effected in England. But nothing came of this project, which Philip could not at the time be induced to second with real energy. The Jesuits were, of all other conspirators, the most active within the territory of Great Britain itself. Their proceedings, but vaguely hinted at by other historians, are given at length by Mignet, from the foundation of the colleges Douay, Reims, and Rome, and the mission of Campian and Parsons, to the conspiracy of Lennox and Arran, which followed upon the death of Morton, and the projected invasion of the Duke of Guise.

This invasion, primarily instigated by the Jesuits, was seconded by Philip II., the pope, and the Romanist party in Scotland. The details, which are more interesting in an historical point of view, and also as unfolding the occult, yet incessant, intrigues which characterise the party in question—in the present day as much as in past times—than they are rich in incidents, are in main part derived by Mignet from the archives of Spain.

Luckily the watchfulness of Elizabeth's government was as signal as the conspiracy of the Romanists was secret; the projected enterprise was discovered; the Spanish ambassador was dismissed the territory; a defensive league was entered into with Scotland; Leicester was despatched with troops to aid the Flemings; Drake was sent out to annoy Philip by sea; and at home many noble and more humble conspirators paid the forfeit of their lives; while the incompatibility of the existence of Mary in Great Britain with the welfare of the country, the safety of the established religion, or even of the queen's person, was felt more and more by all loyal persons.

Removed to Tutbury, and afterwards to Chartley, and placed under far more strict charge than heretofore, Mary neither ceased to conspire, nor was she abandoned by her party. Philip II. was not long in resuscitating the project of an invasion of England by the Duke of Guise, to which was superadded a new project of assassinating Queen Elizabeth. To the latter effect, the Jesuits gained over one John Savage, who subsequently associated several others in his conspiracy, among whom Mignet shows, from the Spanish archives, there were many who were regularly subsidised by Philip; nor does our historian attempt to deny that Mary was also an accomplice in this second project of assassinating Elizabeth. At the very moment Gifford, and the ex-ambassador, Mendoza, were laying the names and projects of the conspirators before Philip II., who already gloried in the idea of sitting on the throne of Great Britain, as heir to Mary, Walsingham had detected the whole plot, and irrevocably implicated the Queen of Scots, by what Mignet calls "the terrible letter of the 6th of

July." Mignet gives the detail of what passed between Gifford, Mendoza, and Philip II. on the occasion, from the Spanish archives, as also details as to how Babington became the chief of the conspirators. It is generally held that this young gentleman was won over to the projected assassination by Walsingham himself, in order to involve Mary in the plot, and that, even by historians of a professedly Protestant bias; but Mignet shows that he was one of the first to whom Savage addressed himself on his arrival in England; that he was one of those mentioned on the onset by Mendoza to Philip II., as a fanatic Romanist. "Babington, moço muy Catolice de grande espiritu y de buena casa."—(Papers of Simancas, serie B, bundle 57, No. 66). And this is, we think, by far the most important addition made, in modern times, to the history of Mary, and of that mysterious plot which cost her her life. Mignet describes Babington as entering into the conspiracy with ardour, and adding at once five others to the proposed number of murderers. One Poley was the spy placed by Walsingham upon the movements of young Babington; while Gifford, a Jesuit, was employed to betray Mary. It appears certain that Walsingham, in his anxiety to obtain decisive evidence against Mary, or from a positive desire to ruin her, abetted the correspondence of the conspirators. As to Babington's connexion with Walsingham, Mignet follows Fraser Tytler in supposing that it originated in a rash hope of discovering the intentions of the cunning secretary of state, as also of taking suspicions off himself. In this plot within a plot, no party was without blame, but even in modern times, after innumerable conspiracies, a detective would feel himself justified in having recourse to a correspondence, to a certain extent fomented by himself, to arrive at the truth, or to obtain conclusive and damnatory evidence against the conspirators.

On the 28th of August Mary's papers were seized, and a commission was issued to forty-seven peers, privy-counsellors, and judges, of whom thirty-six proceeded to Fotheringay Castle, whither Mary had been previously conveyed, and announced to her the approaching trial. She refused at first to recognise their authority, declaring herself an independent sovereign, and out of all jurisdiction of the Queen of England. A hint that the refusal to plead would be construed into evidence of guilt, induced her to waver in her determination. The next morning she consented to plead, on condition that her former protest should be entered in the minutes of the court. We need not detail the incidents of the trial, which, commencing on the 14th of October, was adjourned, after two days, to Westminster, and terminated by a judgment of the commissioners, given in the Star Chamber, on the 25th of October, 1586; and the people of England being, from the frequent occurrence of plots, vehement in their demands that Mary should be put to death, Elizabeth signed the warrant for her execution on the 1st of February, 1587, but not without much and long continued disinclination on her part. Mignet's narrative of the death of the Queen of Scots being the only one which has as yet been narrated from all the materials that have been accumulated, we shall give it here, in conclusion of this strange and eventful history.

Such were the fears of Mary Stuart when Robert Beale arrived at Fotheringay on the 5th of February. He had taken along with him the London executioner, and after making known to Paulet and Drury the queen's order, and the wishes of the council, he hastened to the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury, to

present the royal commission, which they were charged to see executed on the morning of the 8th. The two earls, the secretary of the privy council, and the sheriff of Northamptonshire, proceeded to Fotheringay, where they were all assembled before mid-day on the 7th. At sight of this unusual concourse, the poor servants of the Queen of Scots, suspecting the misfortune which awaited them, were seized with inexpressible alarm. As for Mary, she was at the time confined to bed by her customary ailments. About two o'clock, the two earls desired to speak to her; she sent them word that she was indisposed, but that she would rise if the business they had to communicate was pressing. Learning from them in reply that the business would not admit of delay, she dressed herself, and seating herself before a small work-table which stood at the foot of her bed, she awaited their approach with the greatest calmness. Her women, and the greater part of her servants were around her. The Grand Marshal of England, accompanied by the Earl of Kent, and followed by Beale, Paulet, and Drury, advanced uncovered, and, bowing respectfully to her, informed her that the sentence which had been signified to her by Lord Buckhurst two months and a half before, must now be put into execution, the queen their mistress being compelled thereto by the solicitations of her subjects. Mary listened to him without exhibiting any emotion, and she afterwards heard the warrant read by Beale, containing the order for her death. When he had finished reading, she made the sign of the cross. "God be praised," said she, "for the news you bring me. I could receive none better, for it announces to me the conclusion of my miseries, and the grace which God has granted me to die for the honour of his name, and of his Church, Catholic, Apostolic, and Roman. I did not expect such a happy end, after the treatment I have suffered, and the dangers to which I have been exposed for nineteen years in this country. I, born a queen, the daughter of a king, the granddaughter of Henry VII., the near relation of the Queen of England, Queen Dowager of France, and who, though a free princess, have been kept in prison without legitimate cause, though I am subject to nobody, and recognise no superior in this world, excepting God." Viewing herself as a victim to her religious faith, she experienced the pure joy of the martyr, partook of its sweet serenity, and maintained to the last its tranquil courage. She again disavowed the project of assassinating Elizabeth, and, placing her hand on the New Testament, which lay on the small table before her, she solemnly declared: "I never either conceived or sought after the death of the Queen of England, and I never consented to it." On hearing these words, the Earl of Kent told her, with fanatic rudeness, that the book on which she had sworn was the book of the Papists, and that her oath was worth no more than her book. "It is the book in which I believe," replied Mary; "do you suppose my oath would be more sincere if I took it on yours, in which I do not believe?" The Earl of Kent then advised her to renounce what he called her superstitions, and offered her the aid of the Protestant Dean of Peterborough, who would teach her the true faith, and prepare her for death. Mary energetically rejected this offer, as being repugnant to her religious belief, and she requested that they would restore her almoner, who had again been removed from her for several days past. The two earls had the cruelty and the infamy to refuse this religious consolation to a queen on the eve of her death. Neither would they grant her the short delay she asked in order to write out her will carefully, and to make her final arrangements. Then, in answer to her inquiry as to the hour when she was to die, "To-morrow, madam," said the Earl of Shrewsbury, "about eight o'clock in the morning." When the two earls had quitted her presence, Mary set about consoling her servants, who were bathed in tears. She ordered her supper earlier, so as to have the whole night for writing and praying. She ate but little, according to her custom. Bourgoin, her physician, waited on her at table; her *maître d'hôtel*, Andrew Melvil, having been removed from her at the same time with her almoner. She spoke of the Earl of Kent's attempt to convert her, and said, with a smile, that it would require a different sort of doctor to persuade her. After supper, she summoned all her servants, and, pouring out some wine into

a goblet, she drank to them, and, in an affectionate manner, called upon them to pledge her in return. They all fell on their knees, and, with tears in their eyes, replied to her toast with sorrowful effusion, asking pardon of her for any offences they might have committed against her. She told them she forgave them with good-will, and begged them also to pardon her for any uneasiness she might have caused them. She exhorted them to continue firm to the Catholic religion, and to live in peace and friendship with each other. Nau was the only one of whom she spoke with bitterness, accusing him of having often sown dissension among them, and of being the cause of her death. She then withdrew, and was occupied for several hours in writing, with her own hand, some letters, and her will, of which she appointed the Duke of Guise the chief executor. As the greater part of the legacies she bequeathed could not be paid, except out of her dowry, which would revert to the King of France at her death, she earnestly commended to Henry III. her memory and her last settlements. "You have always protested that you loved me," she said; "show it now by helping me, for charity's sake, in what I cannot do without you, which is to recompense my afflicted servants, by leaving them their wages, and in causing prayers to be made to God for a queen who has been styled Most Christian, and who dies a Catholic deprived of all her means." It was near two o'clock in the morning when she had finished writing. . . . Feeling somewhat fatigued, and, wishing to preserve or restore her strength for the final moment, she went to bed. Her women continued praying; and, during this last repose of her body, though her eyes were closed, it was evident, from the slight motion of her lips, and a sort of rapture spread over her countenance, that she was addressing herself to Him on whom alone her hopes now rested. At daybreak she arose, saying that she had only two hours to live. She picked out one of her handkerchiefs, with a fringe of gold, as a bandage for her eyes on the scaffold, and dressed herself with a stern magnificence. Having assembled her servants, she bade Bourgoin read over to them her will, which she then signed; and afterwards gave them the letters, papers, and presents, of which they were to be the bearers to the princes of her family, and her friends on the Continent. She had already distributed to them, on the previous evening, her rings, jewels, furniture, and dresses; and she now gave them the purses which she had prepared for them, and in which she had enclosed, in small sums, the five thousand crowns which remained over to her. With finished grace, and with affecting kindness, she mingled her consolations with her gifts, and strengthened them for the affliction into which her death would soon throw them. "You could not see," says an eye-witness, "any change, neither in her face, nor in her speech, nor in her general appearance; she seemed to be giving orders about her affairs just as if she were merely going to change her residence from one house to another."

These last cares for terrestrial things over, she repaired to her oratory, where was an altar at which her chaplain, so long as she was allowed one, used to say mass to her in secret. She knelt down before the altar and read with great fervour the prayers for the dying. Before she had finished some one knocked at the door. She bade them answer that she would soon be ready, and continued her prayers. Shortly afterwards, eight o'clock having struck, another knock was heard, and the door was this time opened. The sheriff entered with a white wand in his hand, and advanced towards Mary, who had not yet moved her head, and pronounced these few words: "Madam, the lords await you, and have sent me to you." "Yes," replied Mary, rising from her knees, "let us go." Just as she was moving away, Bourgoin handed to her the ivory crucifix which stood on the altar; she kissed it, and ordered it to be carried before her. Not being able to support herself alone, on account of the weakness of her limbs, she walked, leaning on two of her own servants, to the extremity of her apartments. Having arrived at that point, they, with peculiar delicacy, which she felt and approved, desired not to lead her themselves to execution, but entrusted her to the support of two of Paulet's servants, and

followed her in tears. On reaching the staircase, where the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent awaited Mary Stuart, and by which she had to descend into the lower hall, at the end of which the scaffold had been raised, they were refused the consolation of accompanying her further. In spite of their supplications and lamentations they were separated from her; not without difficulty, for they threw themselves at her feet, kissed her hands, clung to her dress, and would not quit her. When they had succeeded in removing them, she resumed her course with a mild and noble air, the crucifix in one hand and a prayer-book in the other, dressed in the widow's garb which she used to wear on days of great solemnity, consisting of a gown of dark crimson velvet with black satin corsage, from which chaplets and scapularies were suspended, and which was surmounted by a cloak of figured satin of the same colour, with a long train lined with sable, a standing up collar, and hanging sleeves. A white veil was thrown over her, reaching from her head to her feet. She evinced the dignity of a queen, along with the calm composure of a Christian. At the foot of the staircase she met her *maître d'hôtel*, Andrew Melvil, who had been permitted to take leave of her, and who, seeing her thus walking to her execution, fell on his knees, and, with his countenance bathed in tears, expressed his bitter affliction. Mary embraced him, thanked him for his constant fidelity, and enjoined him to report exactly to her son all that he knew, and all that he was about to witness. "It will be," said Melvil, "the most sorrowful message I ever carried, to announce that the queen, my sovereign and dear mistress, is dead." "Thou shouldst rather rejoice, good Melvil," she replied, employing for the first time this familiar mode of address, "that Mary Stuart has arrived at the close of her misfortunes. Thou knowest that this world is only vanity, and full of troubles and misery. Bear these tidings, that I die firm in my religion, a true Catholic, a true Scotchwoman, a true Frenchwoman. May God forgive those who have sought my death! The Judge of the secret thoughts and actions of men knows that I have always desired the union of Scotland and England. Commend me to my son, and tell him that I have never done anything that could prejudice the welfare of the kingdom, or his quality as king, nor derogated in any respect, from our sovereign prerogative."

After some discussion with the Earls of Shrewsbury and Kent as to certain of her attendants being allowed to accompany her, the permission was granted, and Mary ascended the scaffold, followed by Bourgoin, her physician, Gorion, her pharmaceutist, Gervais, her surgeon, Didier, her butler, Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curll, her two favourite attendants, Andrew Melvil bearing the skirts of her dress, with the same dignity that she would have ascended a throne. This scaffold had been raised in the lower hall of the castle of Fotheringay. It was two and a half feet high, by twelve square feet in extent. It was covered with black cloth, as were also the seat, the cushion on which she was to kneel, and the block on which she was to lay her head. The executioners were also dressed in black velvet. Mary took her seat in this lugubrious scene without changing colour or losing anything of her usual grace and majesty. Robert Beale then read the sentence, to which she answered, that, being queen, she was not subject to the laws, and that she had never consented to anything pernicious to the Queen of England's person. These few words said in her justification, she began to pray, which act was, with the ill taste and fanaticism of the time, interrupted by a religious controversy carried on by Fletcher, the Dean of Peterborough, and the earls who stood at her right.

Her prayer ended, she arose. The terrible moment had arrived, and the

executioner approached to assist her in removing a portion of her dress; but she motioned him away, saying, with a smile, that she had never had such *valets de chambre*. She then called Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curll, who had remained all the time on their knees at the foot of the scaffold, and she began to undress herself with their assistance, remarking, that she was not accustomed to do so before so many people. The afflicted girls performed this last sad office in tears. To prevent the utterance of their grief, she placed her finger on their lips, and reminded them that she had promised in their name that they would show more firmness. "Instead of weeping, rejoice," she said; "I am very happy to leave this world, and in so good a cause." She then laid down her cloak, and took off her veil, retaining only a petticoat of red taffety, flowered with velvet. Then, seating herself on the chair, she gave her blessing to her weeping servants. The executioner having asked her pardon on his knees, she told him that she pardoned everybody. She embraced Elizabeth Curll and Jane Kennedy, and gave them her blessing, making the sign of the cross over them, and after Jane Kennedy had bandaged her eyes she desired them to withdraw, which they did, weeping. At the same time, she knelt down with great courage, and still holding the crucifix in her hands, stretched out her neck to the executioner. She then said aloud, and with the most ardent feeling of confidence: "My God, I have hoped in you; I commit myself to your hands!" She imagined that she would have been struck in the manner usual in France, in an upright posture, and with the sword. The two executioners,* perceiving her mistake, informed her of it, and assisted her to lay her head on the block, which she did without ceasing to pray. There was an universal feeling of compassion at the sight of this lamentable end, accompanied by so much heroic courage and admirable resignation. The executioner himself was moved, and aimed with an unsteady hand. The axe, instead of falling on the neck, struck the back of the head, and wounded her, yet she made no movement, nor uttered a complaint. It was only on repeating the blow that the executioner struck off her head, which he held up, saying, "God save Queen Elizabeth." Thus, added Dr. Fletcher, "may all her enemies perish."

Thus on the scaffold was terminated a life which commenced with exile, and was but one succession of crosses—a life almost always lamentable, darkened by criminality, but adorned with many charms, rendered touching by many misfortunes, and closed with a magnanimous resignation. Mary Stuart, the victim of the old Scottish feudalism and of the new religious revolution, carried away with her, for the time being, the hopes of the Romanists and of the partisans of absolute power. Nevertheless, her descendants, succeeding to the throne only sixteen years after her death, followed in the same perilous career. Her grandson, Charles I., was decapitated like her for wishing to establish an absolute monarchy; and her great-grandson, James II., was driven from the throne into exile for endeavouring to re-establish Romanism in the empire. The lessons of history would be of little avail if they have neither weight nor influence in guiding the councils of those in power in our own days.

* In the English translation of Mignet's Mary Stuart, we observe, that these functionaries are called "masters of the works," from the French *maîtres des hautes œuvres*.

THE VEILED PICTURE.

A TRAVELLER'S STORY.

IN TWO PARTS. — PART II.

It was, perhaps, the consciousness of the wish formed overnight that determined me to see Mademoiselle d'Ermay. Neither had I any desire to resist its power, but rather to feel it and succumb, for I was well assured, that if such a one could be won, she was worth winning. I shuddered when I reflected how few hours had elapsed since she had been exposed to the dagger of an assassin, and could not conceive how it had happened that till that time I had never seen Mademoiselle d'Ermay, though she was living close by me.

In the mean time the family of M. de Fosseux caused seals to be placed on all the property of the deceased, and with some difficulty allowed the unfortunate lady to take away her clothes and some few trinkets, and a small sum of money, which beyond dispute was her own, it being found in a desk on which her name was engraved, and of which she had the key. That the family of M. de Fosseux should look upon her with no friendly eye was, perhaps, natural enough. However, in a few days, the heir-at-law of the deceased waited upon her, and said,

"Mademoiselle, M. de Fosseux having been cut off thus suddenly, has left no will; had he been able to foresee his death, there can be no doubt that he would not have forgotten to make due provision for you; it therefore devolves on me, as a duty, to supply that defect, and to fulfil his intentions."

"No, sir," replied Mademoiselle d'Ermay, "I never asked anything from M. de Fosseux, nor ever expected anything; our connexion was free from all pecuniary considerations, present or future; excuse me from accepting anything."

In this refusal Mademoiselle d'Ermay was immovable. But to return to myself. The next day I ventured to call on Mademoiselle d'Ermay, was admitted, and became thoroughly aware how necessary was this second interview and better light to a due conception of her beauty. I have said beauty, but she was, in fact, what might be called lovely rather than beautiful, sweetness being the leading characteristic of her countenance, across which, calm and innocent as it was, an expression of archness would occasionally flit and vanish again into one of softness and repose. An acute physiognomist, perhaps, might have been led to suspect, from the form of the mouth and the compression of the lips, that the repose of Mademoiselle d'Ermay's features was the result of a strong will and a haughty spirit rather than a natural quality. Be that as it may, to eyes untutored in that science this slight symptom was not visible, and had no existence; whilst the simplicity and modesty of her demeanour, and the perfect propriety of all her actions, won every heart. Her grief was sincere, and her tears unaffected, yet she did not wear mourning for M. de Fosseux; and whilst none doubted that she deeply regretted him, all applauded the good taste which restrained her from rendering her situation yet more remarked by assuming the outward trappings of woe.

Some few days after the events of which I have just been speaking, Mademoiselle d'Ermay hired a small room on the sixth floor in this very house. When I heard (continued M. de Marigny) that the woman who

for the last ten days had never been absent from my thoughts was living under the same roof with myself, I experienced a sensation of pleasure, which was only alloyed by the necessity I was under of setting out that very night for Versailles, whither my duty called me, and would detain me for some time. I was even on the point of resigning my commission; and but for the Prince de Beauveau, I really believe I should have added this to the already pretty long list of my follies. Mere chance, however, enabled me to make my stay at Versailles serviceable to my passion, for, I must confess it, I loved Mademoiselle d'Ermay. I happened one day to meet, in one of the ante-rooms of the palace, the Comtesse de T——, who having an intimate friend amongst the queen's ladies of honour, often came to Versailles. I seized the opportunity to ask her a multitude of questions about Mademoiselle d'Ermay, and ascertained the following facts:

Mademoiselle d'Ermay, though originally of Poitou, was born at Noyou; her father, a man of rank, having spent his fortune at court, emigrated to America, leaving a young wife and his daughter Eugenie, then only six years old, with very slender means of support. Death, ere long, bereft the daughter of her mother's care, when an old aunt brought her desolate condition under the notice of the Archbishop of Paris, by whose recommendation and influence she was placed in a convent in this capital, and received the usual education of a nun, which, though it failed to stifle generous feelings in her bosom, it taught her to conceal them. Trained to keep the secrets of others she became impenetrable as to her own, and hid a proud and resolved spirit under the meekest possible exterior. Mistress of herself, her calmness and presence of mind never for an instant forsook her.

"You have seen," continued Madame de T——, "how far Mademoiselle d'Ermay carries disinterestedness, and may thence infer how faithful and devoted a friend she is capable of being; but," added she, "I have a notion she *could* be a most implacable foe.

"The superior of the convent where she was educated was a relation of M. de Fosseux, who often visited her, and thus had opportunities of seeing her youthful charge, and of ascertaining how much she was neglected and even ill-treated. Touched with compassion for her forlorn condition, and smitten by her beauty, he found means of communicating with her, avowed his sentiments, and won her heart. Nothing was easier than to elope from the convent, as M. de Fosseux proposed; but the young lady at once rejected so romantic a mode of proceeding, and went to the superior and simply demanded her liberty. It might have been expected that she would be asked what she was about to do, and whither she was going; but as the old aunt had ceased to pay for her board, and Eugenie was therefore a burden on the establishment, they allowed her to depart unquestioned. She immediately repaired to the house of M. de Fosseux, and their connexion was one of unmixed happiness until the late fatal accident dissolved it. I have now told you all I know."

"Then, madame," said I, "your friend is, in fact, penniless?"

"I cannot say," answered the comtesse; "it is a point on which Eugenie is obstinately silent; she has refused to stay with me, and I think she has had too much experience of convent life ever to go there again; but I believe she has some secret but honourable resource which

affords her a decent maintenance. I have already told you that her father went to America, where he died, and his daughter probably got whatever he left behind him."

As soon as I was off duty at Versailles I hastened back to Paris; and the first thing I did on reaching my old lodging was to mount to the sixth floor, and present myself to Mademoiselle d'Ermay. I found her occupying three small rooms, one of which served her for kitchen, and the one in which she received me was simply, and would have appeared poorly, furnished, but for the exquisite cleanliness and neatness, which gave it an air of elegance. After due inquiries concerning her health, I proceeded to congratulate myself on my good fortune in having the happiness to be under the same roof; begged she would command my services in any way in which they could be useful, and then hastened to change the subject, for I saw refusal trembling on her lips.

"I am sorry," said I, "to see you in such apartments as these."

"They are quite consistent, sir," said she, "with my slender means and the state of my mind."

I cast my eyes towards the window; she understood me, and, bursting into tears, withdrew into the adjoining room to hide her emotion. In fact, from this window not only the Place de Beauveau and the house of M. de Fosseux, but even the windows of his apartments, were visible. In a few minutes she reappeared, perfectly calm, with a serene and even smiling countenance. Never have I known a woman who had so much command over herself, or whose composure lent her such a charm. To see her and resist her sway was beyond the powers of mortal man, and I quitted her presence deeply in love, and resolved to leave no means untried to gain her affections. At the same time I was quite aware that I could not hope for success under a considerable length of time, even if she had not really loved M. de Fosseux. To make a woman forget a faithless lover is an easy task; to render her fickle, under ordinary circumstances, is an enterprise in which many succeed; but to efface the recollection of so bloody a catastrophe, whilst pressing my suit in perhaps the self-same well-remembered words and expressions of its lamented victim, seemed so all but hopeless an undertaking, that it required the stimulus of the most ardent passion not to shrink from it in despair. I had, however, some chances in my favour; I was young, though some years older than Mademoiselle d'Ermay; and as time has now shorn me of personal attractions, I may perhaps be allowed to boast that I was considered a good-looking fellow; finally, in the eyes of such a woman as I then loved, I had one special recommendation—I was poor. Now, Mademoiselle d'Ermay, though caring little for the conventional rules of society, was scrupulous to the last degree in all that related to sentiment, generosity, and disinterestedness, insomuch that the only circumstance which annoyed her in her connexion with M. de Fosseux was, that he was rich. All she required was the like absolute devotion as that which she herself rendered. It was to such a woman as this that, three months after the death of M. de Fosseux, I hazarded a declaration of my passion. That I really felt what I so warmly and earnestly avowed, it required not a woman's sagacity to perceive. I had given up all my favourite amusements—no more riding and driving, no more evenings at the theatre, no more supper parties. I had become pale and thin, and felt assured that Mademoiselle d'Ermay was at no loss to what cause to attribute such a change in my person and

pursuits; neither did she affect to doubt the reality of a passion of which the proofs were so evident, nor did she attempt to deny that the human heart was not made for eternal sorrow, or that time could not heal its deepest wounds, but she pleaded the very peculiar position in which her lot had placed her.

"Chevalier," said she, "do not, I pray you, press me to return your passion. Love can no more find entrance into my bosom, and you know its dire consequences if it could: it is fatal—it is mortal."

"Banish," said I, in return, "such sad recollections. Why regard yourself as the cause of an unhappy event to which you yourself had so nearly fallen a victim? I can understand your repugnance hereafter to wear, or to see worn by your friends, diamonds, or such valuables as tempt the plunderer, but to renounce love at your age, and with your beauty, that were indeed too much, especially when you have inspired such a passion as mine; and oh! consider the difficulties, the trials, the dangers inseparable from your present position, and tell me if, instead of rejecting, you ought not, on the contrary, to seek some one to whom you may look for assistance, and on whom you may rely for support?"

Mademoiselle d'Ermay acknowledged all this to be true; nevertheless she hesitated. At length, however, by dint of love and perseverance, I succeeded in weakening her objections, and in satisfying her scruples, and she consented to receive my addresses. She even confessed that I was not indifferent to her; but when, with expressions of love I mingled promises and oaths of eternal fidelity,

"Have a care," said she. "I ask nothing; I require nothing; but promises are, in my eyes, sacred matters. You are lavish of oaths—if I accept them, I shall look on them as binding. Is there not some ancient poet who says that 'Jove laughs at lovers' perjuries?' I am more severe than Jove. I give you fair warning, M. le Chevalier."

"Where is the lover," added M. de Marigny, "who, under like circumstances, does not redouble all the oaths his mistress seems to doubt? Where is he who would hesitate to swear that he is the most truthful and constant of men? Who would not vow *eternal* love to *such* a woman?"

My old friend here raised his hands and his eyes to the picture before us, and remained for some moments in an attitude of deep and silent admiration. At length he slowly withdrew both, and with a deep sigh resumed his narration.

Mademoiselle d'Ermay consented, but reluctantly, and with the ill grace of a woman who yields in spite of herself; however she did yield, and quitted her apartments on the sixth floor for mine on the first. From that moment, my friend, I knew the bliss of being loved, and loved too without jealousy or quarrels, but with a sweet, constant, and equable flow of affection which I had not hitherto believed to be possible. No thought of the past, no anxiety for the future, seemed to have any place in Eugenie's mind; but happy in the conviction of my love, she manifested towards me as much attachment and even passion as she had exhibited hesitation and reserve on consenting to my wishes. Never, by any chance, did she allude to past events, nor did the name of M. de Fosseux ever escape her lips. I was proud of my conquest; prouder of the passion I had inspired—a passion which she did not feign, but feel. There was no pouting, no jealous freaks, none of those ebullitions of temper which so

disturb the peace and harmony of even the most attached couples: she was always in the same mood; her countenance always serene, her words always sweet and soothing; nay, more, my circumstances were, as I have told you, embarrassed; and I was so deeply in debt, that I owed even the freedom of my person to the interposition of the Prince de Beauveau, when Mademoiselle d'Ermay undertook the management of my affairs, called on my creditors in person, examined their claims, obtained time for payment, struck out usurious demands; and, when my brother at length thought proper to come to my aid, paid the stipulated sums to each with such business-like accuracy, that my creditors gave me no further trouble, and in a very short space of time I was completely free from all claims and incumbrances. She held that a gentleman's word should be his bond, and that no other security ought to be necessary or required. When I reflected on the change which had taken place in the course of my life, and on the growing ascendancy which Eugenie exercised over me, and when I saw my foolish fancies and ill-formed plans give way, as they continually did, before the influence of her firm and well-regulated mind, I blushed to think how poor a figure I made, and what a mere puppet I was in the hands of a clever but imperious woman. Far from seeing love in all the care she bestowed upon me, I saw only a spirit of domination which hurt my pride. Even Zephirine, the opera-dancer, deceiving and abandoning me as she did at the very moment when I was harassed by debts contracted for and by her, had less deeply wounded my self-love than did Mademoiselle d'Ermay in thus devoting herself to my interests. Such is man! vain and ungrateful! Such, however, were her powers of fascination, that I could not help loving her, and whilst I thus yielded to her sway, I had, as you see, this one secret feeling in my bosom which I could not impart to her. How soon was I to be guilty of other wrongs towards her! My elder brother died, and I became the head of the family. I became rich too, and might also lawfully claim the title of marquis instead of that of chevalier. Will you believe that I said nothing of all this to Mademoiselle d'Ermay? I sighed for liberty; I wanted to enjoy my accession of fortune without her privity, and to spend my money unrestrained by her good sense and unchecked by her prudence. I went secretly to my agent and gave him instructions as to my affairs, and all without saying one word to the woman who, till that moment, had known my most secret thoughts, and was accustomed to read my very looks. I thought of the figure my fortune would enable me to make at the gaming-table, which Mademoiselle d'Ermay had prevailed on me to give up, and in all those pleasures which a Garde du Corps of fortune can enjoy with his comrades. For these purposes it was necessary that I should resume my duty, from which I had been absent on leave for nearly a whole year, and I announced my intention accordingly.

"You choose your time ill," said Eugenie, in a quiet tone; "if you resume service you must be less with me, and it is not prudent to quit the citadel at the very time it is attacked."

When I asked an explanation of these last words, this was (continued M. de Marigny) the substance of what she told me; and, that you may understand their import, I must tell you, that before the year 1789, the higher classes of our clergy were composed of the younger sons of noble families, who were in the receipt of large incomes from the Church; and the bishops and canons of those days, endowed as they were with fat

livings and rich abbeys, did not think themselves at all called upon to reside on their several preferments, but lived in Paris and about the court, where their course of life was not always strictly evangelical. One of them, whose name I shall not mention, as it is not material to my story, had remarked Mademoiselle d'Ermay. What had particularly taken his fancy, as he said in a letter which Eugenie put into my hands, was her youthful and ingenuous countenance, her retiring manners, her love of seclusion, and her modest yet animated style of conversation. He made her splendid offers, to which he attached this one condition only, namely, that their intercourse should be a profound secret; and, he added, that in leaving me she would, moreover, silence the scandalous reports which had so long been circulated to her disadvantage.

"It was Tartuffe," said M. de Marigny, with a bitter laugh, "trying to wean Elmire from the gallants of the court, by offering her love without scandal, and pleasure without danger."

"You know," said Eugenie, when she showed me this letter, "that even if I were free to accept an offer, and this right reverend gentleman pleased me, I could never stoop to such a mere bargaining as this; but I love you, my friend, and you alone, and I show you this letter only because we have no secrets from each other."

Thus, at the very moment when she was sacrificing for my sake an ample and secure provision, I, on my part, was concealing from her my new and altered position in life; yet at the same time I knew she had nothing, for her father was not dead, as Madame de T—— supposed, and had never sent her a single *sous*. I was on the point of confessing all; but false shame restrained me, and I set off for Versailles. I was like a man who vainly endeavours to break his bonds.

When I quitted Eugenie and galloped through the Champs Elysées and up to the quarters of my troop I breathed freely. I felt I was at liberty; but twenty-four hours had hardly elapsed ere I grew weary of this same liberty and longed to see Eugenie again, and to resume that yoke of which I was ashamed I knew not why, for it was easy, and had become necessary to me. What would have become of me if Eugenie had accepted the offers of that libertine priest and left me! So, in the middle of the night I mounted my horse and went back to Paris. I found her, as usual, thinking of me, and hoping, if not expecting, my speedy return. I then took to play, but its chances failed to excite me. I suffered myself to be dragged out to those supper parties which I had once found so pleasant, but it was only to cast my eyes round the circle in search of *her*, and when they found her not, nor ever rested on a face so beaming as hers, weariness soon crept over me, and I found the dishes tasteless, the wine vapid, and the conversation dull.

In the mean while, I had reached that period of life at which ambition becomes a ruling passion, and mine was to be rich. Without rendering me avaricious, Mademoiselle d'Ermay had taught me to know the value of money. I had known poverty and endured most of its attendant privations, and I was now in the possession of a large and unexpected fortune, but I wanted more. Just at this time I received a letter from my mother.

M. de Marigny here paused for a moment and appeared lost in thought; he was like a man who hesitates to finish the story he has begun, and

who, having disclosed one-half of his secret, has some misgiving as to telling the other half, when, suddenly seizing my hand and looking me full in the face,

"Sir," said he, in a tone of voice so solemn that it sent the blood back to my heart, and caused my not very weak nerves to tremble, "I was considering whether I ought not to require you to swear that you will never reveal to any mortal ear what I am about to relate (the perspiration stood in large drops on his venerable forehead); but 'tis no matter—I have begun and I will finish—my story may be useful as a lesson and a warning to others."

He went on.

My mother suggested, that as the period of mourning for my brother was over (alas! wishing to conceal that event from Eugenie I had not worn any), it was time to look into the affairs of a family of which I was now become the head. She advised me to resign my commission in the Gardes du Corps as an idle sort of life without any chance of promotion, and, as if she had read my thoughts, added, that I had nothing to do but to enjoy my wealth and at the same time increase it, for which there was a ready mode and present opportunity. It was this. She had selected for my brother the best match in the county—the marriage was fixed, the settlements agreed upon, and the contract drawn, when his death deranged all; why should not I carry into effect so well-formed and advantageous a plan? The young lady in question had known but little of my brother; she had no attachment to him, and merely married him because her family wished it. She was, moreover, young, pretty, and very rich. My mother urged me to quit Paris without delay, and come and secure a match which would double my fortune. Being thirty years of age, and completely my own master, I did not consider obedience, especially in such a matter, a duty I owed to the commands even of a mother; but I saw in the proposal an opportunity which might never again offer of breaking bonds which every day became tighter, and more and more wounded my pride. Besides, the *money*, the *money* tempted me. "Why," said I to myself, "should I not be able to love this pretty girl whom they propose I should marry? She is, perhaps, even handsomer than Mademoiselle d'Ermay; and who knows but she may love me as well, and without subjecting me to that sort of sway I feel so onerous?" I reflected, too, on the false position in which I was placed. I lived with a mistress, of whom I was not the first lover, but only the second. Nevertheless, I knew Mademoiselle d'Ermay's character so well, was so fully assured of her inviolate fidelity, and still felt so much attached to her, that I could not make up my mind one way or the other, and was in a most lamentable state of indecision. I had without much difficulty thus far concealed from her the death of my brother; but if I absented myself and went into Dauphiné, though only just to look at the lady proposed for my wife, she would guess all, and, on my return, my contemplated abandonment would be repaid by her taking leave of me for ever. Some plausible pretext for leaving her was therefore necessary—a mission, or something of the sort, from government, on business in the north of France, whilst I hastened to the south, and tried to find in the love beaming from other eyes a release from that which had hitherto chained me to Paris. The absolute necessity of concealing this new secret made me a totally different man to what I was

wont to be. I became moody and abstracted; and, whilst brooding in silence over my own thoughts, and fondly fancying that I never betrayed myself by even a gesture or hasty word, Mademoiselle d'Ermay had divined the whole, and was tracking with unerring sagacity, and into the inmost recesses of my soul, all my wavering resolves. She saw my timid spirit halting between herself and a rich wife, whilst harbouring, perchance, some vague fancy for change. For so it is; we are never content with that which we have, but we want more, or we want something else, and are always wanting to be happy in some other way than that in which we are so. Eugenie, herself impenetrable, read my heart as if a book; yet she lavished upon me the same tokens of affection, and always received me with the same sweet and calm demeanour. At length, one day, when I was in my study, debating with myself how and where I should answer my mother's letter, Mademoiselle d'Ermay entered, every feature of her sweet round face elongated and sharpened and fixed in frightful rigidity; her soft eyes glared, her rosy lips were bloodless. I thought she was suddenly seized by illness, or that some cruel accident had affected her reason. She appeared to stagger, and I was rising from my seat to support her, when her hand, laid on my shoulder, pressed me back again into my chair. The skirt of her dress was turned up as high as her waist, and within its folds her clenched hands held something which at each movement she made sounded like the small stones in a child's rattle.

"Is it you, Eugenie?" said I.

"Yes, it is I. Do not you know me? *I* am not changed; *I* am still the same."

So she said; but it was no longer the same woman. Her very voice was altered; a Gorgon, a Megæra stood before me.

"Eugenie! Eugenie!" cried I.

She looked at me steadfastly, and as though the innermost thoughts of my mind were written on my forehead; and the first words she uttered fully apprised me that she knew one of my secrets.

"M. le Marquis," said she: she knew my brother was dead. "M. le Marquis," she continued, in hoarse accents, "listen to me. I have never mentioned M. de Fosseux to you, and you do not know his story. I must tell it you. I was the inmate of a convent, young and fair, unhappy it is true, but pure of heart and discreet in conduct. I might, like my companions, have taken the veil and passed my life in a cloister, without either pain or pleasure. M. de Fosseux saw me, and fell in love with me. You can never know what pains he took, what arts he practised to seduce me, for I was then a virtuous girl, and my reputation was without spot; and though I do not reproach myself for what I have done, yet I well know that in the world I have judges more severe than my own conscience."

I made a second attempt to rise; not that I at all foresaw what was coming, but merely for the purpose of saying a few words to calm her, but she promptly shut my mouth by fiercely commanding me to listen.

"So pressing were his instances, so solemn his oaths, that they convinced me of the violence and sincerity of his passion. I listened and believed, and he prevailed. Yes, M. le Marquis, I believed his oaths of fidelity. I loved him; not so well as I love you; still I loved him. Alas, marquis! I ask you, for you know well, be it pride or be it self-

devotion, what have I ever required in return for my love? Nothing but a steadfast observance of the faith pledged to me, and you have not now to learn how I have kept that which I myself plighted. I ask no contract; I demand no guarantee. I live upon the present without one thought of the past, or one anxiety for the future, confiding in the *honour* of the man I love with a feeling of security which is at once my joy and my pride; faithful, I never asked but for faith; and, poor as I am, have I not rejected offers to be rich? Thus much then have I done for you and for M. de Fosseux; but M. de Fosseux deceived me; he ceased to love me, he was in treaty for a wealthy bride, and, cowardly as perfidious, heaped upon me the outward signs and tokens of a love he no longer felt; and why? Because he wished not to abandon me till the last moment—because he wished to deceive me until he could no longer wear a mask. This, marquis, was what M. de Fosseux intended to do, and this was what he would have done had he lived one week longer. I knew the name of his betrothed; and I knew the amount of the dowry to which the cupidity of my lover was about to sacrifice me. Now, marquis, what did such perfidy deserve? What was a woman to do who had asked nothing, exacted nothing, and to whom so much had been promised? Her prospects blasted and her honour lost—a cherished inmate of your home, whilst the fancy lasts; but appetite once satiated, turned out without one——. This the return for all her constancy and devotion: disgrace, base desertion, and, as if injury were not enough, you add mockery and insult, by smiling in her face whilst you are preparing to pierce her to the heart."

Whilst thus speaking (continued M. de Marigny), the looks of Mademoiselle d'Ermay assumed a yet more fierce expression, her voice became hoarser, her gestures more violent, and, with her increased agitation, whatever she had folded up in her dress returned a yet more alarming sound.

As for me, frightened, appalled, my hands trembling, and my forehead bathed in a cold sweat, I attempted to mutter something, I knew not what. No, never did Clairon, nor Dusmenil, nor your Siddons, whom I had seen some years before in England, so freeze my blood in the deepest tragedy. Struck by the resemblance between my own conduct and that of M. de Fosseux, I at length exclaimed,

"Eugenie! Eugenie! of whom are you speaking? What do you mean?"

"Of whom am I speaking? Of M. de Fosseux to be sure. What other man could be capable of a similar crime—of such base perfidy? Do you imagine it to be possible that there can be in the world two men so heartless—so utterly devoid of honour?"

"No, Eugenie," exclaimed I again; "no! I will never abandon you—*never*——"

"And who is talking of *you*, marquis?" retorted she, sharply; "I am speaking of M. de Fosseux."

I could not believe my eyes; my ears, too, nay all my senses seemed in combination to deceive me. I would have given all I was worth for some of the servants to enter and dissolve the spell.

"I am speaking to you of M. de Fosseux," repeated she. "Do you remember, marquis, the day—or rather the night—on which we met for the first time? *That* man dead at my feet—myself stretched in the gory

mire of the Place Beauveau—the dagger yet in the dead man's breast—the blood with which I was covered—my cries, my tears, my bruised neck, my torn ears, my story of two robbers, my swoons, my sobs. . . . . . Do you remember all this, marquis? Well, then, 'TWAS I—'TWAS I, I tell you!"

At these last words I uttered a loud cry, and was about to rush out of the room, but she held me fast.

"'Twas I, I tell you; *alone* I struck the traitor, and here are my proofs."

Saying this, she opened her hands, and shook her dress, when brilliant buckles, a necklace of rubies, diamond rings, and a gold watch, rolled glittering on the floor, and seemed to hem me in on all sides with their sparkling points, whilst in the midst of these bloody relics lay a letter, which I instantly recognised as my mother's!

"Mr. D——," said the old man to me—who was motionless, and scarcely dared to draw my breath—"I have been an old soldier, and, thank God! was never looked upon as a coward; many is the time I have boldly faced danger, and have, too, exposed my life through mere foolhardiness; but a man may have courage, yet not all kinds of courage; I was frightened, Mr. D——; the blood rushed to my head, my hair stood on end, my temples throbbed audibly, and I fell senseless on the floor."

When I came to myself (continued M. de Marigny) I found myself in bed; a copious bleeding had removed all immediate danger, and I seemed as though awaking out of a troubled sleep, in which I had been haunted by some fearful dream. Mademoiselle d'Ermay was at my side, with her sweet countenance, her words of love, and her tender and affectionate looks, and held both my hands in hers. Tears were stealing down her fair cheeks, and as soon as I opened my eyes she threw herself into my arms.

"Oh! chevalier," said she, "what an alarm you have caused me! Cruel man! to go into your own room without saying you were ill, and remain there alone and without help! Oh, my friend! however troublesome you may think me, I will never leave you again—I will follow you even into your study; but, my dear chevalier, I hope you will believe me in future."

Believe you! (exclaimed I,) starting up. She laid me down again, and replaced my head on the pillow. Ah! said she to herself, there is still some delirium here; and then, addressing me,

"Yes, my chevalier, *believe* me. What has been my advice to you for these several days past? Has it not been to lose a little blood this spring time?—yet you would not be prevailed on to follow it. Your physician himself says that one bleeding would have saved you your illness, and me my fright. I do hope, chevalier, you will be more docile next spring."

I shut my eyes, and essayed to retrace in thought all the circumstances of the scene under which I had so recently sunk. Though my head was confused, and my body weak, I recalled everything present and past. My memory carried me back to the Place Beauveau—again I saw the features of M. de Fosseux pale in death, and Mademoiselle d'Ermay's look of despair. Moreover, as a principal witness in the unhappy business, having been the first person who arrived at the spot where the

murder was committed, I was examined by the magistrate, and had read over Mademoiselle d'Ermay's deposition, in which she had described the several articles of the stolen jewellery with the greatest accuracy. I then mentally compared this careful and exact description, as given in the said deposition, with the articles which Eugenie had thrown down before me, and I seemed to see and recognise them all: a gold enamelled watch, a necklace of rubies, diamond ear-rings, rings set in brilliants, and . . . my mother's letter! I had hidden that letter in a secret drawer in my desk, which the maker of it had shown me alone how to open, and he was dead before I knew Eugenie; yet that letter had fallen at my feet! I saw the black seal, and thought I read the address in my mother's handwriting. It was impossible I could have dreamt all this! Another idea dwelt painfully on my mind: I have already told you that the murder of M. de Fosseux was generally attributed to two men of desperate character, Pierre le Mauvais and Guillaume le Bossu. The police had diligently followed this scent, and, after tracing them to various haunts, at last succeeded in capturing both; but they proved, most clearly and incontestably, that they were both at Rouen on the night of the murder, and all the other researches of the police had been in vain. Knowing all these circumstances as I did, they now recurred to my mind in such force as to bring on a fresh attack and another fit, which had obliged them again to call in my surgeon. What he found it necessary to do I know not; I only know that the result was long doubtful, and that nothing could equal the sorrow and assiduous care of Mademoiselle d'Ermay so long as that doubt lasted. At length I came to myself . . . She was at the foot of my bed, and in that sort of half-sleep which will sometimes overtake even the most wakeful and indefatigable nurses. I but partly opened my eyes, and carefully avoided making the slightest noise or movement. Her head rested on one of her hands, leaving somewhat more than the side-face and her fair cheek, now blanched by anxiety and watching, and the beautiful hair that hung in clustering curls over her white forehead, open to my view. Sleep often betrays our most secret thoughts, and the stuff of which dreams are made is sometimes revealed by involuntary movements. I narrowly watched her countenance; but no, there was nothing—she slept as calmly as a child. "*She! she!*" said I to myself—"*she* commit a murder! Could that white and delicate hand grasp a poniard, and strike the man she loved a deadly blow, and that too in the middle of the night, and in the open street? Why, the most practised villain, the commonest stabber, is not so sure of his aim as to be certain that his victim will fall without uttering one cry, and expire without knowing the hand that slays him; and that Eugenie should dare to feel more confidence in herself than such men do! and that she should never exhibit any symptoms of remorse! That I, who was so constantly with her, should never by any chance have detected any signs of a guilty conscience! never have found her low-spirited or absorbed in thought!" . . . But I had seen her in my study—I had heard her terrible confession—the rattling of the jewellery as it fell from her dress on the floor, still sounded in my ears! Perhaps, however, I had dreamt all this—perhaps this cruel vision, this horrible phantasmagoria, instead of being the cause, had been the first symptom of my disorder? If so, from what source had my imagination drawn these bloody horrors? How had my heart and mind been able to

engender such frightful calumnies against the best of women? True, I was thinking of emancipating myself from Eugenie's yoke, and of leaving her, in order to marry advantageously; but even whilst I was planning our separation I did justice to the angelic sweetness of her nature; and so far was I from supposing her capable of committing a crime, that I thought with regret of how many good and noble qualities I was about to deprive myself the contemplation and example in leaving her.

Some days before the occurrence I have just narrated (added M. de Marigny), one of my servants cut himself in moving a piece of furniture, and Eugenie, who happened to be present, nearly fainted at the sight of the blood; and when I joked her about her weakness, the wound not being at all serious, "Chevalier," said she, "do not laugh at me; you know I cannot bear to see even a chicken killed." I had, indeed, remarked that, though in housekeeping affairs she was always active and vigilant, she never went into the kitchen. I was in a dreadful state of uncertainty, for, in spite of all my reasonings on the subject, there was still the fact—I *had* seen her—I *had* heard her; it was *herself* beyond all doubt. Twice had her hand, pressing on my shoulder, pushed me back into my chair. The more I tried to banish these recollections, the more they crowded upon me; and whilst thus tortured by these anxious speculations, I made a hasty movement as she awoke.

"You then, of course," said I, interrupting his narrative for a moment, "demanded an explanation of her terrible confession?"

"Impossible, my good friend," replied he; "I was by no means sure of my own sanity, and Mademoiselle d'Ermay would have treated such a demand as the raving of delirium."

"You are very ill, my dearest chevalier," said she; "your mind has often wandered since yesterday, and as the dreams of a sick man commonly take their colour from his waking thoughts, I have discovered, whilst listening to the indistinct mutterings which fell from you in sleep, that there is one sore place in your heart. You love me, chevalier, truly and sincerely. I know you do,—but you are jealous!"

"Jealous!" cried I, in a feeble voice.

"Yes—but of the past; you have no doubt of my feelings towards you now,—you do me that justice; but you are afraid that I loved M. de Fosseux yet better."

"M. de Fosseux! M. de Fosseux! for God's sake, Eugenie, do not pronounce that name."

"Why? Since yesterday it has been continually in your mouth, and you have scarcely ever ceased to utter it and speak of him with bitterness. Ah! my friend, let the dead rest in peace: you must have observed that from the first moment of our connexion, I never mentioned or alluded to M. de Fosseux,—you must have made me forget him. Oh! believe me, my chevalier, I swear—and you know how sacred I hold an oath—I never loved M. de Fosseux as I love you. Do not then allow such painful fancies to harass you; think how happy we are—as happy as it is possible to be in this world,—so happy that everybody envies us."

In saying this, her lovely face was lighted up with a heavenly smile, expressive of love and contentment; and if a small but almost imperceptible cloud did rest for an instant on her calm brow, it was easily accounted for by her anxiety for me. At length one morning I awoke,

and, not without a certain degree of satisfaction, perceived that I was alone. She was not there. I rang the bell, and a servant came.

"Your mistress?"

"Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, mademoiselle; where is she?"

"Mademoiselle is at church; it is Sunday," answered the servant.

She was attending divine service at the church of St. Roch, as she never failed to do both on Sundays and saints' days.

I dismissed the servant, rose hastily, threw on my dressing-gown, and, with unsteady step, hurried to the desk in which I had locked up my mother's letter. The desk was untouched. At the very part of it where the drawer was so skilfully contrived, and of which I alone possessed the secret, there were some grains of dust, clearly proving that the mysterious spring had not been touched for a long time. I opened it, and there lay my mother's letter, exactly as I had, with my own hands, placed it! Astonished and confounded, I went to Mademoiselle d'Ermay's room. Her keys were on her dressing-table; *she* had neither suspicions nor secrets! I searched everywhere, turned everything topsy-turvy. Not a hole nor corner did I omit to rummage; and I shuddered the while, for I was every moment expecting to find the watch, the rubies, and the diamonds which I had seen, or fancied that I saw, scattered before me on the floor of my study. But no, there was nothing of the sort. Was it, then, a dream—a frightful illusion, and the mere forerunner of my illness? By some strange contradiction, or some magnetic power which a strong will exercises over a feeble one, I felt that I loved Eugenie a hundred times better than ever, and crawled back again to my bed, convinced that I had been mistaken, and the victim of a fearful dream. I then considered the case in another point of view, and asked myself whether, even supposing Mademoiselle d'Ermay to be guilty, she had not some excuse for her crime? What could be more base and dishonourable than to abandon so fond and devoted a woman? Had not M. de Fosseux deserved his fate? And I, who had entertained the same design, and had been on the point of committing the very same act of treachery, and for the very same vile motive of adding to an already large fortune, what was *I*, then? Had she meant to give me an awful warning of the fate which awaited me if I proved as faithless as M. de Fosseux? I was lost in conjectures. There was, perhaps, one way of extricating myself from this labyrinth, or, at least, of throwing some light on the darkness by which I was surrounded. I might ascertain from the family of M. de Fosseux if at the time of his death he was engaged to be married. I, however, rejected this idea; for, whether it proceeded from love or from infirmity of purpose, I preferred darkness to light, and blindness to perfect vision. "Yes," said I to myself, "I have dreamt it all; my imagination has mixed up M. de Fosseux with the wrong I was myself about to inflict, and, whilst meditating a crime, I have also imagined its cruel punishment. Truly, I have had a shocking dream!"

My reflections had led me thus far, when Mademoiselle d'Ermay returned from church. She came and took her accustomed place at my bedside.

"Eugenie," said I, "I have much to tell you."

"Do not talk, chevalier; you are still too weak for conversation."

"No, Eugenie, I am better. My head is clear, and my delirium past; so listen. In the first place, my brother is dead."

"Accept my condolences, and allow me to congratulate you on your accession to wealth and a higher title."

"My dear friend," said I again, "my mother has written to me. She requires me to do two things; one is to go for a time to my estate in Dauphiné, and the other to get married. Surely, then, this is the auspicious moment to obtain the sanction of the Church to our union?"

"You are right, marquis," she answered, quietly, "for the king and queen" (Louis XV. was dead), "and especially the Princess Elizabeth, his majesty's sister, are very strait in their notions, and might otherwise possibly look coldly upon you when you are presented."

Within a week we were married.

"She became your wife?" exclaimed I.

"Yes, and I am still in mourning for her, and shall continue to wear it to the end of my life."

There was no change in our domestic arrangements; all went on as usual, except that my friends and acquaintance, and my people, instead of calling Eugenie Mademoiselle, addressed her as Madame la Marquise. In the world my marriage was not blamed; on the contrary, it was approved. It was an event which everybody seemed to have expected, and, taking place as it did as soon as I became rich, was voted to be alike honourable to Mademoiselle d'Ermay and myself. I must tell you a trait which will enable you to judge how my wife—for so I must now call her—interested herself in the events of my former life. A few days after our marriage she said to me,

"My dear marquis, I used formerly to go sometimes to the theatre of Audinet—did you?"

"Yes, marquise, often."

"There was at that time a young *danseuse* on those boards who attracted my attention: she was called, I believe, Zephirine; do you remember her?"

"I had forgotten her, marquise, and but for your recalling her to my mind I should never have thought of her again."

"She was a giddy girl, I understand," continued she, "and from mere love of change left Paris and France some years ago with a wealthy Englishman, through whose indulgence and her own indolence she neglected her dancing—a talent soon lost without constant practice—and she has grown fat and lost her agility. The Englishman has become tired of her and turned her off, and she cannot get an engagement even in London; would you now be so kind as to make her some small allowance?"

I did so, and my wife would never listen to the confession I begged her to hear. I then took my wife into Dauphiné, and presented her to my mother, who at first received her very coldly, as I expected—for this marriage had marred all her plans—but she was soon so won by the unvarying sweetness of her temper, and the irresistible fascination of her manners, that she conceived the warmest affection for her, and no mother-in-law ever loved a daughter better. My good fortune excited some jealousy, and the beauty of my wife much admiration. A gentleman in the neighbourhood fell in love with her, and was bold enough to declare his

passion; she instantly, and without the smallest hesitation, informed me of the insult she had received, and I, as promptly, decided on calling him out; a resolution which Eugenie at first opposed, but on my insisting that as I had in former days fought for a mistress I could not do less for a wife, she said, "Go, then, and avenge me; if you fall, I will not survive you."

My antagonist was severely wounded; and this proof of spirit obtained me the more credit in my neighbourhood, as my cause was so just. The revolution broke out whilst we were in Dauphiné, and I wished to return without delay to Paris; but my wife dissuaded me. "You are no longer in the army," said she; "you left it when you married me, and you therefore owe no personal service to the king; stay here, where you may perhaps be useful to others, and certainly so to yourself."

I followed counsels which had long since become the only guide of my will, and it was well I did so, for we passed in peace and retirement that period which was so fatal to our aristocracy; and when the storm was over, "Now," said she, "let us go to Paris."

Here we lived in the enjoyment of happiness which nothing ever alloyed, and of a mutual affection which age neither cooled nor impaired. Thus, you see, my friend (continued M. de Marigny), I have been led through life by my wife; but she strewed the path with flowers, whilst the circumstance which, as it were, compelled me to marry her saved me from the commission of a base and unworthy act, for which I should never have ceased to reproach myself, and which would have rendered my life miserable. Yes, all has been for the best.

"You mean by that," said I, "that you have had sufficient strength of mind to control your imagination and to become thoroughly convinced that preceding events were the mere dream of a delirious man?"

Wait awhile (quietly pursued M. de Marigny). Two years ago, my wife was seized by sudden and severe illness; she had up to that moment enjoyed invariable good health, and though she was upwards of fifty, her smile retained all its sweetness, and her countenance was as serene as ever. When she found herself unable to leave her bed, she gave herself up for lost.

"I feel that I shall die, my dear friend," said she to me one day, "and I have some few requests to make of you; you will not marry again —will you?"

At these words I burst into tears, and poured forth again all my former oaths, and which, considering our long attachment and my advanced age, it was no longer difficult to keep.

"I know," said she, "you will never give your name to another woman; I feel sure of that. What I wish is, that you should retire to your estate in Dauphiné, and there, in peace and tranquillity, end your days where your father and mother died and are buried; and, that you may have no inducement to remain in Paris or ever return to it, sell your house; and then, having no interest in the capital, you will find it the more easy to perform what I have now requested, and what I feel assured you will promise me to do."

I promised all she required; and in so doing it appeared to me that I was adopting the wisest and most prudent course. There was, moreover, in the idea of going to die amidst the tombs of my ancestors and of mingling my ashes with theirs, a feeling of piety which melted me to

tears. Eugenie, once feeling assured that her last wishes would be obeyed, asked for the attendance of a priest, and died with the same courage and composure as had marked her whole life.

"Sir," said her confessor to me, "God is just and merciful. He pardons the repentant sinner—your wife is a saint in heaven."

I will not attempt to describe my grief, my despair, and the state of utter loneliness into which this sad bereavement plunged me: I have other matters to talk of. When Eugenie was no more I had no longer any will but my own to consult; and though deeply regretting the absence of that sway I had been so long accustomed to, I nevertheless followed inclinations which were no longer controlled. It was a feeling of piety which had first made me promise to retire into Dauphiné, and it was now a similar feeling which determined me to remain where I was. Why should I go and die amidst ancestral tombs? Why make it a point of duty to mix my ashes with theirs? I lost my father when I was a mere child; I scarcely remembered him; and I had lived very little with my mother, whereas, my whole life had been spent with Eugenie. It was therefore near her that I ought to end my days, and in her grave that I ought to find my final resting-place; nor could I understand how it was that she had not expressed a wish to that effect, and I persuaded myself that if she could now see me, she would approve of the change in my resolution. When I had once made up my mind to remain in Paris, it was no longer requisite or convenient to sell my house; and, to tell you the truth, I was very desirous to keep it. I had inhabited it from my youth; I had improved and embellished it, and it recalled to my remembrance the only woman I had ever sincerely loved. My whole life had been spent in it; in it had been acted the whole drama of my existence, and there was not a corner nor a piece of furniture in it which did not awaken some thought or recollection. I resolved then to live and die in Paris. But, my friend, though our dwellings of brick and mortar are more durable than those of our own mortal clay, they, nevertheless, from time to time require repair, or they would fall into a state of utter dilapidation. Several months ago, my people told me that some tiling was wanted to the roof, and that the flooring of the rooms on the sixth story was sadly out of condition. These were the rooms of which Mademoiselle d'Ermay had been the last occupier; in fact, my wife had always taken to herself these three rooms which she had occupied in her poverty, and the keys of them remained in the hands of my people till after that my grief had somewhat subsided. I wished to revisit the scene of my wooing, and the hallowed spot where Eugenie had responded to my passion. My first visit was made alone, and I gave way without restraint to the feelings which the scene was calculated to excite. On this occasion, however, I went up with the workmen. Time, and the dampness of a room always kept closed, had almost entirely destroyed the flooring. They set to work in my presence, and scarcely had they raised up the mouldy boards and decayed joists, than I saw diamonds glitter, and rubies, and gold—those dreadful jewels which had caused me so much terror and such a severe illness—there they were, the very same . . . . .

"Great God!" cried I; "then she *had* killed M. de Fosseux!!!"

The old man NODDED.

ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS OF SUCCOUR.

INTELLIGENCE with regard to the progress of the parties in search of Sir John Franklin's expedition arrived in this country last month by the *Tyne* (Captain Ord), and by one of the vessels of research, the *Lady Franklin*, under Captain Penny. The intelligence thus brought is so far satisfactory as that it has been discovered that the missing expedition passed its first winter in a cove between Cape Riley (where the tracks of Sir John Franklin were first discovered) and Beechey Island, and there is not the slightest ground for supposing that up to that period any disaster of any description had occurred, beyond the ordinary casualties of life among such a number; three men having died of the two ships' companies up to April, 1846. On the other hand, with the exception of Captain Penny's discovery of open sea to the northward, the intelligence of the progress of the expeditions of succour is somewhat disheartening. Captain Austin's expedition being about to give up the research and explore Jones' Sound in Baffin's Bay, while with respect to the American expedition—the same strange event had happened to it as happened to Sir James Ross—the ships had actually been conveyed against their will, imbedded in ice, through Barrow's Straits into Lancaster Sound, and thence into Baffin's Bay, to a point south of Cape Walsingham; a distance exceeding 1050 miles.

It is truly vexatious that Sir Edward Parry having proceeded from Barrow Strait in a direct course to Melville Island, and returned without experiencing any, or very little difficulty, that no expedition can now succeed in getting so far to the westward except by land or sledge parties. In the instructions given to Sir John Franklin, the fact of Sir Edward Parry's successful navigation of this passage was particularly dwelt upon, and it was added, that "it was hoped that the remaining portion of the passage, about 900 miles to Behring's Strait, might also be found free from obstruction; that in proceeding to the westward, therefore, Sir John Franklin was not to stop to examine any openings, either to the northward or southward in that strait, but to continue to push to the westward without loss of time, in the latitude of about 74¼ deg., till he should have reached that portion of land on which Cape Walker is situated, or about 98 deg. west. Once arrived at that point, every effort was to be used to endeavour to penetrate to the southward and westward in a course as direct towards Behring's Strait as the position and extent of the ice, or the existence of land at present unknown, may admit. We are obliged to return to these instructions in order that the existing state of things may be the better understood. It has been ascertained that Sir John Franklin wintered on Beechey Island at the mouth of Wellington Channel, and there is now a difference of opinion as to whether he proceeded, on the breaking up of the ice, in the direction pointed out to him by his instructions, or up Wellington Channel to the open sea discovered by Captain Penny. It is to be remarked that Sir John Franklin's ships were provided with screws, and if Barrow's Strait was in any degree as open in the summer of 1846 as it was when sailed through by Sir Edward Parry, the expedition would have been able to make its way in a brief time to beyond Cape Walker or Melville Island, and consequently beyond

what any of the sledge parties sent out by Captain Austin were able to accomplish. The absence of indications of the progress of the missing expedition, taken as evidence of their not being further to the westward, can only be received as of minor degree, for it was expressly enjoined, as we see above, in the instructions to Sir John Franklin, that he should not stop to examine any openings either to the northward or southward, but continue to push to the westward. We do not say this now that the longitude of 103 deg. 25 min. W. along the south shore, and 114 deg. 20 min. W. along the north shore, has been reached by the sledge parties without success; we merely repeat what we said before (*New Monthly*, part i., 1850, p. 97), that the *Erebus* and *Terror* may have remained frozen in from the very onset in the channels or straits between Walker's Land and Banks's Land; they may, after being repulsed from those straits, have made their way further westward, and have got shut up beyond the North Georgian or Parry Islands. They may have remained shut up in some of the passages between Walker's Land and Victoria and Wollaston Lands, or they may have remained amid unknown seas, lands, or ices to the northward or westward of Banks's Land and Melville Island. A category that we did not take into account, and which we should be very unwilling to admit, seems to have presented itself in addition to the expedition of succour, which is, that the *Erebus* and *Terror*, being unsuccessful in Barrow's Strait, returned, or perchance were carried out of that strait and Lancaster Sound, and are frozen in in some other sound or channel. Naturally a last and more melancholy category presents itself, that both ships may have been nipped by the ice or otherwise lost with their gallant crews. But almost all precedents, and all the facts of the case, preclude this disheartening view of the matter. If a fatal accident had happened to one ship, it is very unlikely that it should have also occurred to the other. Again, if both ships had been lost in seas so crowded with land and ice, it is very unlikely that some of the crew did not escape. If the expedition returned out of Lancaster Sound, as seems now to be surmised, the two ships may have been lost in Baffin's Bay. Lastly, there is the fate of Sir Hugh Willoughby and his unfortunate crew, which remains in the dark background of successive Arctic writers, but Heaven avert so sad a calamity!

The question is, however, what have the expeditions of succour, with whose labours we are now acquainted, done to satisfy the mind upon any one of these given categories? To answer this we must enter somewhat into detail. After the discovery of the tracks of Sir John Franklin, near Cape Riley, the shore was searched further to the northward, till the ships were stopped by the fixed ice, about four miles beyond Point Innes. On the 25th of August, a lead opening towards Cape Hotham, Captain Ommaney, of the *Assistance*, despatched the *Intrepid* to take advantage of it, following himself in the *Assistance*, while Captain Penny remained to search the bay between Cape Riley and Beechey Island. At this time the *Felix*, Sir John Ross; the *Rescue*, Lieutenant de Haven; and the United States' schooner *Advance*, were, with Captain Penny's two brigs, *Lady Franklin* and *Sophia*, all within a short distance of one another, exploring the shores and islands at the mouth of Wellington Channel. The *Resolute*, Captain Austin, did not reach the same spot till the 28th.

On the 26th of August traces were found to the northward of Port Innes. These consisted of fragments of clothing, preserved meat tins, and scraps of papers; one of which bore the name of M'Donald, assistant-surgeon of the *Terror*. On the 27th Captain Penny's parties reported graves. They bore respectively the names of W. Braine, R.M.; and John Hartnell, of the *Erebus;* and John Torrington, of the *Terror;* the date of the latest death being the 3rd of April, 1846. Added to these sad, but unmistakable evidences, were the remains of the observatory, carpenter's shop, and armourer's forge. Upon the hill-side and beach were fragments of wood, metal, and clothing, with stacks of empty meat tins. Everything indicated permanency and organisation. All parties were satisfied that Sir John Franklin's party had wintered here in the season of 1845-46; and thus Colonel Sabine's suggestion last year, that the remains at Cape Riley were those of a second magnetic observatory, established not far from the winter quarters of the expedition, remains still the most likely one. Captain Austin, who arrived the next day, added, that there was circumstantial evidence sufficient to prove that the departure of the expedition was somewhat sudden, but whether at an early or a late season of the year was very difficult to determine. Still, no doubt the cause of that sudden departure would be the breaking up of the ice, and the question is, was that to the westward or to the northward?

On the afternoon of the 4th of September, upon a southerly movement of the ice, the *Assistance* rounded Cape Hotham, and the United States' expedition reached to near Barlow Inlet. On the 9th almost all the ships succeeded in relieving themselves from the ice, and gaining the water between Cornwallis Island and the pack to the south; they pushed on, for once, with raised hopes to the westward, but were soon brought to by an extensive floe, which stretched from the south-west end of Griffith Island to the southward, as far as the eye could reach. The different vessels lay on and off this floe from the 10th till the 13th, when after much labour and difficulty they cleared the bay and stream ice, and reached open water east of Griffith Island, and, after some further delay, and many severe trials, they were obliged to lay up for the winter, Captain Austin's vessels being locked up in the ice, in the strait between Griffith and Cornwallis Islands.

During the long arctic winter of 1850-51, the vessels, although not so conveniently circumstanced as was hoped for, held communication with one another, and arrangements were made for exploratory journeys in sledges in the spring. With a view to facilitate these, sledges were sent out before the winter attained a maximum of severity, with provisions to be placed in depôt for the parties that were to take the direction of Cape Walker and Melville Island. The expedition under Captain Penny undertaking the search of Wellington Strait.

All joined heart and hand in making efforts for success. Walking and sledge dragging were measures of training adopted whenever the weather would permit. By the 28th of March, the equipment of the sledges was generally complete, and the best feeling and highest spirits prevailed throughout the expedition, but weather and temperature (the thermometer ranging from 10 deg. to 43 deg. *minus*) delayed their departure.

On the 4th of April, the thermometer still indicating 38 deg. below

freezing point, the first party started under Mr. M'Dougall, second-master, and the weather becoming more favourable, on the morning of the 12th the whole of the sledges, fourteen in number, manned by 104 officers and men, and provisioned, some for forty, and others for forty-two days, with an average dragging weight of 205 pounds per man, were conducted, under the command of Captain Ommanney, to an advanced position on the ice, off the north-west end of Griffith Island, where tents were pitched, luncheon cooked, and all closely inspected by the commander of the expedition, Captain Austin; after which, says the gallant captain, "all retired to pass the next day, being Sunday, in quiet reflection and prayer."

The parties were not, however, enabled to take their departure till the evening of the 15th of April, when, the wind having fallen, and the temperature somewhat improved, all proceeded to their sledges. "On arrival," to use Captain Austin's own words again, "a short period was devoted to refreshment, after which all joined in offering up a prayer for protection and guidance; then started, with, perhaps, as much determination and enthusiasm as ever existed, with the certainty of having to undergo great labour, fatigue, and privation."

The so-called extended parties proceeded with six sledges, three along the south shore and three along the north shore, of what, for want of a better designation, may be termed Parry's Strait—that is, the westerly prolongation of Lancaster Sound and Barrow Strait. The first sledge on the south shore, the *Reliance*, under Captain Ommanney, was out sixty days, and travelled 480 miles, during which it discovered no less than 205 miles of unknown coast. The second, the *True Blue*, under Lieutenant Osborne, was out fifty-eight days, and travelled 506 miles, during which it discovered seventy miles of new coast. The third, the *Enterprise*, under Lieutenant Browne, was out forty-four days, and travelled 375 miles, during which it discovered 150 miles of new coast. The extreme westerly point reached was by the *True Blue* party, which reached the longitude of 103, 25 W. The outline of new coast discovered has not been published yet, but the latitudes 72 deg. 44 min.; 72 deg. 18 min.; and 72 deg. 49 min., at which the different expeditions attained their greatest distance, show a southerly, or south-westerly trending of the shore. The extreme point reached by the *True Blue* lies, indeed, almost half-way between Leopold Island and Point Turnagain, on the coast of the American continent.

It is stated in an article in the *Illustrated London News*, the chief material for which has apparently been communicated by Captain Penny, that Barrow Strait was thoroughly searched, not only as far westward as Cape Walker, but to Banks's Land. The *Athenæum* does not say quite as much, but intimates that Captain Ommanney visited Cape Walker, and the land trending west, as far as 100 deg. 42 west longitude; and Lieutenant Osborne extended the exploration in the same direction to 103 deg. 25 west longitude. The writer in the *Athenæum* adds afterwards, "From the configuration of the coast adjacent to Cape Walker, it became evident that Sir John Franklin could not have advanced with his ships in that direction." But to what latitudes did these south-westerly explorations lead? In Captain Ommanney's case, to 72 deg. 44 min.;

in Lieutenant Osborne's, to 72 deg. 18 min.! Laying these courses down upon the map, we find little light thrown upon the regions between Cape Walker and Banks's Land; and certainly nothing, as far as has yet been shown, to warrant any such deductions as are made by our two hebdomadal contemporaries.

In the exploration of the north shore, the first sledge, *Lady Franklin*, under the charge of Lieutenant Aldrich, was sixty-two days travelling 550 miles, during which seventy miles of new land were discovered. The second—the *Perseverance*—under Lieutenant M'Clintock, was out eighty days, travelling 760 miles, during which forty miles of new coast were discovered. The third—the *Resolute*—under Surgeon Bradford, was out also eighty days, travelling 669 miles, and discovering no less than 135 miles of coast. The furthest point reached was by Lieutenant M'Clintock's party, which attained the parallel of 114 deg. 20 min. in lat. 74 deg. 38 min. This was beyond the extreme south-westerly point of Melville Island, and further westward than has yet been reached; Captain Sir Edward Parry having put about in long. 113 deg. 48 min. 29 sec., upon which occasion the expedition became entitled to a reward of 5000*l.* when they crossed the meridian of 110 deg. west. Lieutenant M'Clintock appears also to have been in an admirable position, half-way between Melville Island and Banks's Land, and the circumstance of his not meeting with any traces of the missing expedition at such a remarkable point is a matter of very serious import.

The sledges *Lady Franklin* and the *Resolute* travelled in higher latitudes, and did not effect so good a westing. Both appear to have been stopped a little to the north-eastward of Sabine Island, but still both journeys were alike remarkable and full of interest. The details of such trying expeditions will, indeed, be looked forward to with the greatest avidity. They attest, with Captain Penny's explorations, that such a system of exploration—that of boats and sledges conjointly—is the one best adapted to the difficulties of the country, and one which probably might be improved upon by experience.

While these extended expeditions were out, others of more limited extent were also despatched on exploratory business, with refreshments for the extended parties on their return, to make observations, fix positions, and deposit records, &c. Yet so great was the exposure and labour even of these limited e peditions, which all returned at periods between the 27th of April and 19th of May, that no less than eighteen men suffered from frost-bite, and one of them, George S. Malcolm, who acted as captain of the sledge *Excellent*, perished from exhaustion and cold. The extended parties returned between the 28th of May and the 4th of July, in safety and good health, and only requiring a little rest and comfort to repair the effects of privation and fatigue.

Captain Austin observes upon the negative results obtained by all these sledge-exploring parties, "I have now the honour to state, that having maturely considered the directions and extent of the search (without success) that has been made by this expedition, and weighed the opinions of the officers when at their extremes, I have arrived at the conclusion that the expedition under Sir John Franklin did not prosecute the object of its mission to the southward and westward of Wellington Strait;

and having communicated with Captain Penny, and fully considered his official reply to my letter, relative to the search of Wellington Strait by the expedition under his charge (unhappily without success), I do not feel authorised to prosecute (even if practicable) a further search in those directions.

"It is now my intention to proceed with all despatch to attempt the search of Jones's Sound. Looking to their Lordships' intention, and to the impression that may now become strengthened with reference thereto, I have at the last moment the satisfaction of stating that we are proceeding under favourable circumstances."

The great facts in favour of the conclusions arrived at by Captain Austin and his brother-officers are, that the sledges, especially the *Perseverance*, proceeded so far without falling in with the missing expedition, or with any traces of it. Some notice of its passage along Parry's Strait, supposing such to have been accomplished, it would have been supposed would at least have been met with at such prominent situations as Cape Walker, the extreme south-west point of Melville Island, or elsewhere. But again, had Parry's Channel been open to navigation, the expedition might have sailed right on to beyond a meridian of 114 deg. west without stopping on its way, or it may have taken a south-westerly direction. There still remains an immense tract of land, ice, or sea between the extreme reached by the *True Blue* and Banks's Land. If the results obtained by the sledge explorations of Parry's Strait and archipelago negative the idea of Sir John Franklin's expedition having prosecuted the object of its mission to the southward or westward of Wellington Strait, so, also, would the results obtained by the sledge and boat explorations of Captain Penny's party attest that Sir John Franklin's expedition did not proceed up Wellington Strait. Yet Captain Penny appears to be impressed with quite a contrary notion, and thinks that the missing expedition may have proceeded that way, although no traces were found after exploring many hundred miles of coast, ice, and water. And why does Captain Penny admit such an impression? Apparently simply because he and his parties met with open water in that direction. But there was also open water *in* the direction of Parry's Strait in 1819, and there might have been the same in 1846. Be that as it may, it is not likely that, having wintered in Wellington Strait, the expedition would have sailed out of Barrow Strait and Lancaster Sound to explore Jones's Sound. Again, the expedition appears to have been so sanguine of success, and so ardent in its progress onward, as to have thought but little of leaving records of its doings. Had a document of its purports and intentions been left at its first winter quarters, a world of doubt would have been removed at once. We are quite prepared to give all due and respectful weight to opinions formed on the ground by experienced officers, who have laboured and suffered so much in the cause; but still we can but express our humble opinion that the results arrived at are still of a more or less negative character, and that it is by no means certain, at least from anything yet given to the public, "that the expedition under Sir John Franklin did not prosecute the object of its mission to the southward and westward of Wellington Strait."

The question remains, supposing this conclusion to be the correct one,

did the expedition sail up Wellington Strait? A view of the case which appears to be warmly advocated by Captain Penny, who is well qualified to give an opinion upon the subject, having been engaged in the exploration of that strait. In the first place, Captain Penny speaks in his despatch of the 12th of April, 1851, of the traces of the missing expedition found at Cape Riley, as "apparently those of a retreating party," a view of the case which induced him to explore the east coast of Wellington Strait narrowly, when he found traces of a "hunting party" near Cape Spencer. Subsequently to this, a party of all his officers discovered the quarter which had been occupied by the vessels of Sir John Franklin in the winter of 1845-46. This was all the discoveries effected in 1850, and all at the entrance of Wellington Strait, which was so blocked up with old land ice that it could not be explored further; in consequence of which Captain Penny pushed his way through bay ice to Captain Austin's expedition off Griffith's Island. A more favourable appearance of the ice induced Captain Penny to make an attempt to reach Cape Walker before seeking a winter harbour; but after proceeding about twenty-five miles the ice became packed, which, with a heavy fog, caused him to put about to what has since been denominated Assistance Harbour, in Cornwallis Island, where the party passed the winter without a single case of sickness.

On the 17th of April, Captain Penny, as previously arranged with Captain Austin, started six sledges, with forty-one officers and men, variously officered by Captain Stewart of the *Sophia*; Messrs. Marshall, Reid, and J. Stuart; and Surgeons Sutherland and Goodsir, the latter of whom has a brother in the missing expedition, to explore Wellington Channel. On the 19th the temperature fell, and a gale of wind faced the sledge parties (Captain Penny accompanying them on the onset in a dog-sledge), and, continuing with only partial intermissions till the 22nd, the parties returned, after establishing depôts for future more extended explorations. These were ultimately undertaken on the 6th of May, when, after a short prayer to the Almighty to enable them to do their duty, the sledges again started.

Rapid journeys were at first made with the dog-sledges to Cape Dubarn, in north latitude 75 deg. 22 min., whence the land trended north-west ten miles to Point Decision, where a hill of 400 feet in height was ascended. Mr. Goodsir followed the line of coast hence, which still trended in a north-west direction, while Captain Penny proceeded over the ice in a direction north-west by north to an island named Baillie Hamilton Island. This was on the 15th of May. The ice in the strait between Hamilton and Cornwallis Islands was seen to be in a very decayed state, and on the 17th, after travelling round the island first in a N.N.E. and afterwards in a N.N.W. direction, they opened upon another strait, in which was twenty-five miles of clear water; an island was seen bearing west half-south, distant forty miles; and a headland distant fifteen miles west by north, the dark sky over this head indicating the presence of water on the other side. This point was found to be in 76 deg. 2 min. north latitude, and 95 deg. 55 min. west longitude. Further progress being thus prevented by the important discovery of open water, Captain Penny returned to the ships by rapid journeys, and set the carpenter and

people to work to prepare a boat at once. This was started on the 4th of June with one auxiliary sledge and one dog sledge; the whole party being in charge of Mr. Manson. Water had by this time been also seen by Mr. Goodsir and others when in 75 deg. 36 min. north latitude and 96 west longitude. After some little difficulties and delays, occasioned by the sledge on which the boat was placed being unfit for its purpose—an inconvenience soon remedied by the indefatigable Captain Penny,—the boat was launched into the water and laden. Captain Penny, who proceeded himself on the dangerous navigation, proceeded at first about ten miles to the westward, when he was obliged to take shelter in an adjacent bay, in consequence of a head sea and strong westerly gale. From that date, June 17th, until the 20th of July, 310 miles of coast were examined by the boat under very disadvantageous circumstances, arising from constant unfavourable winds and rapid tides. The provisions being then within eight days of being consumed, and their distance from the ship such that prudence did not warrant further perseverance, they commenced their return, the weather being boisterous in the extreme, with continuous rain, so that when they left the open water, and got upon the ice, they had to ford rapid streams!

On his return, Captain Penny was agreeably surprised to hear that Barrow Strait had been open as far as could be seen since the 2nd of July, and not having found such traces of the missing expedition as would warrant the risk of a second winter his orders being such also as left him no alternative, he set off on his return to England the moment the vessels were free of ice and all the sledge parties had returned. This appears to have been at or about the 12th of August, when Captain Penny's expedition last spoke Captain Austin's. The details of the proceedings of the other exploratory parties are only incidentally alluded to by Captain Penny. For particulars of the different searches the captain refers to reports which accompanied his own of September 8th, 1851, to the Lords of the Admiralty, and a sketch has since appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. It appears that the northern shores of Cornwallis and Bathurst Islands were in part, if not wholly, explored, thus bringing the researches of the sledge parties of Captain Penny's expedition into very close contact with those carried on by the sledges *Resolute* and *Lady Franklin*, of Captain Austin's expedition. It appears also that Messrs. Goodsir and Marshall, who carried on these researches, were obliged to return when in 99 west, in consequence of water. They thus did not proceed far over Bathurst Island, but without knowing the exact course followed by the sledges *Resolute* and *Lady Franklin*, it would not appear at all likely that the missing expedition lies anywhere between the two extreme points attained by the two parties in question. It appears also that Captain Stewart, of the *Sophia*, with Dr. Sutherland as his auxiliary, explored during the same period a considerable extent of the east coast of Wellington Strait, and the south shores of Albert Land.

If Captain Penny then really entertains sanguine hopes of finding further traces of the missing expedition up Wellington Channel, it must be in the direction of that open water which he explored for a distance of 310 miles, and then was only forced back by want of provisions, having been out in an open boat and the most severe climate in the world for

no less than thirty-three days.* It is not impossible that Jones's Sound, which Captain Austin proposes to explore, before giving up all further attempts at succour, may communicate with this open sea north of Wellington Strait; but, considering the width of land between Cape Riley and Cape Leopold, or from west to east of Albert Land, forming the whole northern shore of Barrow Strait and Lancaster Sound, it is exceedingly improbable. Not finding any traces of the missing expedition in Wellington Strait besides those discovered in 1850, is, as observed with regard to similar results obtained from the exploration of Parry's Strait, only negative evidence. It still remains, in the present position of affairs, exceedingly difficult to determine whether the missing expedition proceeded by the Wellington Channel, Parry's Channel, or some unexplored channel between the extremes reached by the *True Blue* and *Reliance* sledges, and Banks's Land. Under any case, the sea must have opened in 1846 in a most favourable manner, and the expedition have sailed at once, and without leaving a trace behind it, in any one of these given directions to beyond where research and explorations have succeeded in penetrating. Or does this absence of all tracks, between the first winter expedition and the extreme points reached by the different sledge and boat parties, indicate some great catastrophe which must have occurred in the summer of 1846? If so, it is most likely that some traces of wreck would have been met with by one or more of the numerous sledging parties. The probabilities of the safety of Sir John Franklin's expedition are, therefore, strengthened rather than diminished by these explorations. Captain Penny talks of the tracks as those of a retreating party. If so, the expedition, as appears to be surmised by Captain Austin as a forlorn hope, may have gone out of Lancaster Sound, and proceeded to explore Jones's or some other sound in the north-west corner of Baffin's Bay, or the ships may have been carried out by the ice like Sir James Ross's and the American expedition, and got into the inlets south of Pond's Bay. Captain Austin's expedition, however, evidently did not entertain the idea of the missing expedition having sailed up Wellington Channel, or having been carried out of Lancaster Sound, when they proceeded, after examining the winter quarters of the expedition, to the westward, and

* It appears that Captain Penny is so sanguine of tracing the missing expedition by this strait, which has been denominated Queen Victoria Channel, that he has implored the Admiralty to give him a steamer to go and pursue his explorations immediately, and there is reason to believe that his application will be granted. Captain Penny also, it appears, found the shores of the newly-discovered open water to abound in birds and sea animals, a fact not mentioned in his official report to the Admiralty, but of a most consoling and most inspiriting character. It not only conveys the delightful intimation of sustenance for the missing expedition, but, with the open sea, would indicate the possibility of the existence of a great Polar basin, with a higher temperature than that of the Arctic zone. In fact, Captain Penny himself goes so far as to believe that he has discovered the Great Arctic Ocean, that Sir John Franklin has sailed into it, and that in confirmation of a supposition entertained long since, this vast Polar Sea enjoys a milder temperature than the Arctic regions previously known, and that it abounds with animal life. With such favourable prospects before us, and considering how safely, and in what good health all the recent expeditions have carried on their explorations, it is surely worth while sending out at once an efficient steamer in the direction which presents the greatest, if not almost the only, chance of success that has been discovered by the expeditions of succour.

carried on their sledge explorations, with the exception of the *Enterprise*, *Reliance*, and *True Blue*, which got too far to the eastward, in that direction. Had Parry's Channel been open, as it was when first navigated by Sir Edward Parry in 1819, Captain Austin's vessels would have advanced as far westward as the sledge *Perseverance;* while the same sledges, moving forward to a distance equal to what they attained from Captain Austin's winter quarters, would, on the one side, have nearly touched Cape Bathurst, on the other have been one-third on the way to Point Barrow, and might not, impossibly, have opened communication with Captain Collinson's expedition. Most of all, however, next to the grief we experience at Captain Austin's expedition having proceeded to Jones's Sound instead of endeavouring to penetrate to Victoria Channel, do we regret that the line of coasting, extending between the extremes reached by the *Reliance* and the *True Blue* sledges and Banks's Land, was not explored; we cannot see (in the absence of the accompanying outline of a chart sent in by Captain Austin to the Lords of the Admiralty) how, without that portion of land, water, or ice, being carefully explored, so important a conclusion can have been arrived at as that "the expedition under Sir John Franklin did not prosecute the object of its mission to the southward and westward of Wellington Strait."

Even if it has been determined by the positive trending of land that the missing expedition had not proceeded southward, it still remains questionable if it had not sailed direct beyond the extreme reached by Lieutenant M'Clintock. If, however, the officers of the expeditions of succour are satisfied from all evidence that this was the case, the few remaining probabilities will be in favour of Captain Penny's view of the subject, that the expedition prosecuted its course by the open sea northwest of Wellington and Victoria Channels, and is shut up in the almost boundless regions of water, ice, and land, that extend between Victoria Channel, or the Great Arctic Ocean and the high and extensive lands north of West Georgia, seen by Captain Kellett of the *Herald*, and others, and considered by some to be a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan (coast of Asia) mentioned by Baron Wrangell in his "Polar Voyages." This is a great result to contemplate, and supposing such to be the case, and means of sustenance to be found in the Great Arctic Ocean, the expedition of Sir John Franklin may find its own liberation by some happy opening in land or ice towards Behring's Straits, or to the southward. It may return upon its own track, or it may find its way to the coast of Asia, or even of Europe!

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TURNKEY'S DAUGHTER.

ONE of the turnkeys of the Fleet Prison occupied two small rooms, apparently sunk in the wall, not far from the entrance; the man was called Reuben; but whether that was his Christian or his surname, none seemed exactly to know, Reuben being his only designation. He was about sixty years of age, but a hearty, jovial-looking fellow; his shoulders were broad, and so was his face; his cheeks were rosy, and his eyes were always glistening with good humour; he had a word to say to every one, of bluff courtesy and kindness; he was the universal peacemaker amidst brawls, and the general soother of those in distress. Reuben could do all but relieve the physical wants of the debtors, for being only an under-turnkey, he had few of the pecuniary privileges enjoyed by some of the other officials, and was consequently very poor.

So the old man lived in his little domicile in the wall, happy in himself, and striving to diffuse resignation if not happiness around him. The larger room served for his general dwelling, and the dormitory of himself and wife; a smaller apartment, with one little window looking out into the passage, was appropriated to his daughter.

Reuben was proud of this young woman; not on account of her personal attractions, but the qualities of her mind. She worked hard, but never complained; she was gentle and complaisant to every one, obeying her father, and consulting his wishes in the minutest particular, his word being her law. Like Reuben, she bore one name, and was known by no second. Her father called her July, but other people Julie; and no doubt the last name was the correct one. Julie, then, had been brought up all her days within the Fleet Prison; she knew or cared little about the great world without; the prison was *her* world; and what passed within the circuit of the Fleet walls—the arrival of new debtors and the departure of old ones; the cares, the griefs, the changes, the hope, the despair, which agitated the breasts of the divers inmates, with the constant bustle and frequent noises of the place, seemed sufficient for her contemplation, and to occupy her attention through the hours of her narrow existence.

And yet there were times when, employed in her humble tasks, Julie felt a thirst for more knowledge than she possessed; she longed to be able to read and write; but some one told her such notions were ambitious and wrong, and therefore she endeavoured to stifle the vain aspirations.

Julie was four-and-twenty, but her form was so slim, her countenance so fair, and its expression so ingenuously simple, that she appeared to be

no more than seventeen. Hard labour had not rendered her coarse; her features were delicately small, and yet they were interesting rather than handsome. Her eyes were of deep blue, and, without being sunny or mirthful, expressed cheerfulness and sweetness of disposition. Her hands and her feet were as diminutive as those of a Chinese beauty, and her coarse cotton dress, with her check apron, could not conceal the natural grace of her slight rounded figure. Such was Julie, the daughter of Reuben, the good turnkey of the Fleet.

"Have you seen the young lady for the morning, father?"

"What young lady?" asked the turnkey.

"The tall, interesting, beautiful one, I mean—Miss Somerset."

"Now, how your thoughts always run upon her; if you were a man, I should think you were in love with her," added Reuben, his happy face rendered more broad by a waggish smile.

"And so I am in love with her," responded Julie. "I don't know why, but I am always thinking of Miss Somerset. I watch for her entrance every morning, and look at her as she passes; I mark everything she wears; I count the steps which she makes from the gate to her father's room, and long to follow her as a companion—oh, no, I mean as a servant. My heart warms towards her, father, not because she is so beautiful, not on account of her mild manners and sweet silvery voice——"

"Why then, foolish child?"

"Because she is so attentive and kind to her father."

"Then, my good July, she resembles you," said the smiling rosy old man, stooping and kissing the girl's forehead; "your natures agree, and the feeling of that draws you to her."

"No, no; I wish I were like her, father; yet, if you were in such trouble as Mr. Somerset, I think I would try to be as dutiful as his daughter."

"He *is* in trouble," said Reuben, shaking his head; "and I think his troubles, instead of wearing themselves out as commonly they do, increase every day. There is some gentleman who very often comes here, and fees the turnkeys well; but I always refuse his money, for I have a strange dislike of him: he walks up and down before Mr. Somerset's room, looking, as one may say, like some evil spirit, or Cain, who we read of in the Bible, after he slaughtered his brother. Every now and then he stops and looks in at the window, or through the half-open door; then he laughs, but the laughter is a sort of mockery, horrid to hear, and makes one's blood run cold. I think him sometimes a devil sent to try and torment the poor unhappy gentleman."

"I know who you mean—they call him Mr. Hartley. Don't let him enter the gate."

"I've no power, child, to keep him out; his money makes all the other turnkeys his friends."

Julie began to think, but presently returned to the subject of Hester. She asked her father certain questions, and begged him to speak to Miss Somerset on a matter which had long occupied her mind. What it was will very shortly appear.

One morning as Hester was entering the passage of the prison, on her

usual visit to her father, old Reuben stood full in the way, so that she was obliged to stop. The turnkey respectfully touched his hat:

"Good morning, Miss Somerset. I beg pardon, miss, but I would say one word to you."

"I am always glad to speak with you, Reuben; I only wish you would allow me to thank you more than I do for your kind attention to my father."

"Oh, no, I am not kind," said Reuben; "however, I have the will to be useful and to do good, though I want the power. Listen, Miss Somerset. I have a message to you from a poor girl—my daughter; she is so timid that she can't speak for herself; and besides, she being in a low station, and you a lady, perhaps you might be offended if she took the liberty to address you. Of course I, in my office of turnkey, speak to all—that's nothing."

"Now, Reuben, I thought you knew me better. I suppose you mean Julie. I have often seen her in your doorway as I have passed; but you shall introduce me to her. Show me at once to your rooms, and she herself shall tell me what she wants."

The turnkey, after a little hesitation, complied with Hester's request, and in a few seconds they reached the hole in the wall. When they entered, Julie was sitting on a stool, her hands in her lap; she had evidently sent forth her father to speak to Hester, and was waiting an answer to her message. The girl now rose in confusion, and blushed deeply.

"I did not mean this, father; I did not wish the lady to trouble herself to come here."

"But I proposed it," said Hester, "and it is no trouble. I wish I could do anything for Reuben, and you too, for Reuben's kindness to Mr. Somerset. You have something, Julie, to ask of me."

"You know my name then," said the turnkey's daughter, looking up more assured, and faintly smiling. "I am glad of that. I did not suppose you knew that a poor person like myself lived in the prison."

"Then, you see, I take more notice than you imagine. But tell me in what I can please you."

Julie looked at her father, and looked at the ground. At length she spoke:

"I have thought, Miss Somerset, that I can be of some little service to you, if you will permit me. You are a lady, and it does not seem right that you should do what I hear you do—darn Mr. Somerset's clothes, mend his linen, and sometimes attend to his rooms. Let these things be my task. I am accustomed to work, which you cannot be."

"And how am I to pay you, Julie? I would willingly be the means of affording you a little pocket-money; but all my endeavour is to save, not expend money."

The girl's face became crimson, but the next instant her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh! it is not for this. Do not think me so mean—so base. And yet," she added with energy, "I am presumptuous enough to ask for something in return. Will you bestow upon me, say a half an hour a week. I never go out of the prison, and no one here will teach me. I

am ignorant, and long to learn. Will you, then, give me a few lessons in reading and writing?"

"Yes," said Reuben, seconding his daughter's suit, "this is all the girl has been thinking of for a long time past. I can't read or write myself, and am too poor to send her to school; so you see how the matter stands."

"Reuben, say no more. I cannot allow Julie to mend my father's linen, or do other little things for him. The task is a pleasure, a source of happiness, which I cannot abandon to another."

Julie, though she perfectly understood Hester's feelings, betrayed in her look deep disappointment, for she considered her prayer refused.

"But this I will do," continued Hester, after a pause. "I am already under deep obligations to Reuben; therefore, most willingly, three times a week, I will give you an hour's tuition, and will attend you here. Let us commence to-morrow."

"God bless you!" said Reuben, his cheeks, eyes, and very forehead returning in smiles his honest thanks. "This is kind indeed. Julie now will have her heart's content, and be a learned lass after all."

The girl did not speak, but drew nearer to Hester. Knowing nothing of the conventional ways of the world, she was influenced by a spontaneous feeling of nature—a feeling which might have prevailed in the primitive ages of the world. She stooped, raised a part of Hester's dress, and fervently kissed it, thus expressing at once the gratitude of her heart and the humility of her mind.

Chapter V.

HESTER SOMERSET AND HER PUPIL IN THE FLEET PRISON.

They sat together, the teacher and the pupil. The room was the turnkey's common dwelling, being the hole in the wall already alluded to. Reuben, engaged in his accustomed duties, was walking about the prison, and his wife was busy with her knitting in a corner.

Hester found Julie an apt scholar, and the progress which she made was rapid. In truth, the girl's intellect, though it had never been developed, was of a high order. The diffidence and quietude of her manner were in beautiful contrast with the promptitude and animation which distinguished that of Hester. But a very few words will suffice to point out the discrepancy, physical and mental, prevailing between these two young women. Hester was tall and commanding, inheriting, to a certain extent, the majestic deportment of her mother. Julie was little, timid, and retiring, being formed rather to lean on than to be the support of another. Hester's features were full of life; her large eyes beamed with fire and energy. The face of Julie had a still, pensive expression, which approached the sorrowful, and that face was not cast, like Hester's, in a faultless classic mould. Their hair, however, was precisely of a similar colour, and the complexion of each was the true English blonde.

The untaught mind of the turnkey's daughter was like a patch of ground for the first time receiving the beams of the genial sun after a dark and protracted winter. It imbibed with grateful delight the new

ideas called up by the teaching of Hester. The world of letters was to her an essentially new world. The notion of countless countries beside her own, natural truths, history—that dream of the past—seemed to her as gorgeous as they were novel, and her mind expanded, throwing off the chain with which it had so long been bound.

One day, as Hester continued her instructions, by an irresistible association of ideas her thoughts were carried back to the time when the peasant-boy, Ernest Banks, thirsting also for knowledge, came to her father, begging to be placed in the village school. In fancy, Hester was again in the library at Brookland Hall, listening to the boy's solicitations. She saw his cap in his hand, his coarse jacket, and hobnailed shoes; his manly front, great black eyes, and beautifully-chiselled features—all were before her with the vividness of reality. Her mind was so absorbed by the picture that she sat motionless for many minutes, appearing to forget entirely the presence of Julie. Her head bent forward; her hands were clasped; a smile overspread her face; and yet tears, one by one, dropped from the long lashes of her downcast eyes.

Julie was surprised and troubled at the singular absence of mind betrayed by her teacher. She would not, however, disturb her reverie, but sat opposite to her, silently looking into her face, and she seemed fascinated by the contemplation. Like the nun, who, while gazing at the pictured lineaments of the divine Cecilia, grew breathless with delight and adoration, so Julie experienced a strange pleasure approaching to a species of worship. She regarded Hester as a superior being, and, in her humility, believed herself born only reverently to love and to serve her. Hester at length recollected herself, and observed her pupil sitting near her, the book she had been studying having fallen on the floor.

"Go on, Julie, you have not yet finished your lesson. But I think we are both idly inclined to-day. Well, put by the lessons, and let us have a little conversation. You are not so old as I am, Julie, I think?"

"Perhaps I am." And she named her age.

"Ah! then you are about a year older. And you have lived in the prison all your life?"

"Yes; that is, so long as I can remember; though my father says I was not born here."

"Have you ever been out of London, and seen the green fields?"

"Never—stay. I was once, many years ago, on father's birthday, as far as Hampstead. I can only recollect the scene as being most beautiful; the heath so wide, and the hills so far away, as much in the sky as upon the earth; then London, with so many towers, and huge St. Paul's above all the others, spread out at our feet covered with smoke, but it was so still that not a sound travelled to us; and I could scarcely believe that down yonder all the bustle of life, the whirl of coaches, and the shouts of the people, were still going forward. Ah! that was a striking scene—a rich, verdant prospect; for there were clumps of trees, too, close by—trees as tall, I suppose, as St. Dunstan's tower in Fleet-street. I wonder if there is another scene so fine as Hampstead in England?"

Hester smiled at the simplicity of her pupil, and patted her on her cheek.

"There are scenes nearly as fine, I dare say, in a few other places; and I hope, one day, you will see them, Julie."

Hester looked at the girl earnestly for some time without speaking, and there was something unusual and piercing in her scrutiny.

"Julie," she said at length, "it may be only a fancy of mine, but your voice reminds me forcibly of one who is very dear to me."

The interest of the turnkey's daughter was excited.

"Your words give me great pleasure. I am glad that I resemble in any slight thing those you love."

"The dear person I mean is my mother."

"Alas! poor lady!" said Julie, "my father has told me where she is."

"Yes, she is still in the asylum," observed Hester, with a deep sigh. "But another word, Julie. More than one person here has told me that there is a likeness between yourself and me."

The poor child of seclusion and lowly birth, who was fully conscious that she was not handsome, while Hester appeared in her eyes the type of all perfection, sprang up and laughed. Unbelief was expressed in her laughter, yet joy too. That she resembled the beautiful lady before her, seemed a thing utterly impossible; yet even for a distant and faint shadow of Hester's loveliness to be reflected on her, filled her heart with pleasurable emotions.

"*I* like *you*, Miss Somerset?—no, no. How could such a notion enter people's heads? I have seen in print-shops drawings of the graceful rich-coloured tulip, though I never beheld a real one, and of the hedge-side primrose. They are both flowers, but, oh! the difference between one and the other!—such are we!"

"I can tell you, then, the primrose is the worthier flower of the two. If the tulip have some advantages in form and colour, the sister flower has a sweet perfume, that renders her the most welcome among all the flowers of spring."

Pleasure shone in the glistening eyes of her whose heart was all humility; and Julie, in the ardour of the moment, would have embraced Hester, but the consciousness of her position, little removed from that of a menial servant, held her back. She knelt, however, and kissed again her companion's dress, and even ventured to press her hand to her lips. Hester looked at her thoughtfully, and seemed to watch her emotions with deep interest.

"Julie," she said, much moved by the betrayal of her artless affection, "I feel an interest in you which I cannot account for. This distance must not exist between us; if your father is poor, mine is equally so."

"But he is a gentleman, and you were born a lady. I am nothing."

"Speak not in this way. In spite of external circumstances, is not your soul as good and as worthy as mine?"

"No, not so exalted—not so good."

"Our spirits are attracted to each other, Julie; our sympathies are the same; there is a bond between us—the holy bond of Nature: then let there be no reserve, no cold and humble distance shown by you. We must be friends, and thus I would embrace you."

Hester drew the girl towards her in a fond endearing manner; but

the latter, though trembling with delight, still considered the act too great a condescension on the part of her companion. She shrank, and would remain on her knees; called Hester her mistress, whom she would serve so long as her life endured; and as her face was uplifted, it was covered with tears—that pale face thus resembling the lowly flower before named, the sweet colourless primrose, when bathed in the sparkling dews of morning.

Chapter VI.

HESTER SOMERSET HAS TURNED SCHOOLMISTRESS—A SCENE AT DOCTORS' COMMONS.

But Hester must not remain inactive. The daughter of the impri soned man has a great task before her, little of which she has yet performed. Naturally hopeful and energetic was that young fragile being, and not one to be crushed or overcome by past disappointments. The mouse performing what the lion could not; dripping water wearing the stone; the tiny coral insect building, with its fellows, the broad islands—all offered her lessons, inculcated perseverance, and bade her heart never despair. Before her, in the night of coming years, there shone a star. It burned brightly on the eye of fancy—it was the star of her father's freedom—a freedom to be won by her own exertions.

Anxious to elude the persecutions of Pike and Hartley, Hester abandoned her lodgings in Fleet-lane; and she hoped to succeed in keeping her next residence a profound secret from them; for the solitary unprotected girl found she was no match for the wily attorney of St. Mary Axe. Still she resolved to be near her father, or to live at least within ten minutes' walk of the Fleet Prison. Accordingly we find her located in a little square in the vicinity of Doctors' Commons. The building called Wardrobe-place, though surrounded by a multitude of small labyrinthine streets, is in itself singularly retired. It boasts four stunted lime-trees, an extreme luxury in this close and dusty region; and a lamp stands at each extremity of the place.

And what did Hester here? So much pleasure had she taken, and still experienced, in the tuition of Julie, that, by a natural linking of ideas, she conceived the notion of extending that pleasure, and converting it into a source of profit. She would open a school—a day-school for an unlimited number of children. If success should attend the undertaking, an income might be the result beyond anything her hopes had yet anticipated; and then what a march, she reasoned, might be made towards the goal of her great design.

The plan had scarcely been conceived, before Hester, ever prompt and decisive, was prepared to carry it out.

We see her now in her pretty attire, always genteel though never showy, tripping through the streets in and around Doctors' Commons. Her reticule hangs on her arm, and its pink recesses contain her circulars, setting forth her address, the nature of the intended tuition, terms, and other necessary items. These she leaves at divers houses where families reside. The locality, with the exception of the law-offices, is low, and

apparently colonised by a vulgar class of people; yet it is remarkably abundant in children; they are seen in every corner, every alley, and almost every doorway. The foggy atmosphere encompassing the district exercises an influence favourable to the command, "increase and multiply;" and the philosophy of Malthus, with his population-restricting laws, seems here especially to be held in scorn.

Hester's gentle manners and pleasing appearance went far in her favour. The people in the neighbourhood of this ancient seat of law, though of humble pretensions, are not generally needy; many, therefore, in a brief time, sent their children to the young lady's school, and Hester soon had the satisfaction of seeing around her an increasing and promising establishment. Arduous may be the duties, and frequently trying the position of those who teach the young; but toil was a delight to the indefatigable daughter of Somerset, when it promised to lead to the desired end.

It is morning; the woman of the house prepares Hester's breakfast; and, that finished, fresh and happy she hurries to the school-room on the ground floor, to make ready for the arrival of the children. Meantime, Julie comes from the prison to help her in her morning's task, for this the turnkey's daughter insists on doing; the latter removes the forms and chairs, and, a broom in her little hand, "sweeps the room." In defiance of Hester's wishes, Julie is still the servant, and will hear of nothing else. At nine o'clock flock in the children, and then commence the buzz, the stamping of small feet, and all the nameless disagreeables of a preparatory school. A continuance of this, hour after hour, might well weary the refined and gentle spirit of the teacher; but Hester is never wearied; one thought supports her, one idea sheds light and glory over her apparently irksome occupation, and her heart overflows with happiness.

At five, the duties terminate for the day, and then she hastens to her father in the Fleet. There she talks to him, cheers his lonely hours by her anecdotes, or reads aloud some amusing book; and thus the ruined man, amidst his misfortunes, experiences consolation.

Spirit of social intercourse! spirit of love! there is no phase, however barren and dark, in this our changeful existence, but ye have the power to brighten. Ye can render poverty endurable; ye can remove the crushing load from the shoulders of crippled misery; ye can call up smiles of peace and resignation on the hollow cheek of wan disease; in the chamber of death ye are still angels, filling the dying with hope, and pointing to a reunion whose duration shall be eternity.

A BATCH OF NOVELS.

THE ardour of opinion, the rancour of sectarianism, the religious pride and self-sufficiency of the Americans, are certainly better adopted for the "novel" than for serious portraiture. Open enmity to all holiness or righteousness is a very deplorable thing, but, as far as our own experience goes, we never saw such enmity characterised by the jealousy, hatred, and contempt, that is borne to one another by different sects of so-called Christians. But it is one thing to know and to feel this melancholy fact, it is another to depict it. As far back as the days of Thomas à Kempis, the pious old man recorded, that as often as he mingled in the company of men he came out of it less humanised than he went in. Averse, upon principle, to theological novels, still it has always struck us that the field was one full of promise to the satirist—nowhere so much as in the land where those arch-pious Puritans dwell, who would make of earth a paradise, and of all its inhabitants saints. The author of "Alban"* has hit off this class admirably. The pre-eminent beauty of the young ladies of Yarmouth is united to "an air of saint-like beauty and heavenly peace;" the "spiritual style of female loveliness" is throughout spoken of as the only thing. The men are all "kind fathers, admirable citizens, patriots, and saints."

"Who are the godfather and godmother?" whispered an English middy, who, with his other brother officers, happened to be present at Alban's baptism.

"Them are the parents," was the reply, accompanied with an expression of pity; "we don't have nothing of that kind you said."

Then again a domestic scene:

"Have you been to church to-day, Mr. Harvey, or to meeting?" suddenly asked old Mr. Atherton.

"To meeting, madam, in the morning," said the officer.

"Ah! then you saw my grandson christened?" broke in the old lady, with animation.

"Saw him baptised, you mean [illegible]!" said young Miss Atherton, faintly, and with a slight winning smile of remonstrance.

"No, child, I mean christened. Is not that what you call it at home, in old England, Mr. Harvey?"

"Baptised or christened, madam, is the same, I have always understood," said the lieutenant.

Miss Atherton's lip curled, but she did not look up from her book.

"How did you like the name?" pursued the old lady, with a courteous but sarcastic air.

Harvey said "he thought it a very good name," and Miss Atherton's lip curled again.

The handsome young English officer was foolish enough to propose to this beautiful but supercilious damsel, and met with the answer he might have anticipated:

"You know my principles, Lieutenant Harvey. I cannot reconcile it to my conscience to marry one who is not a Christian."

"Not a Christian, Miss Atherton! My God! do you take me for an infidel?"

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* Alban. A Tale. By the Author of "Lady Alice." 3 vols. Colburn and Co.

"Oh, no, not an infidel, sir; but you do not so much as believe in that change of heart which we think necessary to make a *real* Christian. I always resolved," added she—and her delicate profile looked firmness itself—"I always resolved never to marry any but a Christian."

Apart from the admirable sketches of society, and of the tone of feeling and manners of American Congregationalists, the life of "Alban Atherton" has a great purpose in view. This imaginary biography is written to show that a man of free and active mind must, if brought up in a false faith, ever seek for truth with restlessness and disquietude. If he find only erroneous principles to rest on—if he feel the ground move under his feet, he will change his position every moment, will leap from error to error, and precipitate himself from one abyss to another. Such is the life of Alban. As a boy, he learned that at Yarmouth the Church of the family was Congregationalist, but in New York it was Presbyterian, and "his young soul began to puzzle over this mysterious diversity." New families must have a pride in something — in the Old World it is generally worldly position—in the New, it attaches itself to the high religious character of ancestry. So young Alban became a "professor," and led in prayer before he was twelve years of age—a period between which and sixteen an American becomes a man. Occasional slips from spiritual to mundane affairs, in the company of "cousin Jane" and the servants Polly and Maggie, amusingly diversify the first religious trials. Alban's being one of the select, "a member of the Church," and a "professor," only involved him in persecution at New Haven College, whither he proceeded from the conversions, revivals, and backslidings of Babylon; nor did he fail soon, with his active mind, to become infected with what his sect called "the heretical theology of New Haven." Alban became, in fact, an Episcopalian. The first step taken, change followed change, and we have to proceed with our hero through almost all the denominations of Christianity, through an endless number of really clever, but somewhat Jesuitically expressed, religious doubts and discussions, diversified, as at the onset, by the company of young American ladies, as distinguished for their theological learning, and their talents for polemics, as they are preeminent over all the other children of Adam for beauty. We need not say that the end is Romanism. That is the haven of all wavering faiths, and besides, Alban would not have suited the year of our Lord, 1851, if it had any other *dénouement*. Some one may say the whole work was written for the sake of the conclusion it arrives at. Of that we know nothing. The Romanist holds a formidable weapon in his hand. All other denominations of Christians are left more or less to the vacillations and incertitudes of reason; the Roman Church depends upon faith and authority alone. Dr. Newman would go so far as to insist that if we believe in the mystery of mysteries—the incarnation—we must accept all the miracles of the Romish Church. It is the old struggle of reason against hierarchical assumption. Better Protestantism, with all its diversities, its divisions, its sectarianisms, its heart-burnings, and its vanities, than the prostration of the intellect to the assumed infallibility of a few. The one, at least, holds out the chances of a better state of things; the latter is an intellectual and religious immolation.

To redeem the memory of "the brave and gentle Presbyterians of 1665" from the obloquy too frequently cast upon the early English Nonconformists, has been the object of the eloquent and pathetic author of the volume which we now take up.* The biographer of "Mrs. Margaret Maitland" has claims upon every reader's attention, and "Caleb Field" is a work that on many accounts justifies the praise bestowed upon its predecessors. We have the same tender sentiments, the same flow of language, delineation of character, as just and local description, as accurate as before—everything, in short, that depends for its charm on purity of thought and refinement of style. The subject, too, in spite of its being one already well used, is an attractive one, and, with the purpose which she had in view, the author of "Caleb Field" has not fallen short of her attempt to impart a strong feeling of interest for the resolute, suffering, high-minded men, who sought and endured every persecution for the Word's sake.

Yet, with all these aids towards the making of a story of interest, the book—as a work of fiction—is a failure; and chiefly for the reason that it can hardly be said to have any story at all. It is, moreover, deficient altogether in incident, and apart from some well-drawn portraiture, with here and there a dash of bright colour thrown in—the history of what befel the pious Caleb Field and his self-devoted daughter Edith, during the stirring times of the great plague of London, is but a narrative of the tamest kind.

To grapple with a theme so vast and fearful as the moral and physical features of a pestilence, engendering crime and waking horror at every step in its fell progress, requires the genius of a Defoe, or the wonderful descriptive power of him who wrote "Old St. Paul's;" with all her ability, the author of "Caleb Field" is unequal to a task of this magnitude, and, but that she lacked a scene wherein to display the enduring heroism of her actors, she had better have avoided that which inevitably suggests a dangerous comparison. This "Tale of the Puritans" is simply a passage in the wrongs they underwent at the hands of *the* ungrateful monarch, when they were prohibited from the exercise of their ministry at the commencement of his reign, and the severe restriction, known as "The Act of Uniformity," is here made coincident with the Great Plague, to afford opportunity for the display of the most heroic self-denial and contempt of danger in the cause of humanity and spiritual salvation. Caleb Field is a non-conforming clergyman, expelled from the care of his flock, and menaced by the heaviest penalties of the law if he preaches that faith to which he has devoted every energy of his existence. He has confided his only daughter, Edith, a young and beautiful girl in the first dawn of womanhood, to the care of a Cumberland shepherd's family, while he wanders about the land in the perilous endeavour to preach the Word wherever he can find hearers, however few their number. Caleb Field suddenly learns that the plague has made its appearance in London and its environs, and that all—the court, the nobles, the clergy, and the wealthier inhabitants—are flying in affright from the doomed city. Amongst them, he hears, is the conforming clergyman, who succeeded himself at Hampstead when his own

* Caleb Field. A Tale of the Puritans. By the author of "Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland," "Merkland," &c. London: Colburn and Co.

expulsion took place. He has resolved, therefore, at every hazard of liberty and life, to return to his flock, and save them from the spiritual famine which otherwise awaits them.

His great struggle is how to reveal his purpose to his daughter, how part with her when the tale is told; he fears the excess of her love and self-devotion, and rightly fears it, for Edith, undeterred by his arguments, or rather fortified by stronger arguments of her own, determines to accompany him to the scene of his dangerous labour. The plague is the ordeal through which both are destined to pass, and they do so unscathed and triumphantly, the narrative affording scope for the development of the most exalted and self-denying virtue, but lacking, as we have already said, the variety of incident and forcible expression necessary to convey a true picture of the horrible reality. We shall not enter into a polemic with the author, or we might hint that the "gentle martyrs" were rather more absolute in their doctrine than her pages would seem to imply, and that they aimed at a supremacy which fell little short of that exercised by any establishment. In proof of this, we need scarcely go further than Baxter's Autobiography. The individual specimens of the Presbyterian ministry who are introduced in "Caleb Field," are, however, bright examples of the class who adhered with so much passive, yet resolute, courage to a persecuted faith.

We turn now from the Actual to the Ideal, from scenes of sorrow and suffering, such as living men have witnessed, to the terrible and gloomy dreams of a writer who rests his chief claim to notice upon the strength of a powerful imagination.

"Hamon and Catar"* is a story of the antediluvian period, when the world was scantly peopled, but when the germs of all the passions that agitate the human heart had already begun to expand. The narrator of the tale is no other than Cain, the accursed of the Lord, a part of whose heavy punishment it was to witness in his undying, outcast condition, the dreadful penalty which his crime had entailed upon all the sons of Adam. The history of Cain's doomed condition, which forms the prologue to the eventful narrative, presents a grand and awful picture of the curse by which he had been smitten, and is sustained by a vigour of language and power of imagery which accord but too well with the terrible theme.

In the course of his wanderings the first murderer has founded the first city, called after his son "Enoch," from whence he is driven forth by his own children, and, after years of indescribable woe, he returns to the spot to witness the struggle between the two races, whose mutual animosity sprang from his own guilt. He is the invisible spectator of the yet early debasement and degeneracy of man, but—momentary consolation in the midst of his pain—he is also a witness to much that is great and noble in the character and conduct of his descendants.

The key-note of the story of "Hamon and Catar" is the universal abhorrence of murder amongst the children of Enoch; and the fortunes of Catar, the leader of that race, are made dependent on his freedom from that crime in the midst of the warfare with the sons of Seth. Catar, at the height of human glory, loves and is beloved by Anna, the only daughter of Formon, the chief of the Elders, with whom his achieve-

* Hamon and Catar, or the Two Races. A Tale. London. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1851.

ments have now associated him; but the golden vision of happiness is clouded all too soon by the jealousy instilled by a false friend, Gondar, who, working for his own ends, denounces a rival in Akan, the captive of Catar's bow and spear. In vain Hamon, the dearer friend of Catar, labours to clear away the apparent mystery of Anna's conduct; in vain he shows him that Akan is her foster-brother, and not her secret lover; the suspicions sown by Gondar, and the evil counsel which follows, prevail over Catar's better nature, and murder, the abhorred crime, becomes the fated issue—the victim being Akan; the murderer, Catar. To save himself from the consequences of the evil deed, he is compelled to countenance the belief that Hamon is the guilty one—Hamon, who in the murdered Akan, had found his own brother, and who in the tumult of his soul had fled to the Sethites, his own tribe, on discovering the murderer in his friend.

From this point commences the strife between "the two races." We do not follow the story further, being unwilling to mar its fair proportions by a meagre outline; but we are bound to say that in its development occur passages of the greatest beauty, in which every fibre of the heart is stirred.

From the nature of the subject it is probable that this work is a *coup d'assai:* a writer of longer experience would, we think, have chosen a period nearer to the sympathies of the present time. But our augury from this is highly favourable, for the author who can awaken so much interest in the events of an antediluvian age, must be certain of success when he deals with events that claim kindred with more recent, if not more romantic, associations.

From our earliest days, when Ritson, and Percy, Scott, Lewis, and Southey, were our familiar friends, we have welcomed the ballad-gatherer and the ballad-writer, and in these later times, let us not scan the interval too closely, we have made fellowship with Motherwell and Lockhart, Longfellow and Macaulay. We have now to add another friend to the list in the person of Mr. George Thornbury, whose volume greets us with its ballads of the New World and the Old.*

Mr. Thornbury has flung himself headlong into the current of the romantic Past, and like Schiller's diver—of whose legend he has given an admirable version—he rises from its depths with a golden beaker filled to the brim with ballad lore. Mr. Thornbury says of his own work that it is a "small unchased casket, full of pebbles that might have been gathered by any;" but, pebbles though they be, every stone is precious, and it needs no poetical lapidary to discover in each a diamond. We are not so sure that the source from whence he has gathered his offering has been "heeded by few," or that he is "the first digger in this mental California;" for we have certain reminiscences of song, in which Columbus and Cortes were no less the heroes than we find them in Mr. Thornbury's verse. But this is certain: we have nowhere met those gallant spirits in prouder array, or moving to more melodious music.

Mr. Thornbury is deeply imbued with the chivalrous feeling of the age which gave birth to the gentleman whose adventures have inspired his muse. He has caught the tone of the time, and rendered it back

* Lays and Legends; or, Ballads of the New World. By G. W. Thornbury. London: Saunders and Ottley. 1851.

again in most harmonious measure; every st[illegible]e writes is a picture, and the framework is of gold. Take the story of the great Columbus, his vast discovery, the chains which were his reward; take that of Cortes, the victor of Tobasco, and the mourner on the heights of Tacuba, or watch the daring soldier on his sorrowful retreat from the plains of Mexico after the death of Montezuma; take the well-told tale of the murder of Pizarro, or the stirring narrative of the death of old Carbajal; yet more, take the sad "Procession of the Dead," or the chivalrous "Descent of the Volcano;" and in each and all of these we find the real poetic fire, the truth, the tenderness, even the homeliness of phrase, which constitute the true ballad.

But Mr. Thornbury has not cast his net over the new world only to the neglect of the old. The Fight of Hastings, the Death of Rufus, and many an incident of the romance of Saxon and Welsh history, have furnished him with the materials for lays and legends of rare beauty, and in his translations from Schiller, Göethe, Freiligrath, and Rückeert, he has faithfully kept to the text, and never departed from the spirit of his originals.

Everybody remembers Captain Cuttle, and his inscrutable friend the commander of *The Cautious Clara*, whose name was "Bunsby," but which "might have been anything for the matter of that," so inscrutable was he. "If you was to take and show that man the buoy at the Nore," observed Captain Cuttle to Walter on one occasion, "and ask his opinion of it, he'd give you an opinion that was no more like that buoy than your uncle's buttons are." The anonymous author of "Tales of the Mountains"* has placed his work in the predicament of Captain Bunsby and his opinions. As far as regards its title, it "might have been anything for the matter of that,"—and touching the "mountains," which he has made his theme, they are no more like mountains than uncle Sol's buttons themselves. Bad French, bad English, slip-slop and conceit, are the materials of which these volumes are made, and he who has read the title-page and not been condemned to undergo more, has had a happy deliverance.

It is a relief, after the platitude and nonsense of this twaddling "mountaineer," to take up a story which, whatever may be the tendencies of the writer, is at least full of human passion and human interest. The hand that gives us "The Tutor's Ward"† has more than once afforded us a high degree of pleasure, and in the volumes which tell that ward's history the same hand has not lost its cunning.

John Forde is a dreamy student, whose heart has throbbed for one unattainable object—the love of a bright, beautiful girl, who heeded not his passion, and freely gave her hand to one whom she herself idolised. With shattered hopes the dreamer drags on his purposeless life till he is roused to action by the sudden apparition of her whose fair and happy image had never left his thoughts, and who now comes to him a haggard, heartbroken, and dying woman, to prefer a last request. The husband whom she had worshipped has ill-requited her adoration—a sceptic, a

* Tales of the Mountains; or Sojourns in Eastern Belgium. London: Pickering. 1851.

† The Tutor's Ward. A Novel. By the Author of "Wayfaring Sketches," "Use and Abuse," &c. London: Colburn and Co. 1851.

scoffer, a sensualist, [illegible], a callous, soulless man of the world—he has wronged her in eve[illegible] by which wedded woman can suffer outrage: his cruelty is not n[illegible]ifelong, it threatens to extend through that of her only child, an infant girl, to save whom from the dreadful fate of being brought up in purposed ignorance of all that is good and holy, the wretched mother takes the resolute step of conveying from her home to place her in the hands of John Forde, the "poor, faithful friend," whose enduring love is the only stay on which the dying woman can reckon. She exacts from the tutor a promise that he will take the child abroad, educate it as his own, and only restore the pledge to a maternal aunt when the child's father shall be no more.

The youth of Millicent Gray—the tutor's ward—is consequently spent in Provence, remote from all connexion with her profligate father, who had remarried after her mother's death, and forgotten the child, whose abduction had, at first, greatly annoyed him. The dreamy existence of Millicent's presumed uncle, John Forde, is to her a subject of endless observation, and its cause a theme of constant wonder. She longs to know what is "the great good, the happiness in life, which must be the reason of our living," and to him, the broken-hearted man, she appeals for the knowledge.

From a conversation with John Forde, Millicent Gray gathered this conviction,—that the repose for which her spirit so ardently craved was to be found in human love, and on this false foundation her life began. Three years after this incident, when Millicent has reached the age of nineteen, and has become a beautiful, accomplished girl, but ignorant entirely of the world we live in, her father dies, and she is claimed by her aunt, Mrs. Egerton. She parts from her tutor, and returns to England.

Millicent's introduction to her newly-discovered relations affords opportunity for the authoress to paint a number of excellent portraits. The "punctual, respectable" Mr. Egerton; her aunt, "the personification of dignified propriety;" the "tall and frigid" and "unpleasantly handsome" cousin Anne; Fanny, "with indistinct hair and indefinite features, a small mind and a small voice;" Sophia, "decidedly plain, short, thickset, and able-bodied," whose especial vocation was the improvement of the mind, and who had written a book called "Hints to Bishops;" Charles Egerton, the "studiously elegant" elder son; and Arthur, his ungainly brother; all are admirably drawn. In the midst of this family her lot is cast, and in their society to seek for that "human love" to which she looked for the colouring of her existence. How she sought and found it, after treachery and rivalry had done their worst—no, not their worst, the catastrophe is yet to be told,—the author's pages must reveal, for we will not analyse further.

The repentance of Arthur, the "unwilling (?) murderer," and the placid death of Millicent, who finally anchors that love for which she lived on the Rock of Ages, closes this interesting novel, of which we may safely say that we have recently met with nothing of its kind that has more excited our attention, or better repaid the time which we have devoted to its perusal.

CUBA AND THE SLAVE STATES.

After the signal failure of two separate attempts made by piratical adventurers from the southern states of the Union to bring about the annexation of Cuba by revolution and anarchy, and after so disastrous a termination to these buccaneering assaults upon the largest, the most wealthy, and most prosperous island of the West Indies, a few words will not be out of place in reference to an island little known to many except as the market for Cubas and Havannahs, more especially as regards its political and social relations to the southern, or slave, states of America—a party thrown for a moment by the tide of events into a peaceful attitude, but who will not the less wait and watch for that opportunity which they deem must present itself. "She will come to us in good time," says one, picking up a crumb of comfort from amidst multiple disaster. "If the question of the annexation of Cuba should be thrown into our presidential election next year," says another, "as it may be, and if the party who espouses it should become dominant, the question will assume a new and more important shape, and be solved in a very short time." This, after the ignominious execution of Lopez, and the destruction or dispersion of the whole of his piratical band.

The island of Cuba extends from 73 deg. 50 min. to 85 deg. 30 min. west longitude, and from east to west. Its form is so curved, that it lies, although narrow, between 20 deg. 20 min. and 19 deg. 40 min. north latitude. It is about 700 miles long, but not more than 70 in medial breadth. The westermost part of Cuba nearly shuts in, with the northern shore of Yucatan, and the western coast of Florida, that immense basin known by the name of the Gulf of Mexico. It is, indeed, thought that Cape Catoche, in Yucatan, and the north-western headland of Cuba, must have been formerly united by an isthmus, which has been gradually worn away by the pressure and action of the waters of the Carribbean Sea. The position of Cuba thus gives it the command of the Gulf of Mexico, by the straits of Yucatan and Florida, as well as the navigation of the windward passage and channel of Bahamas. The fine harbour of Havannah, and some other smaller ports, have ever rendered this island, with these advantages, the most important of the West India Islands; particularly to Spain, possessing, as she once did, the shores of the Mexican Gulf. The Spanish government, accordingly, spared no expense in fortifying the Havannah, on which they seemed to have placed their chief dependence for the security of their ultramarine colonies. The entrance to the harbour is very narrow and difficult, and is so strongly fortified in its whole length as to make it most hazardous for an enemy's fleet to enter. On the east is Moro Castle, a triangular work on a high rock, mounted with forty pieces of heavy cannon, and having a battery nearly level with the water. On the west is the *Punta*, a square fort, strongly built and well supplied with artillery. The city is surrounded with works, mounted with numerous heavy guns; a square citadel, called El Fuerte, is also erected near the centre of the town. The importance of this city and harbour has caused it to be repeatedly attacked; it was taken, in 1536, by a French pirate, from whom it was ransomed; it was again taken by the British, by the French, and

by the Buccaneers, th[illegible] memorable attack being that executed by the British, in 1762[illegible]ine sail of the line were captured, three more were sunk by the [illegible]ards, and two were burnt. A great many merchant vessels loaded with valuable cargoes completed the spoil, which, with the merchandise and specie found in the place, was supposed to amount to 3,000,000*l.* sterling. The city was restored to Spain at the peace of 1763, since which period the government has been constantly employed in increasing its strength and resources. The trade of Havannah is computed to amount, by importations, to 2,300,000*l.* The exportations—chiefly cigars, sugar, honey, wax, and coffee—amount to 3,000,000*l.* The other principal towns of Cuba are St. Jago, Puerto del Principe, Bayamo, Trinidad, Baltalano, Santa Cruz, Baracoa, and Cadiz.*

Only about one-hundredth part of the island of Cuba is supposed to be under a state of cultivation. A chain of mountains runs the whole length of the island, following, or rather determining, the curvature of the country. Though these mountains do not acquire any very considerable elevation, they give rise to numerous rivers, which flow into the ocean on each side, and they also temper the heats of summer, the climate of Cuba being considered as better than that of any other island in the western seas, excepting Puerto Rico. What land is cultivated is celebrated for its fertility, producing spices—among which are pepper and ginger; also cassia, manioc, cacao, maize, aloes, mastic, sugar, coffee, and, above all, tobacco, the flavour of which is superior to that of any other part of the world. Honey, wax, and copper, are also great articles of export trade. Cattle, originally from Europe, have multiplied so much in Cuba, that they have become wild, and frequent in immense droves the forests and savannahs, or marshy plains; they are hunted for the sake of their hides and tallow, which are exported to a great amount. The forests also abound in swine, which have multiplied in a similar manner; and the inhabitants possess large stocks of mules, horses, fine black cattle, and sheep, all of which thrive very much. The woods consist chiefly of timber of valuable qualities: the red cedar, oaks, firs, palms, mahogany, ebony, lignum vitæ, and woods producing aromatic and medicinal gums. The rivers and coasts abound with fish, and fine turtles frequent the shallows.

Cuba is governed by a *capitaneria generale*, or captain-general of Havannah, whose jurisdiction, comprising also Puerto Rico and other smaller islands, is so extensive and arduous, during war particularly, that he has in the island fourteen subordinate governors, who preside over as many districts. An intendant superintends the finances and commerce of the island, and is subordinate only to the captain-general. The military force is said to consist chiefly of militia, the amount of which is stated to be about 38,000. But there is also a garrison of 5000 well-trained Spanish soldiers. The inhabitants themselves consist of Europeans and their descendants, chiefly Creoles, and negroes; the amount of the former

* An old traveller, De Menonville, writing of Havannah, says: "The view of the city occasioned in me a singular emotion. The cities of our colonies (the French) resemble nothing better than an assemblage of fishermen's huts, constructed in lines; but the fortresses of the Havannah, its numerous domes, its lofty steeples, the red tops of its houses, its high and white buildings, all give it the appearance of an European town, and powerfully awakened in me the recollection of my beloved country."

being estimated at 400,000, of the latter at [illegible], or in the proportion of nearly one-half negroes, and more than one-half coloured population. The revenues are said to amount to from 1[illegible]l. to 20,000,000l.

The slave states of the Union, placed as they are between the antagonism of anti-slavery states on the one side and the emancipated islands of the West Indies on the other, have long coveted the Spanish West Indies, as the stronghold of slavery,—as possessions, the holding of which would throw the balance of power in the States in the hands of the slavery upholders—as with Hayti (the annexation of which would follow as a matter of course), the centre of power in the Carribbean Sea—and as the most fertile, prosperous, and productive regions that approximate to their own country. The struggles of the slave and anti-slave parties in the Union itself, progressing, mainly by the efforts of Mr. Clay, more and more in favour of the principles of humanity and civilisation, have tended to hasten events. There was also in perspective the prospect of a better state of things in the little state of Delaware, in Kentucky, and even in Virginia and Tennessee; in all of which the emancipation of the negro race is the interest of the proprietors of the soil, cultivation holding out promises of being more profitable with free labour than with slavery.

The annexation of another slave state—the Texas—was first looked to as the remedy to this decline of power and influence of the slave party; but the unjustifiable acts of aggression that followed upon this forcible annexation went so far as to defeat the original purposes for which they were undertaken. One step led to another, till the invaders of Texas carried the limits of their conquests to so great an extent, that the vast territory now nominally held in the south-west must be ultimately divided into several states, and out of this dismemberment more would declare themselves free states than there would be to uphold the inhuman practice of slavery. The necessity to act was still further hastened by the more than nominal annexation of the free states of California, Utah (the land of the Mormons), and Oregon. For a moment the slave party looked to Sonora, to oppose to California, and to Vera Cruz, and any other available territory in Mexico, as counterpoises to Utah and Oregon. But there were difficulties in the way. As in Texas, so in most of the proposed annexations, slavery would have to be introduced into the country. In the Spanish West Indian Islands, on the contrary, slavery already exists, and with Porto Rico, and, if necessary, Hayti, these islands are also so wealthy, so populous, and so productive, that they could be divided into several states, and be thus made to secure at once preponderance of power in the Union to the slave states. True, that neither the anti-slave states, nor the governing power, nor authorities of any kind whatsoever, could lend their countenance to so flagrant an act of territorial robbery and buccaneering as the invasion of a colony belonging to a nation with whom they were not only at peace, but in friendly relations—true, that so audacious and so unexampled a case of annexation would infallibly entail reprisals on the part of the anti-slave states, who would seek in Canada for two or three states, in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick for a fourth, in Columbia for a fifth, and, if necessary, in the Sandwich Islands for a sixth, to counterpoise the votes of the slave states; still ways and means were easily to be found where a will without principle or conscience existed, and if

the possession of the [illegible] West India Islands failed to establish the supremacy of the slaveholders, and the annexation of the whole of the British possessions in North America, and of the territories of the King of Hawii, should for a time annihilate the wished-for results, still the southern states could anticipate in their favour, that, after such extraordinary events had come to pass, there would be no more emancipated lands for their opponents to acquire, while the slave states of Mexico and of the Isthmus are so numerous, and so easily to be acquired, that the balance of power (supposing the confederation, when so greatly extended, to still hold together) would always ultimately be in the hands of the slave party. This incessant acquisition of territory, not so much for the purposes of national aggrandisement as to uphold the political supremacy of a party, is one of the most extraordinary political phenomena ever witnessed, and it is also one of the most threatening and ominous signs of dismemberment that was ever held out by Providence to a country or to a confederation of states.

The island of Cuba is thus likely to be for some time the battle-field of slavery or liberty. Should the buccaneers lately in the field have succeeded, the cause of slavery would for a time have repaired its losses. So strong, indeed, is the sentiment in favour of emancipation in certain states, that the slaveholders of the south carry on the struggle in the present day with all the energy of despair. The legislation of the southern states reveals by its very excesses a deep-seated disturbance, which is anything but favourable to the cause of humanity. The legislator appears to be impelled by the idea that the social institutions of the south are lost if slavery is questioned, and he aims at giving permanency to so sad a state of things, by putting the negro without the pale of humanity.

De Tocqueville has insisted upon this point in his able work on "Democracy in America" (Eng. trans., vol. ii., p. 360). "The legislation of the southern states, with regard to slaves, presents at the present day such unparalleled atrocities, as suffice to show how radically the laws of humanity have been perverted, and to betray the desperate position of the community in which that legislation has been promulgated. The Americans of this portion of the Union have not, indeed, augmented the hardships of slavery; they have, on the contrary, bettered the physical condition of the slaves. The only means by which the ancients maintained slavery were fetters and death; the Americans of the south of the Union have discovered more intellectual securities for the duration of their power. They have employed their despotism and their violence against the human mind. In antiquity, precautions were taken to prevent the slave from breaking his chain; at the present day, measures are adopted to deprive him even of the desire of freedom. The ancients kept the bodies of their slaves in bondage, but they placed no restraint upon the mind and no check upon education; and they acted consistently with their established principle, since a natural termination of slavery then existed, and one day or other the slave might be set free, and become the equal of his master. But the Americans of the south, who do not admit that the negroes can ever be commingled with themselves, have forbidden them to be taught to read or write, under severe penalties;

and as they will not raise them to their own level, they sink them as nearly as possible to that of the brutes."

Such a proceeding may be followed by success for a time, but it evidently leads to an abyss. Man has the power to mutilate the body of his equal, he may even exterminate him; but beyond a certain point intellectual and moral mutilation exceeds his power. There is in the soul of man a sacred fire, planted there by Providence, that man cannot extinguish. Do what we had a mind, no matter what zeal and what energy we devote to the task, we cannot prevent men being men—that is to say, thoughtful beings—beings influenced by the instinct of perfectibility, and, consequently, by the hope of a better lot and a higher destiny. It is a mere chimera to attempt to eradicate or to tear from the heart of man, even though he be a slave, the first sentiments that constitute the excellence of our species, and at the head of which is the love of liberty. But in the United States it is impossible to keep the negro in the state of degradation necessary to render him resigned to his condition. The very sight of the emancipated negro (and such are, hence, not allowed in the slave states) agitates the minds of his less fortunate brethren, and conveys to them a dim notion of their rights. Nay, the very American himself renders himself, by his enthusiasm in the cause of liberty, an accomplice of the negro who aspires to the same, and he helps to sow the seeds of that explosion of races which is inevitable with the progress of time.

It is to adjourn this distant day of reckoning that the plans of the slaveholders are projected upon the principle of a continuous annexation of new slave states. The pretences and subterfuges for such proceedings may be as various as they are unreasonable or untrue; the principle remains the same, and to bring about the desired results they are as resolved and determined as man can be when void of all compunction as to how he attains a desired end. The main cause of the movement, for example, in Cuba (even the unscrupulous slaveholders do not venture to say the *sole* cause), they assert to be "the uncertainty of their property (slave property), and the insecurity of their social and political condition, and even of their lives, arising from the mischievous intermeddling of British abolitionists with the slave institutions of America!" There was a revolt, the American slave proprietors would have us believe, in favour of slavery! How opportune the event! "They (the Cubans) know, too, that they are dependent on a power of declining rank and feeble resources, and they strongly apprehend that in the event of an European war, especially if involving any great state of the west of Europe, they would fall under the protectorate of an European government of gigantic power by sea and land, and of vast resources." Thus, then, the expectorating Samaritan of the southern states sympathises with Cuba—that is, labours at its annexation—for the twofold purpose of upholding a principle abhorrent in the eyes of God, and to save the country from the protectorate of Great Britain, which has foolishly squandered its millions and sacrificed lives innumerable in endeavouring to efface the darkest stain on humanity. (See the letter of Mr. Ashbel Smith, of Texas, in the *Times.*)

Another "sympathiser" writes from New Orleans, under date July 28th, 1851, first describing his occupations and personal appearance. "I wish," he says, "you could see me in uniform, with a sword, sash, knife, and

pistols on. I assure you I look terribly savage, with the aid of a most ferocious-looking moustache." This may be the portrait of a sympathiser, but it is also that of a buccaneer. The same writer goes on to say: "I know it is very probable that you will disapprove of the attempt, but I am good enough Republican to feel convinced that when a people are tyrannised over and oppressed, as the Cubans have been, they have a perfect right to revolutionise the government, and appoint officers who will represent the popular will." Here, then, we have no mention of Creole apprehensions of abolitionists, or a dread of British ambition; we have a simple assertion of local tyranny and oppression. The same writer also adds, *naïvely* enough, "The American government *will* make no effectual exertions to prevent us reaching the scene of action."

A first party of "sympathisers" having been captured by the authorities in the act of invading the territory of a friendly power, these unfortunate men met with the same fate as the fifty Irishmen taken in arms at the storming of Chapultepec, and whom General Scott, commanding the United States' forces in Mexico, caused to be hanged. The harshness and summary character of such proceedings cannot be too much deprecated, and still more as it led the "sympathisers" of the northern states to unite with those of the south, but on totally different grounds. Among the resolutions passed at a great mass meeting, held on the occasion at New York, were the following:

"That while the sovereign despots of the earth claim and exercise the right of sending their artillery and their bayonets to put down Liberty wherever she ventures to show her head, the sovereign people of America have at least the equal right of going to her support, succour, and comfort; and when thus going by individual action, without public organisation or national responsibility, they violate no law, human or divine, but, on the contrary, in resisting tyrants obey God.

"That we agree in doctrine with Vattel, the chief authority on the law of nations, that 'When a people, for good reasons, take up arms against an oppressor, justice and generosity require that brave men should be assisted in defence of their liberty.'

"That we agree with Daniel Webster, that 'authorities of the highest eminence, living and dead, have maintained that the general law of nations does not forbid the citizens or subjects of one nation from taking part in the civil commotions of another,' with his emphatic protest, in his correspondence with a British minister, against the application of the basely slanderous term 'pirates' to such persons; and further, with the doctrine laid down in his letter of instructions to the United States' minister in Mexico, in reference to the sending of arms and the departure of armed emigrants to Texas, that 'neither the constitution nor the laws of the land, nor principles known to the usage of modern states, authorise the President of the United States to interdict lawful trade between the United States and Texas, or to prevent, or attempt to prevent, individuals from leaving the United States for Texas or any other foreign country.'"

And in reference to the extra-judicial slaughter of the fifty invaders, it was resolved

"That such conduct was possible only to that pirate government which, while fattening on the infamous profits of the African slave trade, in violation of its most solemn treaties, at the same time threatens to arm the savage hordes, imported by itself, against the Cubans, and to convert Cuba into a St. Domingo, rather than see a revolution by its oppressed people consecrate its matchless soil to liberty, independence, and progress."

This is quite different to the Texan's idea of the matter. Mr. Ashbel

Smith tells us, as the exponent of the views of the slaveholders, that the Creoles are in revolution for fear of emancipation; the New York sympathisers declare that the Cubans must be aided and abetted in their revolution against a private government which is fattening on the infamous profits of the African slave-trade, in violation of its most solemn treaties. When passions are aroused, truly reason is cast to the winds! The blood of fifty Americans cried for vengeance. Annexation of a rich and fertile country, larger than all Britain, was in the background, and aid and interference were clamoured for in the southern states to uphold the rights of the Creoles to enjoy their "infamous profits in the slave-trade;" in the northern states, to put down slavery and emancipate Creoles and negroes alike!

If the Americans were left to proceed overtly in the annexation of Cuba, it seems probable that there would be as much jealousy as to the social institutions to be granted to the country, as there would be injustice in its annexation. A Pennsylvanian writer, under date of Liverpool, September 8th:

> The tendency of things in Cuba may be to the eventual abolition of slavery, and an intelligent planter of that island some years since informed me it was his deliberate opinion slavery could not long exist there, so great is the preponderance of slaves over freemen in point of numbers. It is doubtless true that the southern states would deprecate such an event on account of the example to their own slaves, and because it would be a convenient refuge for those escaping from bondage. They may imagine that British abolitionists are endeavouring to stir up that feeling in Cuba; but where do we look for the proof?

And then again, in reference to the criminal, but unfortunate invaders, the same writer says:

> The Cuban adventurers are a class of men, some from the southern states and some from the northern cities, who are ever ready for rapine and plunder, and who, if they did not find a foreign country to prey upon, would, with the same readiness, turn their arms against New York, Philadelphia, or Charleston. They eluded the vigilance of the authorities, for no overt act was committed, and no proof furnished, until they were out of the territory of the United States. They took the chances of war; and however much we may deprecate the harshness and summary character of their punishment, upon which point you have spoken what the civilised world must approve, yet I see in that no sufficient reason for mob meetings in New York calling out for vengeance. British interference is the old story with regard to Texas, which was laid hold of by a southern administration as an excuse for annexation, the fruitful cause of the Mexican war and all its atrocities—a war which is neither forgotten by us, nor is the debt incurred in its prosecution paid.

Another party, terrified at the growing sentiment among the American people in favour of Cuban annexation, and that such a proceeding might involve the United States in a war with some of the great powers of Europe, coolly suggest the propriety of purchasing the island, "provided it can be obtained for a *reasonable* sum—say, 100,000,000 dollars"—that is, not two years' revenue! The Spanish government to be, no doubt, frightened or bullied into such a sacrifice.

Upon the important question of the interference of European powers in this wholesale robbery of territories, so much in vogue in America, and which in this case involves the best possessions of a friendly European power, the opinions entertained by Jonathan are very perspicuous:

We are not certain (says the *New York Herald*) that any of the great powers of Europe would go to war with us on account of Cuba. England would not do so, for the reason that she could not. If she were less dependent on us than she is—if she could procure a sufficient supply of cotton and corn from other sources—she might do so, or might enter into an alliance with France, were the latter country a monarchy, to curb our propensity for increasing our territory. As she is at present situated, however, she will be willing to let us alone as long as we do not trouble her; and to leave us to pursue the even or uneven tenor of our way, as it may be, without any attempt at hindrance or restraint on her part. France would not trouble the United States in the matter at all, for a war with this country, on any pretext, would be disastrous to any administration that attempted it. There exists between the people of the two republics a tacit but well-understood *entente cordiale*, stronger than any paper *concordat* or treaty that was ever written. But, were the Creoles of Cuba to obtain their independence of Spain, with or without aid and assistance from the United States, there is good reason to apprehend that Spain would treat its annexation to the United States as the Mexican government treated the annexation of Texas; viz., as a *casus belli*, or as a declaration of war. Such a result would be of vast injury to us. Her military resources could not be employed against us; but, by means of letters of marque, she could harass our commerce and inflict more damage than Cuba is worth fifty times over. Her pride would induce her to take this course, in all probability; for, weak as she is, and ranking so low as she does in the scale of nations, she does not forget the position she once held, nor would she see the last of her American colonies form part of this confederation by annexation without resenting it, even were she sure of suffering injury from so doing. Spain has always held a reputation for privateering and guerilla warfare, and a better outlet for the employment of her malcontents could not be offered than the franking of letters of marque to harass our commerce.

The slavers of the south are by no means so modest in declaring the extraordinary principle of the right of the Americans to interfere in the affairs of Cuba, and denying the same right, or even the right of upholding the integrity and safety of a friendly power against robbery and piratical invasion, to any European power. The Texan, for example, says: "I feel in my own mind that I speak the determination of my countrymen in declaring that we will not permit the 'Powers' to interfere by force of arms in the affairs of Cuba, or in any other home matter of the American continent beyond their own colonial possessions (but Cuba is an European colonial possession); nor will we suffer the institutions of Cuba to be destroyed by secret fraud or open violence."

As none but the sympathisers of the southern states (not even the imaginary British abolitionists) have ever dreamt of destroying the institutions of Cuba by fraud or violence, it is obvious, that if the same argument was applied to them as is applied to the abolitionists by the imperious Texan, it would be all that would be wanted to vindicate the interference of the "Powers." But the fact is, that such interference was demanded, and that in a most peremptory and unanswerable manner by all the precedents of history, by all that is just in international communication, by all that is moral in political societies, and by all that is humane in the relations of man to man. In this particular case, as has been justly remarked, "the hereditary rights of the Spanish crown are guaranteed by powers which would be bound to their duties by private interests no less than by treaty obligations." But, in this instance, there was also something more than personal interests to guide nations in their duty. France and England have possessions near to that continent, with which no one is to interfere, as well

as Spain. If the uncontrolled spirit of annexation is to absorb first the possessions of the weaker power, it must be expected that the same parties will one day be potent enough to absorb those of the stronger. It is the interest, therefore, of France, England, and Spain, to interfere in preventing the Americans becoming a gigantic brood of privateers, and to teach them, if possible, the common principles of international justice and of national honour and morality.

We do not mean to say that such proceedings are authorised by the government of the United States, or that, in a country so eminent for piety, there are not many persons who are fully sensible of the enormity of such a proceeding as the armed invasion of the territories of a friendly power; but in many instances, and especially in one like this, where every movement either involves life or honour, and serves to complicate matters more and more, to remain idle or indifferent contemplators of such proceedings is, in reality, to become more or less accomplices in the same, and it enables the "savage," as he designates himself, of New Orleans, to declare, as a matter of course—a thing notorious among the buccaneers—that the "American government will make no effectual exertions to prevent us reaching the scene of action."

It is now understood, that notwithstanding the bravado of the slave states of America, that the governments of Great Britain and France have notified to the government of the United States of America their determination to protect Spain from foreign aggression and dismemberment. It is scarcely probable, after the melancholy but well-merited fate of most of the American invaders, and the firm resolution arrived at by the central government of the union to prevent, as far as is in their power, the departure of any further piratical hordes from the shores of the United States, that the necessity for isolated or combined action on the part of the two powers will now arise; but it is, nevertheless, of high importance, that the fact of their perfect understanding on a question of such high import as national territorial robbery should be made thoroughly known in America. It has been justly remarked, that the ardour of insolent and inexperienced individuals, as well as of states or governments that are in the same predicament, is always perilous, and may produce mischief in quarters where it is least expected; and anything that tends to cool such reckless hot-headedness, is in the nature of a public benefit. It was not to be expected that the annexation, or war party, in the Union would be so reckless as to brave the consequences of the active intervention of two such formidable powers as Great Britain and France, backed as they would assuredly be by the public opinion of a large party in the Union. But even this, with the knowledge we have of the American character, is doubtful. The author of a very amusing work just published, called "Golden Dreams and Waking Realities," speaking of Yankee boasting, says: "I noticed that the Yankees, even when, for the sake of peace and quietness, their pre-eminence had been admitted, would continually assert the immeasurable inferiority of the Britishers to their own free and enlightened countrymen." And Mr. Ashbel Smith says he utters the well-known sentiments of the war and annexation party, when he asserts that they will not suffer the powers to interfere *in the affairs of Cuba*, "or in any other home matter of the American continent." Boasting such as this may, however, fairly be disregarded. It is the forward impudence of an urchin who has never been taught to know either control or decency.

It is further said that the assistance of the two great powers has been proffered in this emergency to Spain only upon the very reasonable condition that she will redress what real grievances the Cubans have to complain of, and that she will reform the administration of the island, ever celebrated for its old Spanish pride and exclusion, and its antiquated practices and abuses. It is certain, that so long as these exist, the Americans, on the plea of sympathy, or with the less honourable view to annexation and upholding slavery, will keep on interfering in the affairs of Cuba. It is now well ascertained that an insurrection did break out in Cuba itself on the 5th of July, at Puerto del Principe, a town lying near the centre of the island. The numbers collected under the command of Don Aguero y Aguero were said to be exceedingly small, not above 250 men in one place and 500 in another. But this movement was not supported by the people, and it was speedily quelled by the queen's troops. The planters were generally unfavourable to a revolutionary movement, from their dread of a negro insurrection, and the necessity they were in of retaining the military protection of the government against the slaves. On the other hand, the Spanish troops are clearly both faithful and active, as was manifest on the landing of the unfortunate General Narciso Lopez, and his still more pitiable 450 followers on the Cuban coast. It is to be hoped that by this time the Americans themselves are satisfied that their dreams of political prerogatives and visions of territorial aggrandisement, so totally inconsistent with international honesty and the peace of the world, are, as far as Cuba is concerned, totally annihilated; and it is still further to be hoped that this result, while it will be beneficial to Cuba itself, in procuring some amelioration of its social and political institutions, will also be a good lesson to the more lawless and reckless elements in the constitution of that great power—the United States. Already a better feeling has begun to manifest itself.

"Cuba," the *Courier and Enquirer* writes, "has unmistakably shown that, degraded as Spanish oppression has made her, she still has the spirit to spurn foreign invasion, though not the spirit to strike for her freedom. Americans of every party and class, we doubt not, will now be satisfied to leave her as she is." "There is a moral," says the *New York Herald*, "to be drawn from this sad business, which we hope will not be without effect." "The growth of our country," says the *Tribune*, "is abundantly rapid, and needs no bloody rain to stimulate it. Let the terrible lesson just taught our people be duly weighed and heeded." "All who go to Cuba in little squads," says the *Journal of Commerce*, "with arms in their hands, will inevitably perish; and, what is worse, the sacrifice will do no good either to themselves or others. On the other hand, it will carry sorrow into many families and hearts. Stay at home, then, boys, as you love your own lives and the lives of others." This is a very different tone to that adopted by the *Filtibustero* organs for a year past; and although failure has done much towards producing this change of sentiment and moderation of feeling, still we are inclined to think that the severe and unexpected lesson just received, where so many parties have been to blame, not even excepting the authorities, whose connivance was scarcely concealed, will have a serious and permanent effect upon the people of the States at large.

THE GRIFFINS IN SWITZERLAND.

A SUMMER TOUR OF 1851.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH SHOWS HOW MR. SWYMFEN GRIFFIN AND FAMILY SET OUT ON THEIR TRAVELS.

AT a very early hour, one fine morning about the middle of last June, a casual wayfarer—if any such had happened to be awake and walking about at the time—might have observed a bareheaded footman, in a spruce buff-jacket and snow-white apron, issue hastily from a substantial-looking house on one of the terraces on the south side of Regent's Park, and rush round the corner towards the nearest cab-stand, with the frantic velocity of one who is performing the errand of an irritable master.

The same casual wayfarer—if his ears had been as wide open as his eyes—might also have heard that bareheaded and buff-jacketed footman shout at the top of his voice to the waterman on the rank, to send "*two* cabs *di*—rectly to Number Twenty-hate,"—the jerk of the speaker's thumb over his shoulder indicating the place where they were wanted.

The casual wayfarer again—if he had been sufficiently curious about the matter—might have followed the two cabs to the door from whence the bareheaded footman rushed, and—though, perchance, an anxious wife was eagerly listening somewhere else for the click of the lingering latch-key—might have loitered away an extra half hour—nothing at that time of the morning to an expectant helpmate—in observing the preparations that were being made for the departure of a respectable family for the Continent.

But, as we should be sorry to encourage any individual, even though perfectly unknown to us, in planting thorns in the bosom of his spouse, we will send the casual wayfarer home to bed, and, instead of describing what he *might* have seen, inform the reader of what actually took place at the house designated as "Number Twenty-hate."

First appeared some solid leather portmanteaus, with contents apparently no less solid, dragged over the doorstep by the aforesaid footman in the buff-jacket and white apron, and seemingly very reluctant to travel. Next came certain square boxes, cased in oil-cloth and corded with Gordian knots,—as if there were no such thing in existence as the Douane over the water; these packages, containing articles of female attire, were appropriately carried by a couple of housemaids. Then followed the page, a stout boy of fifteen, with yellow hair and red face and hands, whose buttons were, for the nonce, invisible beneath the load of carpet-bags and hat-boxes with which he grappled. And, ever and anon, a smartly-dressed, five-flounced, plaid-shawled lady's-maid, came whisking backwards and forwards, and at each visit deposited in the cabs a russia-leather case, an armful of cloaks, a travelling-basket or two, and finally a bonnet-box—her own—tied round with a faded pink-ribbon which had once been a pair of cap-strings.

While these operations were going on out of doors, there was evidently a stir within; for, every minute, a crimson countenance appeared at one

of the dining-room windows, flattening against the pane a nose quite broad enough already to be able to dispense with any additional compression. By the hue of his cheeks and the working of the muscles about his mouth, it was plain enough that the owner of the nose was the irritable master of the house, who had got *his* breakfast over and was now hurrying everybody else through theirs. The gruff and shrill sounds, moreover, that occasionally reached the outer air, denoted that the party were not likely to get under weigh without the usual quantum of sharp-shooting which—even in the best-regulated households—usually precedes a start,—no matter where,—whether to Epsom races or the East Indies.

At last there was a lull—the crimson face disappeared altogether from the window-pane—the lady's-maid had paid her last visit—but one—to the cabs; the luggage was stowed above, behind, and before, and so placed in front, that how the cabmen were to find room to sit and drive appeared little short of a miracle; the servants drew up in a row in the passage—all save the bareheaded footman, who grasped the handle of one of the cab-doors, and forth from the dining-room came the travellers.

A stout gentleman, brandishing a stout stick, led the way. We have seen his features through the glass, and so there is nothing to describe of him but his dress, which was of grey tweed from top to toe; short coat, ample waistcoat, full trousers, forage-cap, gaiters—all grey tweed; the only thing not made of that material was a large leather pouch with a spring-lock, which hung at his waist from a broad strap that went over his right shoulder. There was no mistaking his object when you saw him turn out.

Two ladies, with a quick step, came close behind. There is no need to particularise their garments, as the Bloomer costume had not found favour in England three months ago—though, for the sake of our lady-travellers, we wish it had—and all that was particularly noticeable was the straw bonnet and blue veil, which are the headmarks of an Englishwoman on the Continent, as infallible a sign of country as the jean *bottines* of a *voyageur Français*. Besides, their faces—that is to say the face of the younger of the two—offered something better worth looking at, according to our mode of thinking, than the richest velvets or brightest silks that ever yet were "made up." She was tall, slender, and well-proportioned; her eyes blue, mouth small, hair dark brown, a little colour on her soft, smooth cheek, and altogether just the sort of person whose appearance would justify an Ambassador's secretary in being very particular in noting down every separate feature in a passport. If a physiognomist had accused her of a tendency towards the sentimental with a slight shade of blue, we should not have pronounced him in the wrong; and had a phrenologist asserted that the organ of ideality was conspicuous on her fair brow, no dissenting opinion would have been uttered by us. Neither was the elder lady ill-looking: on the contrary, that rosy, unwrinkled face, that *embonpoint*, and that good-humoured smile, might have fixed the wandering gaze of many a wavering old bachelor, had the lady herself been unappropriated; but there could be as little doubt that he whom she followed was her lord and master, as that the fair girl who hung on her arm was her daughter.

A fourth person made up the family group. This was a young man

of some six or seven-and-twenty, sufficiently good-looking to claim a brother's relationship with the blue-eyed beauty,—good-natured enough of aspect to do no discredit to his mother,—and fast enough—sometimes a trifle too fast—for his irascible father. He, too, was equipped in complete travelling order, but his dress was rather less *prononcé* than that of his sire,—and became him better.

So much for the appearance of the party; two lines will suffice to tell their names. The elderly gentleman and his wife were Mr. and Mrs. Swymfen Griffin,—their son and daughter were called respectively, Adolphus and Grace.

We should be very glad now to get them all under weigh, for the cabs have been waiting long enough—and so, perhaps, has the reader—but just as the footman in the buff-jacket and white apron had shut Miss Smith, the lady's-maid, in her vehicle with all the floating luggage,—the cloaks, the baskets, and the bandboxes,—and was about to impart the last "squeege" of the hand—if he went no further—Miss Smith remembered that she had forgotten her "Bore,"—and as no lady's-maid can possibly travel without a "bore," the page was despatched in hot haste to fetch it off the bed in Miss Smith's room on the fourth pair back. This unexpected delay,—though it ought not to have been unexpected, if he had known anything of the sex, particularly that portion of it which is represented by ladies'-maids—considerably excited the ire of Mr. Griffin, senior, and his fiery face was in and out of his cab-window at least fifty times while the page was hunting for Miss Smith's boa, and every time it reappeared a malediction—or something very like one—accompanied it, the old gentleman fearlessly staking his existence on the fact that they should lose the train.

They didn't, however; people never do; and not to say who wept or sighed, who grinned or chuckled at the family Exodus, before the sun set that fine summer's day, the party from the Regent's Park were safely housed at the Hotel Windsor, in Paris, and fairly *en route* for Switzerland.

Chapter II.

WHICH ANSWERS THE PURPOSE OF A GUIDE-BOOK.

Until railway communication is complete in France, the traveller who wants to get on by most of the great lines of route, must either put his trust in Providence, or concert his plans at least a fortnight beforehand; that is to say, if he has any idea of pressing the diligence into his service. The most business-like way of proceeding is to adopt the latter alternative, providential interference being rather a doubtful ally in a French booking-office.

So, at least, Mr. Adolphus Griffin found it, when, primed with the best colloquial French that is to be found in Murray's Handbook of Travel-talk, and perfect in all save pronunciation—a slight drawback when you wish to be understood—he set off for the Messageries Nationales to secure places for his party to continue their journey to Switzerland.

"I want," said he, with the air of a man who felt sure of his fact—"I want to go to Geneva."

"Très bien, Monsieur," replied the *commis* behind the wired trellis, lifting his cap as he spoke. "Quand désirez-vous partir?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Combien êtes-vous?"

"Five."

"Dans ce cas, Monsieur," returned the clerk, after examining his book, "il n'y a pas de moyens. Je n'ai qu'une place à vous donner."

"Well, then, what have you got for the day after?"

"Rien, Monsieur—absolument rien. D'ici à quatre jours toutes les places sont prises."

"The deuce! What am I to do? Don't you see I'm in a hurry? I can't wait here four days."

The impassive clerk, who was in no hurry himself, and had no sympathy for those who were, his only concern being how to fill the diligence a week in advance, replied, as a Frenchman always does when there is a difficulty, by shrugging his shoulders; at which the impatience of Mr. Adolphus Griffin considerably increased, and he privately d——d the diligence and every one belonging to it.

In the mean time the clerk slowly turned over the leaves of his folio, and, after a mute inspection of several minutes, suddenly raised his head, as if inspired by a bright idea.

"Attendez, Monsieur!" said he. "Je pense que je pourrais vous arranger cela. Vous m'avez dit que vous étiez cinq, n'est-ce pas?"

"Yes, five; that's it."

"Eh bien, aujourd'hui, c'est le seize. Le vingt-trois j'ai deux places d'intérieur; une place de rotonde le vingt-cinq; et le vingt-huit—non, c'est le vingt-neuf—j'ai deux places de banquette. Voilà, Monsieur, ça fait cinq places en tout!"

"What an infernal ass!" muttered Adolphus. "I really fancy this fellow would try to put a man's head into one part of the diligence and his body into another." Then, speaking aloud, he said, "But I want all these places at the same time; can't you understand?"

"Ah, Monsieur, vous n'avez pas dit cela. Alors la chose est impossible, à moins que vous n'attendiez quinze jours. Il y a beaucoup d'amusemens à Paris, Monsieur! Voulez-vous que je vous inscrive pour le trente?"

"Ask a man in a hurry to wait a fortnight! D——n it, no; to be sure not! Is there no other diligence but this thing of yours?"

"Il y a les diligences Lafitte, Monsieur, mais elles sont également toutes pleines."

"How do you know that?" asked Adolphus, turning sharply round upon his informant.

"Je suppose, Monsieur——"

But before he had got to the end of his supposition the fast young Englishman had bounced out of the office, bounced into a *citadine* that was passing, and in less than five minutes was repeating his inquiry at the bureau in the Rue St. Honoré. He was more fortunate here than he expected. Owing to an accident which occasioned the forfeiture of certain "arrhes," there were five places vacant, divided from each other, as a matter of course, but still available. Three of them were in the *coupé*, which he secured for Mr. and Mrs. Griffin and his sister Grace. A seat

in the interior was booked for the accommodation of Miss Smith; and, for his own part, he was content to find a place in the *banquette.* "A much spicier thing," said Adolphus, "than being cooped up inside. See the country—slang the conductor—smoke all the way."

Having accomplished this difficult feat, Mr. Adolphus Griffin returned to the Hotel Windsor in a livelier frame of mind than he had anticipated.

There were three principles—so to call them—always at work in the mind of the elder Mr. Griffin, "dividing his being," as Manfred says, pretty equally. He made it a principle to go and see everything, but never stopped to look at it when he reached it; it was another principle with him never to neglect his meals, and always eat the best dinner that was to be had for money; his third principle was invariably to fly into a rage at everything that happened, though he reconciled himself to the consequences almost as quickly as he exploded. The first and last features of this temperament had a tendency to keep everybody in hot water; but custom on one part, and gastronomy on the other, neutralised the effect of the old gentleman's impatience and irascibility, and he did not prove on the whole a much more disagreeable fellow-traveller than nine-tenths of the people who trust themselves on wheels. At all events, his family were used to his mood: his wife was philosophical, his daughter occupied with other thoughts, and his son so given to "fast" habits, that anything short of modern go-a-head-ism only conveyed to him the idea of something immeasurably slow.

Mr. Swymfen Griffin would gladly, therefore, have set out that night, there being, in his opinion, nothing more to see in Paris than lay between the *gare* at Montmartre and the hotel in the Rue de Rivoli; and, of course, he abused his son because he had *succeeded* in getting places for the next morning; but he was soon smoothed down by an allusion to the capabilities of the "Frères Provençaux;" and when he had tasted a few of the *hors d'œuvres* of that celebrated establishment, and swallowed two or three glasses of the Veuve Chioquot's best growth, a pleasanter old gentleman than Mr. Swymfen Griffin could hardly have been found in all Paris.

"Hallo! what's this?" exclaimed Mr. Swymfen Griffin, about half-past eight o'clock on the following morning, when he debouched from the first of the file of "Lutetiennes," that brought himself, his family, and their combined baggage, in the large yard of the Messageries, and found himself standing in the midst of some thirty huge diligences, which seemed as if they were waiting to "take up" at a *soirée* of giants—"hallo! Dolly, what's this? I thought we were to go by rail."

"So we are," replied Dolly—that being the familiar abbreviate of Mr. Adolphus—"but we shall have to be transferred to it, carriage and all; that's the dodge here; they take you off your wheels, crane you up God knows where, and lower you down into a truck on the rail just like a duck on her nest; you'll see all about it by-and-by. I wish these fellows would look sharp—there don't seem any symptoms of starting."

"Bless my soul," said Mr. Swymfen Griffin, before Miss Smith was well extricated from the pile of bags and baskets into which she had plunged on leaving the Hotel Windsor—"bless my soul, I suppose they mean to keep us here all day—a pack of infernal rascals!"

Had this observation been made an hour later, it would have worn a greater air of truth, for it was only at the expiration of that period that the gentlemen whose concern it was to load the diligence began to give themselves any trouble about the matter, or appear to take any interest in the departure of the vehicle, notwithstanding the frequent objurgations and inquiries of the Messieurs Griffin, *père et fils*. To every observation that was made, they replied, soothingly, "N'ayez pas peur!"—a phrase that nearly drove the elder Mr. Griffin mad.

"Afraid!" he shouted, brandishing his stick, and getting redder in the face than ever; "I should like to know what there is to be afraid of? You don't suppose any of you Frenchmen could make me afraid!"

To this interrogatory, which was addressed to the office porters in English—Mr. Swymfen Griffin understanding French better than he spoke it, a frequent case with our countrymen—no answer was returned, and his anger was suffered to take its own course unchecked. Mr. Swymfen Griffin accordingly betook himself to a quarter-deck walk in the middle of the yard, where he paced up and down with the energy of a man in training for some remarkable pedestrian feat, letting the porters "know his mind" every time he wheeled round near the spot where they stood. His son Dolly, after three or four "rows" with the clerks in the booking-office, climbed up into the *banquette* of the diligence and lit a cigar; and the ladies of the party seated themselves where they could in the shade, Miss Smith, with the usual helplessness of a lady's-maid abroad, being unable to do anything but stand in the sun till she was half roasted.

The fact is, the travellers had presented themselves at least an hour and a half too soon, not being aware that a French official prefers telling you the first convenient lie that comes uppermost, though there is nothing to gain by substituting it for the truth.

At last there was a stir, as if some business were really doing,—ladders were placed against the sides of the cumbrous vehicle,—a smart individual, wearing the frogged jacket and pewter badge of the Messageries, mounted the roof, and with many "noms" and "sacrés" arranged the baggage,—the horses were brought out and put to,—the registering-clerk—a personage now of intense importance—came forward with the way-bill, and read off the names of the passengers, as if they were so many *forçats* going to the *bagne*, and had been keeping *him* waiting,—the various doors of the diligence were banged to, the conducteur scaled the heights of the banquette and seized the handle of his "mécanique," the postilion flourished his long whip, cried "Hi! hi!" and vented half a dozen oaths; and with a clattering of hoofs, as if all the *pavé* of Paris was being torn out of the socket, the diligence rattled out of the yard, and dived into the narrow streets that wind round the back of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, from whence it emerged on the quays, and took a tolerably straight line towards the *embarcadère* of the Paris and Lyons Railway.

Here the craning process took place; the diligence—like Mahomet's coffin—was suspended between earth and air to ascertain its weight,—an arrangement which made Miss Smith scream like a *possédée*, and struggle violently to get out;—it was then gently lowered to its place,—the various parts of the long queue were joined together, the steam-whistle

sounded, and, punctual to the moment, the train moved off, and in a few moments was bounding along the fertile valley of the Upper Seine.

It is not on a railway that incidents of travel abound—unless you are in England, and substitute the word accident—and after the first burst of conversation had subsided, our travellers were left to enjoy themselves how they could. Mrs. Griffin, in whose nature indolence preponderated, went quietly to sleep in her corner; Miss Isabella occupied herself alternately with her note-book and a volume of her favourite Lamartine; and Mr. Griffin, senior, compared the time by his watch with the table in the "Livre Chaix," anxiously counting every kilomètre between one "buffet" station and another, and paying every buffet a visit wherever the train stopped. In the *banquette*, Mr. Dolly entertained the conducteur, and disturbed a sleepy German, by singing a variety of English songs—a very fast one, called the "Postillon," having decidedly the call in the estimation of the guardian of the diligence; *he* also visited the various buffets, and purveyed certain bottles of generous wine, in drinking which, and smoking an unlimited amount of cigars, freely distributed right and left—the German waking up at this part of the entertainment—the day wore away as merrily as possible.

In this manner the travellers scoured across the lovely forest of Fontainebleau, skirted the pleasant banks of the Seine and the Yonne, traversed the fair fields, and whirled past the vine-clad *côtes* of Burgundy;—Melun and Sens, Tonnerre and Montbard, in turn were left behind, and through that series of wonderfully-walled cuttings the train shot rapidly downward to the ancient city of Dijon, whose variegated roofs were still shining when they reached it in the mellow light of the declining sun. On, 'midst those world-famed vineyards, now gleaming only with golden leaves, the train pursued its course, and finally pulled up after a race of two hundred and forty miles,—there is no necessity for doing that back again into kilomètres, though there are more of *them*,—at the wished-for haven of Chalons-sur-Saône, which Mr. Swymfen Griffin afterwards wished had been a great deal nearer to Geneva.

We have not mentioned the name of Miss Smith since the train was set in motion; but that is of little consequence, since, before we have done with her, she will probably favour the reader with her own version of her feelings and experiences, in the shape of some very edifying correspondence which she addressed to a "female" of her acquaintance.

Chapter III.

HOW MISS GRACE GRIFFIN STUDIED BOTANY ON THE JURA.

Piloted by the *conducteur*, whose heart Mr. Dolly Griffin had fairly won, the whole party set out on foot for the hotel where they were to dine, relying on the assurance that it was only "à deux pas d'ici."

The distance might not have been more than a mile, but the illconditioned pavement of Chalons made it seem interminable to Mr. Griffin, whose tenderness of nature began at his toes; and as he dragged his meek helpmate after him, he kept up a running fire of heavy growling at everything French, especially animadverting against nubbly stones.

Mr. Dolly followed, with Grace on his arm, glad each of them

to escape from the confinement of the diligence; and not having been alone together since they left home, the conversation that took place between the brother and sister was by no means of an uninteresting character—at least, to the latter. What it referred to, it would, perhaps, be premature here to speak of; but it certainly went far to annihilate the sense of distance of which Mr. Griffin, *père*, so loudly complained.

The dinner at the Hotel du Parc had, however, the usual effect of restoring the old gentleman's equanimity, though he began by grumbling at the garlic in the fish sauce; but as he begged for a little more, "just to see how it tasted by itself," and not only finished it, but repeated the dose with the next dish, it may fairly be presumed that he reconciled himself to the doubtful vegetable. Indeed, we find by a memorandum which dropped from Mr. Griffin's pocket-book, that he entertained what his son Dolly called "strong" opinions on the subject of garlic, for he had written as follows:

"Mem., June 17.—Tried garlic, and liked it—may say, *extremely*. All humbug people making such an outcry. Everybody would eat it if they weren't afraid of being found out. Same with onions; cookery impossible without 'em. Why did the Egyptians worship garlic? Don't recommend it for ladies."

This entry would probably have been much longer but for a summons to the "snail-road," as Mr. Dolly facetiously termed the remainder of the route, which was to be accomplished in the diligence at the old rate of five miles an hour.

A few moments before the heavy vehicle started, the *conducteur* made a request to Mr. Dolly to allow a *voyageur* to pass him, and ensconce himself under cover between the *banquette* and the baggage; adding, in a whisper, that it was "un petit bénéfice pour lui" which he stood much in need of, now that the rail had cut up all his accustomed perquisites.

"Le sang me monte aux yeux," said the fiery little Marseillais, "quand je regarde ces machines à vapeur, qui vont abîmer tout le commerce du pays. Mais ça crevera un de ces beaux jours, comme un cheval fourbu. Allez!"

Accordingly, a man in a blouse and slouched hat—the lamps revealed no more—mounted briskly to the place of retreat just mentioned, where he remained *perdu* for some time. Just, however, as Mr. Dolly, who, assisted by a cigar, had been meditating some very striking course of proceeding to astonish the Alps when he got there, was on the point of "turning in"—as he called going to sleep with his head in his shirt-front—he was roused by a tap on the shoulder, and to his infinite surprise heard himself called by his name, in tones which he immediately recognised as those of an old friend. It was the stranger in the blouse who had thus accosted him.

"What, old fellow! how the deuce——" began the younger Griffin. But he was cut short by the stranger, who hastily told him to be quiet, and he would tell him "all about it."

The communication must have been something very pleasant, for Mr. Dolly and his newly-found friend laughed, as Scrub says, "consumedly;" but it was made in so low a voice that not a syllable of it could be overheard.

Meantime the diligence dragged its slow length along throughout the night, and, slower still, when morning broke, began to ascend the winding road which led across the Jura. But before it reached St. Laurent, where the halt for breakfast was to take place, the man in the blouse got down, nor did he resume his place throughout the rest of the journey.

The German, who shared the *banquette*, a "praktischer Metaphysiker," able to see into the thickest milestone, was of opinion that the stranger was some "berühmter merkwürdiger Botaniker," for he saw him, he said, busily gathering a variety of flowering plants as soon as he got down with an eagerness which nothing but a pure love of science could have prompted. Perhaps so; but if the practical metaphysician, who, *par parenthèse*, was a learned Professor from Krähwinkel, had not been so deeply engaged in discussing a ponderous Lyons sausage at his "Frühstück," he might have seen through the inn-window that the renowned and remarkable botanist disposed of the flowers in question with as much celerity as he had gathered them, by placing them, in the shape of a *bouquet*, in the mouth of a small travelling-basket belonging to Miss Grace Griffin, which that lady had left in the *coupé* when she went in to breakfast.

Moreover, had the Professor been able to see round a corner when the travellers got out at Morez to climb the long ascent to Les Rousses, he might have noticed that the ardent botanist had mingled with the party, and was, no doubt, explaining to Miss Grace the names and properties of the flowers in the bouquet which she now carried in her hand, for he was walking by her side and speaking very earnestly, while Miss Smith discreetly proceeded some twenty yards in advance of her young mistress.

But, as it happened, the Professor had fastened himself on Mr. Griffin, senior, whom he entertained—or fancied he entertained—all the way up the mountain by a gratuitous lecture on the geological structure of the Jura chain, which, as the learned gentleman spoke tolerable English, was not more than usually unintelligible to the uninitiated; he could not, therefore, neither could Mr. Swymfen Griffin himself, pay particular attention to what was going on half a mile lower down the road,—and as to Mrs. Swymfen Griffin, it better suited her inclination to sit quietly in the diligence than "wear herself out," as she said, "before her time."

It is to be hoped, then, that Miss Grace profited by this occasion of adding to her botanical knowledge: at all events, the opportunity, such as it was, seemed not to be entirely thrown away. The walk, too, did her good, for when she came up with the diligence, after passing through that rocky defile where a sharp turn of the road shuts out the view on all sides, the rosy hue on her cheek showed tokens the most unmistakable that there is nothing so healthful or agreeable as a mountain walk.

Beyond this slight incident, which persons of a romantic temperament might colour after their own fancies, nothing occurred to alter the uniform character of the journey; only it is to be observed that botany and geology, every science and every feeling, were for the moment absorbed in the breathless rapture which took possession of the whole of the Griffin family when, on turning the angle of the road at La Faucille, they beheld, suspended as it were in mid-air, the magnificent range of

Mont Blanc, and saw the everlasting snows reflected in the blue depths of Lake Leman as it lay smiling beneath their feet.

After this, there was nothing more of a noticeable character, except, perhaps, the glow of satisfaction which suddenly overspread the countenance of Mr. Swymfen Griffin, when his son shouted to him from the banquette—having just received the information from the German Professor—that the best *table d'hôte* in Switzerland was to be found at the "Ecu de Genève," exactly opposite the office where the diligence pulled up. Mr. Swymfen Griffin was not the man to neglect this hint, and as soon as he arrived in Geneva and succeeded in shaking off the crowd of *voituriers* who wanted to carry him off to Chamouny *instanter*, whether he meant to go there or not, he established his head-quarters in that excellent hotel.

CHAPTER IV.

HOW MR. DOLLY GRIFFIN RESOLVED TO DISTINGUISH HIMSELF.

THE moment a traveller coming from France crosses the bridges of the Rhone at Geneva he enters upon a new phase of existence. The language he hears is the same as that to which he has been accustomed, but it has entirely changed its object. It no longer discourses of poetry or art, science or literature, the politics of the old world or of the new, but is wholly and solely devoted to "what we did yesterday," and "what we shall do to-morrow." To be perpetually going "up" something, or making preparations for doing so, occupies the minds of every one, old or young, male or female, hale or crippled, no matter what the age or physical condition of the speaker.

It is not an easy thing to form a very accurate notion of what everybody is saying at a *table d'hôte*, where a hundred men and women are all talking at once, and a dozen waiters are clattering and driving in every direction, but a general idea of the nature of the conversation may be readily obtained by listening for five minutes to any particular group.

The following, served up with as much diversity of tone, manner, and accent, and as much philanthropical purpose as generally prevails when people are relating their adventures *at* each other, may serve as a specimen of what greeted the ears of our travellers when they took their seats in the midst of the guests assembled at the five o'clock *table d'hôte* at the "Ecu de Genève."

"I'll tell you what *I* did, sir. Went all round in four days and got down here in time for dinner on the fifth! First of all I crossed the Col du Géant—I'd only one fellow with me—Tairraz—Jean Tairraz—a capital guide; and got down to Cormayeur the same evening. That was the first day; then I started at daybreak——"

"Oh, no! we don't mean to come back to Geneva, we want to get on to Italy as soon as we can. We're anxious about mamma's health, so we shall only stay at Chamouny a week and see everything there; then we shall take the Col de Balme and over the Great St. Bernard to——"

"The Brevent, my dear madam—nothing at all, I assure you—you may do it in five hours easily; I did it in three—the great object is the view, so I went up backwards and didn't lose an inch of the view all the way—no Englishman, I'm proud to say, ever did that before—mean to

go up Mont Blanc backwards next week, perhaps come down on my head, or tie up one leg. When I was at the Aiguilles Rouges——"

"Mais, oui,—Mademoiselle, après avoir vu les grandes eaux de Versailles je ne connais rien de plus beau que la chute du Reichenbach, il tombait immensement d'eau ce jour-là et pour arriver à la cascade, il faillait que nous grimpassions une montagne d'une hauteur inconcevable,—alors, Mademoiselle——"

"The Riggy's a humbug! I slept three nights at the Cull—or whatever you call it—on purpose to see the sun rise, and what do you think he did? Why, he never showed his face at all! There was a fog, sir, all those three days, and I caught such a cold I've hardly been able to hear my own voice ever since. What do you call this—'Lake trout'—well, I don't care if I——"

"Lee-man's a pretty strip of blue, Ma'am, but t'aint a lake, no how. Why, Ma'am, I swum it, slantendicularly, from one end to the other, in rather less than five hours,—our Almighty waters ain't to be done at that figure, not by our own clipper steamers. The next time I go to Chill-on I mean to take a header from the walls, and anybody may draw me out cold if I don't bump my head agin the bottom in less than ten minnits; I calkilate——"

"Papa didn't, but *we* did,—my cousin, Mary, and I and my brother George. Papa had a twinge of the gout going up the Montanvert, so we left him and the mules at the chalet while we went down to the Mer de Glace, and pushed on to the Jardin. We had only two guides all the way——"

"*Our* party crossed the Unter-Aletsch Gletscher,—a thing *very* seldom done,—seven ladies and three gentlemen—and our guides said they never saw ladies go through such immense fatigue with such extraordinary——"

"Nonsense, sir, not accessible; why, sir, I did it myself! It took me exactly nine hours and thirty-three minutes to go from the Hospice on the Grimsel to the peak of the Finster-Aar-horn. I smoked a cigar, sir, on the horn itself, and got back to the Hospice in four hours and twenty-eight minutes. I think that was doing it——"

"Wunderbar! wunderbar! mein Gott! das Matterhorn ist ganz und gar der ungeheuerste Berg dass Ich habē——"

"Take my word for it, it's a do. Never trust those fellows,—they're sure to cheat you if they can. I always make my bargain before witnesses. My plan is this: I say to a fellow, 'What will you take me and my family for from here to Berne,—drive us and feed us, and get us in at sunset every evening?' He says, so and so. Then I say, 'I'll give you so much,' and he says——"

"Haricots vertes, Monsieur, avec sauce blanche——"

"Zermatt's the only place to go to now. Everything else is used up. Fifteen hours and a half takes you up from the village to the Matterjoch; that's the pass of Mont Cervin. Then you make for Le Breuil, at the head of the Val Tournanche, cross the Plantendre down to Aventina, and so round to——"

"Ah! I didn't go that way. I took a much finer route—struck into the Val Pellina; went over the Bouquetins by the side of the Glacier of Arolla; then down to Ferpecle, then up the Val de Torrent; then made

for the foot of the Weisshorn, sloping away across the base of the Turtman Glacier. Then——"

This sample is, perhaps, enough. It bewilders most people at first, and that, no doubt, is the chief object of the narrators. To outdo everybody else is the motto inscribed on every Swiss traveller's wallet. No wonder, then, that such lofty emulation prevails! No wonder that Mr. Dolly Griffin should have made up his mind that, before a week went by, his name should resound from one end of Europe to the other as the most celebrated gander of the season.

"The ascent of Mont Blanc," said the aspiring youth, "has not been made for some years; and in spite of what that fellow said about going up next week—and backwards, too—*he* doesn't look a likely customer. I'll have a go at the old buffer myself, as sure as my name's Dolly Griffin! I'll do it, and send the account to the *Times*. I wonder if the Governor would venture! He's game enough to try; but fifteen stun's too heavy for work like that. I must train down a little myself. That breather over the Jura, yesterday, was a pretty good beginning. Perhaps we can make up a party! Morton can't afford it, poor fellow; and then he wouldn't like to have his name mentioned just now; but I'd stand 'Sam,' and he could call himself anybody. Not that a man who goes up Mont Blanc likes to hide his candle under a bushel, either. 'What do you do it for?' says some one. Why, to get talked about, of course. What does anybody do anything for? If the Duke had fought the battle of Waterloo in the dark, and nobody had ever heard of it, what would he have been now, I should like to know? A squatter, like Mrs. Hicks—no better!"

This philosophical course of reasoning greatly strengthened the resolve of Mr. Adolphus Griffin, and the very same evening he began to beat up for recruits; for though ambitious of the fame he meditated, he was not so covetous as to wish to keep it all to himself. Besides, there are some things a man can do better in the midst of a jovial clique than when he has only himself to depend upon and talk to, and risking one's neck on Mont Blanc is one of them. It is a serious drawback to an enterprise of this spirited nature to think that, if you are alone, and happen to be swept away by an avalanche, your guides will probably forget your name before they return with the tidings of your fate, and that all the glory of the adventure will be carried off by "un Monsieur Anglais," instead of you, John Brown, Esquire, having the fact inscribed at full length on your tombstone in your native village churchyard of Featherhead-cum-Donkey.

Mr. Dolly Griffin had contrived to smuggle with him from London a box of first-rate Havannahs from Hudson's, not caring—with very good reason—to trust to those "grosses pièces of walking-stick," as he called the French impositions which pass for cigars at six sous apiece. With this passport, which is far more useful than any Lord Palmerston ever signed, he soon acquired a great number of friends in the smoking saloon of the "Ecu de Genève,"—and gathered from them—by no means loth to impart—a great deal of very use-*less* information which, as some of the narrators had made the ascent themselves, was not much to be wondered at. He did more, however, than this: he succeeded in inspiring two other gentlemen—one a Frenchman, the other an American—they each gave us a taste of their quality just now—with the same laudable

desire that he felt to signalise himself to all posterity—and it was settled amongst them that they should all meet at the Hotel de l'Union at Chamouny, on the fourth day from that date, to take counsel together and prepare for the ascent.

In the mean time, as Mr. Swymfen Griffin had already arrived at the conclusion that there was nothing to be seen in Geneva, a carriage was ordered to be ready at six the next morning, to convey the whole family, Miss Smith included, to the celebrated Savoyard valley.

But as the ladies of the party have been somewhat stinted of their share in the proceedings of the journey, we shall do them the justice to let the description of what they saw and what befel them come from themselves.

Chapter V.

MISS GRACE GRIFFIN'S "IMPRESSIONS DE VOYAGE."

It was in a richly-bound volume of purple morocco, protected by a small Bramah lock of exquisite workmanship, which we defy Mr. Hobbs—with all his ingenuity—to pick, that Miss Grace Griffin made a daily entry of her inmost thoughts, as well as of all the occurrences which she thought worthy of being remembered. Having possession, however, of a duplicate of the golden key which the fair lady wore, attached to her *châtelaine*, we are able to unlock the diary, and offer such extracts from Miss Grace's journal as it suits our present purpose to copy.

On the first page of rose-tinted paper was the following inscription:

"To Isobel Gray—the Companion of my Infancy, and Friend of my Youth—the Sharer in all my Joys, the Soother of all my Sorrows—to Her who can best understand my Feelings—I dedicate these pages.
"G. G."

On the next page was written, in long, tapering, incisive letters, somewhat larger than the rest,

"Mes Impressions de Voyage."

With a motto from Goethe, which at once revealed that, like most young ladies, she carried about with her, in addition to her personal baggage, an overwhelming weight of secret grief. The motto ran thus:

"We must learn to accommodate ourselves to Life as well as we can, to be able to support, not be prostrated by it."

The first entry was dated,

"Paris, June 16, 1851.

"At last the moment has arrived when I find myself alone, remote from all human sympathy, for not even *your* eye, my Isobel, can behold the trembling hand that traces these lines. I have parted from my dearest friend—I have severed a fatal tie—*you* are no longer near to console me in all my trials—and *he*—is banished—no less by prudence than the force of circumstances.

"'Mon esperance à moi, mon Dieu! c'est ma mémoire!'

"And yet I am in the gayest city in the universe, so say the worldlings. But to worldlings only let scenes of gaiety be consigned; the

heart that has suffered, and still bleeds, can take no part in a mockery so unreal!

"But were I disposed to join the flaunting crowd, the opportunity is denied me, for I have just learnt that our sojourn in a spot which is consecrated by the tears of Lamartine—whose 'Jocelyn' is my daily food—where the accomplished Chateaubriand poured forth his last mournful recollections, is likely to be of the briefest. The impetuous, though kindly natures of papa and my brother Adolphus, impel them ever onward, like that weed which perpetually drifts with the current of the Atlantic, and vainly seeks a resting-place on the shore hallowed by the memory of the daring Genoese. We have a long journey before us, but what aspect it may wear, whether it 'minister to a mind diseas'd,' or deepen the gloom that already surrounds me, is—like all that pertains to the future—inscrutably concealed from my ken. But be it what it may, no spectral hope beckons me onward. The past is past. 'Hin ist hin.' I know what I have known!

"'D'autres rêvent leur ciel, mais moi j'ai vu le mien!'

"I hear my brother's voice! He calls to me from without. Dry quickly scalding tears! Let me deck my face with smiles."

"Ten o'clock, P.M.

"We have just returned from the Palais Royal, where—Adolphus insisted on it—we dined at the 'Trois Frères Provençaux;' they gave us an excellent dinner, but I fear lest papa should suffer from a '*canard aux olives*,' of which, in spite of mamma's warning, he ate rather freely. Provence is still famous for its oil. Once it was the land of the Troubadour, but the Golden Violet has given way to the Perfumed Truffle, and cookery has supplanted the 'gaie science.' I know not why, but my spirit seems lighter to-night. Can it be that the subtle charm of Parisian life is stealing over my senses? If this be so, then, indeed, it is well to fly while yet there is time!

"On our way from the Palais Royal, at papa's desire, we strolled homewards by the Boulevards. What a magic scene! As we slowly paced along, I paused to gaze—listlessly—into a *modiste's* window, where mamma's eye was caught by one of the loveliest bonnets that ever was seen—of simple white silk trimmed with amaranth, and *very few flowers.* Mamma directed my attention towards it, and urged me to go into the shop to ask the price of it, offering to give it me if I liked. I obeyed her commands, for *I felt that I wanted a bonnet.* The smiling *modiste* took it down, and I tried it on. She said it suited my complexion exactly, and I believe it does—for I consented to take it, and it was sent home immediately. Smith has been in raptures with it ever since. But what have I to do with bonnets? Still, as I must not slight my mother's gift, I have desired her to take the greatest care of it. Perhaps I may yet have occasion to wear it."

"Geneva, June 18th.

"Papa has just reminded me that this is the Anniversary of Waterloo. But what is the warring of weaponed men to the battling of a human heart? And mine—since last I wrote—has throbbed—how fearfully! I have seen him once more! But let me be calm. This morning we crossed the Jura.

Daylight found us amongst the mountains. The visions of the night had been troubled, and papa snored dreadfully in the carriage; he had not quite recovered from the '*canard aux olives*,' and would eat garlic at dinner yesterday, besides drinking more than was good for him of Burgundy —through which fertile province we passed. The wine was called 'Nuits;' and Adolphus, who never will be cured of punning, said that a bottle of it made an excellent *night*-cap. I blush to record such puerilities, but they beguile me of my tears—so let them pass!

"It was a wild, dreary spot, the village of St. Laurent, where we halted to breakfast; and while thus engaged a singular circumstance occurred—at least it struck me as singular then, before I knew *the truth*. During the last part of the journey I had observed a tall man, attired like a peasant, hovering near the carriage, but keeping his face wholly concealed. Happening to turn my head as we sat at breakfast, I saw this person approach the diligence and look carefully into the *coupé* where we had been sitting. He stretched out his arm, and my first impression was that he was a robber, but fortunately I had presence of mind enough not to call out, and I saw him withdraw unladen with spoil. Judge of my surprise when, returning to the carriage, I found there the prettiest bouquet possible of wild rhododendrons and Alpine roses, evidently designed for me. Adolphus said he supposed it was the custom of the country, but there was a significance in his smile which I could not understand. A few hours later and the mystery was revealed.

"You know, my Isobel, all the circumstances under which Ferdinand Morton and myself were parted, and how earnestly I implored him not to incur papa's anger by any clandestine proceeding, after that stern rejection of his hopes which consigned us both to misery. Yet think of the infatuated being! At a certain part of the road, where the mountain was very precipitous, I got out with the rest, intending to walk with Adolphus. We were the last of the group, and had scarcely gone a hundred yards, when my brother, dropping my arm, set off in pursuit of some wild animal which, he said, had crossed into the thicket. I had scarcely time to recover from my surprise when, from beneath the shadow of a tall rock, the peasant-stranger stepped forth. He raised his sombrero, and I beheld the features of Ferdinand Morton! I uttered a stifled scream, and should have fallen to the earth if Ferdinand had not rushed forward to support me.

"'Imprudent—rash!' I exclaimed, as soon as my beating pulses were for an instant lulled into stillness. 'Is this your promise?'

"Poor fellow! he pleaded hard, and urged a thousand reasons for the course he had taken. To be near me, to let his footstep fall where my shadow had passed, was, he said, all he wished for; he would not offend me by his presence; he would bury himself for ever in these savage solitudes, and never again consort with his species; the bracken should be his bed, the flinty rock his pillow; his diet acorns, and the bubbling brook his drink; the mountain goat should lend him garments, the wild ones of the forest should be his sole companions. But ere he departed—and that was his sole motive for seeking me—he had a word to say, of import, possibly, to our future fortunes. It was true my father had refused his consent to our union—it was true he was still penniless—the

bare pittance which just enabled him to go forth a wandering outcast in the face of Europe being all he yet could call his own; but Hope had not yet forsaken him. There *was* a source of wealth in perspective; there *were* glittering dreams which *might* one day prove golden realities; his bread was upon the waters and would return to him—buttered, I think he said—but here his speech became confused and indistinct; in a word, he justified his conduct, persuaded me to think better of the future, and when our long and, I must say, delightful interview terminated, he told me that a letter addressed, 'Poste restante, Interlaken,' to the name of 'Jones,' the *nom de guerre* under which he travels, would be sure to find him in a fortnight, as he was on his way to join his aunt and cousins who were staying there. I felt a sudden spasm shoot through my frame as he mentioned this fact—was it a jealous pang, or only the damp and thin shoes?—and I would fain have questioned him further, but I heard papa's voice wondering where I was, and calling loudly to me to come on. I tore myself from his mad embrace, and as we met, we parted. He bent himself beneath the shadow of the rock and I saw him no more! Alas,

'Tous mes jours sont des adieux!'

"Adolphus now returned to conduct me to the diligence which was waiting on the mountain's brow. Papa had been very busily engaged with a German Professor, and suspected nothing, and began to talk about the Jura limestone, with fragments of which the Professor was filling his pockets; but Adolphus slyly whispered to me that he thought the distinguishing characteristic of the Jura was the *trap* formation. I guessed what he alluded to, and, in spite of my sorrow, could not forbear a smile. It was he who had planned the whole affair of my meeting with Ferdinand."

"Chamouni, June 20th.

"My pen is languid to-day, for my mind is exhausted. I have conversed with Nature in her sublimest attitudes, and the effort has well-nigh paralysed my faculties. My eyes ache, my heart throbs, my brain is in commotion. I am a dweller amid icy peaks; the fall of rushing waters is in my ears; my foot is on the crag, my hand is uplifted against the avalanche! I listen to the dashing of the foaming torrent, I bathe in a shroud of glittering spray. I see the eagle cleaving the azure sky—on the summit of the loftiest pinnacle I descry the slender chamois. The Alps are above me and around!

"The evening I passed at Geneva was one of the most deliciously soothing of my whole existence. When every one else had retired to repose, I took my lonely stance at my chamber window to listen to 'the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,' as it hurried from its parent lake to seek the bosom of the distant Mediterranean. I should have been other or less than I am had that rapid river failed to suggest the image of a life too fleetly gliding—with the hidden rocks and dangerous shoals that neither can avoid, material or mortal. Yet, ever as I mused upon the theme, the image of Ferdinand floated over those wild waters, and blended his memory in indelible association with that of the azure stream. Reluctantly I sought my couch; but even while I slept the murmur was ever

in my imagination, and when I awoke with the dawn, my dream was a bright reality.

"Mont Blanc had been vouchsafed to our vision the day before, but from one of the many bridges that cross the Rhone I again beheld 'the monarch of mountains,' before we set out to rest that night at the foot of his throne. I made a hasty sketch of his gigantic form, which, when coloured after nature, will, I think, strike you as pretty; but I fear my pencil is too feeble to convey an accurate idea of the sublime dimensions. However, the magnitude of the task shall not appal me, and I feel sustained by the consciousness that my neutral tint—I bought it at Newman's before I left town—is purely Alpine in its tone.

"Our route from Geneva, after passing the charming village of Chesne, lay between the base of the Salève and the southern shore of Lake Leman——"

But perhaps the reader has got Murray's "Hand-book for Switzerland" at his elbow, and would rather have a description of the country a little less after the prescribed pattern.

In this belief, we suppress the remainder of Miss Grace Griffin's account of her journey, and give it—with other matter—in the words of her *femme de chambre.*

Chapter VI.

WHAT MISS SMITH THOUGHT OF FOREIGN PARTS.

Amongst the *personnel* of Miss Smith, we regret to say there was no handsomely-bound volume, with its patent lock and key; neither did she keep what she called "a regular Dairy." The *cacoëthes scribendi* found vent, therefore, through the ordinary channel of the post-office, in the shape of a letter addressed to the "female" before alluded to, who bore the respectable name of Larkins, and was, indeed, the housekeeper in Mr. Griffin's establishment in the Regent's Park. To that matron she confided her experiences in the following strain:

"Shammooney June 22d 1851.

"Dear Mrs. Larkins,—Little did i ever Think when last we took our Tees together in your private room that before a week had relapsed i should be drinking mine which is not to Compare among the Switch mountings of Shammooney. But so it is and here i am with a Pen in my hand a dictating of my adventers from Savoy where the Biskets is made and the steps in the Strand is called after.

"You'll be pleased to hear that i've born the jerney pretty well wich considering i've nerves and don't like Sleeping in Strange Beds is a thing to say. The beds thereselves isn't bad when once you get into 'em but the queer places they Poke you in is where it tries you. Ladies-maids which advertises that they've no objexions to travel little knows what there saying of or they wouldn't be so Foolardy. And let me tell you Mrs. Larkins it isn't everybody which there Stummix can bear the living not being parshal to Bully and sour Bergamy. Master takes very kindly to the cookery and so does Mr. Dolfus and i've not heerd anything said agen it by Missis or Miss Grace but Kickshaws is Kickshaws all the world Over and them as has been used to 'em at home wont quarrel when they

meet with 'em abroad. i don't say myself that there isn't a many nice dishes such as mutting cutlits and Fride Pomdetares which they means potaters and Reedyvoes and Pulleys and the like but there's nothing to Look at and not much of it to eat when all's Said and Done. The pleasantest part about the meals is the numbers as sets down to 'em for then one meets with the valleys and curreyers which always makes thereselves Agreeble not that somebody as you knows of Mrs. Larkins need for to be Jellus if there was Twice as many.

"I shan't tell you anythink about Parry this time for we didn't See much but we are to going Back if Master's mind holds and that Mrs. Larkins you know is Seldom long together besides the Things as i've seen since has put Parry quite out of my hedd. The first thing they did at the ralerode stashiun was to Way us coatch and all which they hysted us ever So hy and me a screeming all the time for the coatch had three bodies and No One but me and the French in the Middle to change a Sivvle word with if i'd known how to. Howsever i got over that frite and as far as the rale went which didn't Stop till it was Dark there was no Need to cumplane for though i didnt Understand the langwidge a gent with a peekid berd and Green trowsies like petty Coats which spoke a little english called me Mamsell and behaved very polite and Wanted me to have all manner of things from the booffies as their refreshment Rooms is called but i knew how to say no to that and Mr. dolfus took care i should want for nothing.

"The Nite was the Wurst part. i couldn't get a Wink of Sleep if it was ever so for it was One persons work to keep the French Gents hedd off my shoulder which It tumbled there every five minnits and pardong Mamsell says he every time he did it till i could Have wished him Further.

"It seems to me Mrs. Larkins that the only time the French *do* sleep Is when they're riding about in coatches for at evry villege as We come to late or Erly there they was bizzy afore the very cox had opend their ics. Theres no call for Them to arsk a pleeceman to throw a handful of gravvle Up at the winder to wake them For erly washing as some people that we've heerd of do tell Betsy and Jane That. It may be conshins which the French people have plenty to think Of after cutting off so many kings hedds but Wether its conshins or flees sleep they dont and carnt Thats my appinion.

"Crossing of the Jury mountings ewents accurd of a Dellicat nater wareby Unbenown to parints a Serting lady had a randyvoo with a serting gent which his Name shall never be menshund sept between frends like Me and You Mrs Larkins and Begins with Heff. Nobody shall hever say that i took a goolden suvrin To hold my tung which no force can obleege me to speek when trusted. If evryboddies luvvers was what they Ort to be buff jackits and wite aperns mite have Been seen on the Jury mountings As well As gents in Smoc frox to which Pars is not over parshal. But i shall say no moor on this Hedd being trewly confidenshle.

"Jinneever was the next Place we come to and Tired and Dusty i was wen the jerney was Ended. The town stands at the Bottom of lake lemon ware the river roan Runs out the Culler tell Jane of a Blew Bagg dipt in spring water or the Fashnable ribbings Last winter. Miss Grace

took me a Walk upon Roossos iland ware that fillofficer Sets in his chare Made of browns. She told Me that Roosso was Only a footming once which others may have the same Luck and set on Browns chares after there Ded if they did pick pockets wen in a Numble sitiation which josuph R—g—rs never did nor would i'm sure nor send his unnatteral children to the fondling Horsepittle as mr Roosso did hisn.

"Erly up as i said is the Motter in these Parts and daylite saw me lacing my stays next Morning for We had a long days jerney before us. Master had hired a callish with Room for the Famley inside and me On the Box beside the driver a holdish mann so j—— R—— neednt to start wen he heers this. Our baggidge was Only baggs for wen we Got into the mountings we was to Ride mewls and the heavy Things and mississes and miss Graces was sent to burn. Theres one Good the english does in Switcherland and that is they Teaches the peeple our langwidge thats to say drivers And weighters and gides and Such Like so that i was at no loss for sumbody to Talk to a Blessing in its way wen ones mouths been Shut up for three days Or moor like a good Cup of tee which its the creem to, as weve felt mrs Larkins wen worn out and Tired with weighting upon Others weve set down And enjoyed.

"The coatchman which His Name was Peer Simon tho Not a Bit like a Jew his nose being Bottled and no ibrouse told Me the names of all the mountings and Everythink and i Rotem down as well as i cood with a pensle in my ivry soovaneer for the box of The callish Joggled a good deal and Praps Haltered the spelling. The first place we got To in savoy was Ann mass where Out comes a Switch ossifer with a sord by his side and arsks for our passpots which he went in and rote His name Upon master and mr Dolfus swaring at Him all the wile and Thretning to have him Up if he didnt Rite faster but pen and Ink is not among the Switch accompleshmints and so He took his Time. Wen he done Back he comes with a Grin and says bong voyage and master Told him i dont mind saying it To you mrs larkins to Go to the Devvle.

"Peer Simon now pinted out to me the Most remarkerble objix on the rode such as the mounting called mole the biggest mole hill ever i see which how them pore blind innercent annimales cood have made it is past my comprehenshn. It was mountings all Round and Another of them wite with snow he said Was the dong de Middy or midshipman's tooth and a raging river run at our Feet with hy bridges quite dredfle to behold which i shet my ies in crossing to keep me from screeming. After about three hours Of this Horrid Werk we came to a town called bone veal where we stopt and Brekfisted at the Sign of the Ballance the Switch peeple being mostly jewlers by tread and screwplus about Waits and meshurs which they knows how to Turn to their account. Wile the horses was putting Two after brekfist miss Grace and me walked to the bridge to see a collum like the dook of Yorx with a statchoo of Carlo on the Top not a dog but one of there kings which that was his Name and ninety Five foot hy.

"We then persood our jerney among orcherds and medders And feelds of engine corn quite Green and plessant. The Switch cottidges is all roofs with chimley pots like Rabbit Hutches and starecases outside, and anybody as wants to go into the Parler may praps Find thereselves in the pigsty for its all under One. The peeple hereabouts is mostly

Cretans and ambaseels with large gaiters round their nex as big as Pumkins. These pore Cretans has no understanding but is fond enuff of Bats as the Switch call their haypence and teaches thair ugly little children to Run after the callishes wen going sloly up Hill and wont be passified till they gets what they arsks for which Dont look much Like Ambaseels a french Word for iddiut. Wen first i saw them Cretans Mrs. Larkins i declare to you it gave me quite a turn and the gaiters they say comes from drinking water so the Teetotlers had Better mind what they are About.

"The next town to Bone veal is Clews quite Berried in the mountings and has been burnt Down so ofting that the innabitants being watchmakers is tired of bilding it up Again in the Same Place and has moved further Off down the valley. Its of no use my trying to Describe the Seenery Mrs. Larkins for the Pen of an Angel couldnt Do it what with the Rox upon Rox which reeches to the Hevvens and seems all the wile going to Tumble upon your Hedd and makes you giddy and sick to look At and the Roring river reddy to bust its bounds and drownd you and the cattyrax that comes Down from the hites just like spun glass or steem coming out of a Kittle. Glad enuff i Was wen the rode got wider for alive out of that valley i never expected to get. Miss Grace was in Rapchers all the time, and kep calling out to Me to look first this way Then That tell my pore Hedd was quite bewilderd which it made me drat the mountings and wish Myself back agen with all my Hart. At last at a turn of the rode Peer Simon gave me an Udge and pinting forrerd with his Wipp says voylar mong Blong and then they all got out of the Callish and miss Grace took her pensle and set down on a Stone and Droo the mounting wile mr Dolfus smoakt a segar and quite lost hisself in contemplashn the site of mong Blong being the only thing that kep him quiet since we Set Out.

"After that we Rode on agen till we come to St. Martins which is in the feelds sure enuff but there the comeparryson Stops and so did we Peer Simon going no Further and we had to preseed in charrybongs which is little carridges like sofies on Weals for three persings to set in Side by Side. Master and Missis had One to thereselves and me and miss Grace had Another for Mr. Dolfus who wanted to put hisself in traneing wouldnt git into Ours but walkt as we was Forced to Do wen the Rode got too Steep. The drivers was sivvle young men and pickt us wild strawbreys and Roady dendrums and showed us where a mounting fell into a lake and was Drownded leaving nothing but Stones to Mark the Spot. The place is called Shade and shady enuff it is the trees growing over the Rode like a Harbour and just before you Get to the Top you see a immage in a Glass case on a Post with some riting under it which it Says if anybody will Go Down on there Nees in the Dust and repeat a Navy and a Creedo they shall Have Forty Days Indulgence by which means they may take there Plesure and be as Wickid as they Like till the time is Out. Mr. Dolfus larfed when he read this and said it was bying plesure *Durt cheep* but i thought it quite impeyus and walked On as Fast as i could till the immage was out of Sight.

"Theres no ups without downs to em and that one Soon finds Out in Switcherland tho which is the Fritefullest its Hard to say leastways which tries the nerves Most but i think the downs Has It. All i hope is that i

may never go down a Steeper Rode than the one as led to Servo by the hedges of the pressipices where we pawsed to have a nice lunching of heggs and Unny and breddenbutter and Wite wine. Then come another long and tallsome walk up the Monteys till we got into a forrist of furs pretty nigh as black as my best silk apern with peepoles every now and then upon Russian streems thousings of feet below and Shallies perched on Pastors where the cows live all the summer miles hy up in the Very Clowds. How they ever get there is perfickly Miracklus. Wen we immerged from This forrist there we saw Before Us the hole of the Valley of Shammooney with all the glashers coming down from the top of Mong Blong which his Hedd is covered with Hice and internal Snows all the year round and give me quite a Shudder to think of let alone the Could which is peersing. Mong Blong hisself was no longer vizzerble tho the Eggheels by which he is sirrounded was planely to be seen but my Nek was So Stiff with twisting it Out of the charrybong that it was a Releef to me when i turned my Back upon em and wasnt arsked to look at Any Moor. It was six oclock wen we got into the villidge of Shammooney and nothing would content our peeple but going before Supper to see the glasher de Bwaw but i was Spared that Trubble having all the Baggs to open and the nite things to Hare so I staid Behind with missis.

"i've moor to tell you about the Mare de Glass and i dont know how many things besides, but my paper has come to an End and so with Best love to Jane and Mary and the cook and complemints to josuph Rogers and the coatchman beleeve me dear mrs. Larkins your humbel servant to command "ANNA MARIA SMITH."

CHAPTER VII.

MR. DOLLY GRIFFIN'S ACCOUNT OF THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

ON the 31st of June last the following letter occupied a conspicuous place in the fifth page of the *Times:*

"Hotel de l'Union, Chamouny, June 26th, 1851.

"SIR,—I don't know whether there's much stirring just now, for I haven't seen a paper for the last ten days, but I take it for granted people have had enough of the Exhibition, and will be glad to hear about something else. Well, Sir, I've got it for 'em, fresh as a new laid egg. What do you think of Mont Blanc for a subject, and me on the top of him? Yes, Sir, I've been and done it, that is, me and two more, and if you've no objection I'll tell you all about it.

"When a fellow has only been see-sawing along the *pavé* of Piccadilly for the last six months, he's not much in trim for making ascents anywhere, let alone Mont Blanc; but if his wind isn't touched, and he hasn't the gout, let him feel the collar for a week or two and he'll do, provided he's got the right stuff in him. This was my case. A fortnight ago if you'd asked me to walk up Holborn-hill I should have called a policeman to help me, or held on by the step of a 'bus: I couldn't have done it. Now look at me—that is, fancy you're looking at me—and you'll be gratified by seeing a gentleman of the *highest attainments*—you understand me?—in Europe, and that after less than a week's training.

"I did it in this way.

"First day: Walked up-stairs to bed at the Hôtel de l'Ecu, at Geneva, without the waiter's assistance; that was something to begin with, as you'd say if you saw where the staircase went to. Second day: Pretty nearly all the way here from St. Martin on foot; road just rough enough to be pleasant. Third day: Up to the Croix de la Flegère—a breather, rather, but managed to keep up with the women's mules. Fourth day: Chapeau—guide only, wind better, muscles firmer. Fifth day: Montanvert and Mer de Glace—left women behind, pushed on to the Jardin and back again to Chamouny same evening; good day's work. Sixth day: Up and down the Brevent—made nothing of the chimney—ready for anything.

"There—less than a week you see, nothing crummy left—muscles like whipcord, joints supple, footing sure, wind like a Highland bagpiper.

"I needn't tell you, who know everything, that a man can't say he'll do this or that in a mountainous country until he knows whether the mountains will let him; in fact, it all depends upon the weather—excuse the pun, I didn't intend it. For a week or two before I got to Chamouny—indeed ever since the beginning of the season—there had been little else but wet; and when it's sloppy down here, it's no go up there—that's a rule. However, since we came the weather had gone on improving, and on Sunday last, that was the 23rd, we held a council of war with the guides, and came to the conclusion that we might try the ascent next day if no change took place. My two companions were the Comte de Carambole, a French gentleman, and Washington P. Tulk, of Tulkville, Ohio: what his middle name was I never heard, but believe it was put in, like most American names, just to let the first down easy. However, he was a trump and no mistake, and so was the Frenchman.

"We had a pleasant little dinner party that same Sunday afternoon, and drank success to the enterprise in what the Carte du Vin at this hotel calls 'Paale Cherrij' at five francs the bottle, not bad of its kind, and cheap for the money.

"On Monday morning, as soon as it was light, my two fellows, Gédéon Balmat and Jean Tairraz, both of 'em 'anciens guides effectifs,' as they say on their visiting cards, came and told me the sky was clear over Mont Blanc, and the sun rising as bright as a new Napoleon over the Aiguille du Dru, with every promise of a fine day. This was good news, and I hailed the Governor and told him so,—my Governor's travelling with me,—all the family, in fact. He'd no sooner heard it than out of bed he jumped, and said he'd have a try too. Being a dutiful son, I humoured him, though I guessed pretty well where he'd bring up, and then we began to make ready for the start. Carambole soon joined us, as brisk as a lark, and Tulk, as he said himself, 'spry as a 'coon.'

"Perhaps you'd like to know how I was dressed, in case you should happen to be released from your editorial labours before the season's over, and have a mind to go up yourself? There was nothing of Moses or any of the slop-shops about me; nothing but what would stand wear and tear. Thick worsted stockings to begin with, and under garments to correspond, light lambswool 'somethings,' cotton-shirt, and a 'bosom-friend' of Welsh flannel—answers the purpose better than a dickey. Then for shoes, I'd two pair,—not on at the same time you know, but

for a change,—one pair stout and nobbly—I don't know whether nobbly shouldn't be spelt with a 'k,' you'll see to that—what I mean is plenty of nails in 'em for holding on to the ice; t'other pair lighter and smoother, for climbing. My upper toggery was good strong Tweed mixture: brown coat and waistcoat, Oxford cut, smoked mother-of-pearl buttons, and only six pockets,—no man ought to have more than six pockets when he travels; he hasn't got hands for more. When I tell you that I wore a green felt tile, with a brim six inches deep, grey Bloomers on my nether man, drab doeskin gloves, a bird's-eye blue round my neck, a travelling pouch for cigars over my right shoulder, a pocket telescope from Harris's slung over my left, you've all the particulars of my costume.

"If you want to complete the picture, fancy an active sort of fellow, rather under the middle height and inclined to stoutishness, but keeping it down, an open countenance, which some (of the women) say isn't bad-looking, curly hair, and plenty of whisker—(can always grow a beard in a fortnight)—shove an Alpenstock into his fist, and if it isn't like me, why Daguerreotypes ain't true, that's all! The fact is, Washington P. Tulk dagged the whole party the day before we started, that we mightn't be lost to posterity in case of a mishap. There are three things you're safe to find about an American: a Bowie-knife, a Revolver, and a Daguerreotype apparatus.

"There wasn't much difference between Tulk's dress and mine, only his things didn't fit him quite so well,—his femorals were baggy, and his coat hung like a Guernsey frock on a clothes-horse; but the Comte de Carambole's turn out was worth seeing. It's a pity you're not an illustrated paper, or you'd sell five thousand copies extra if you headed a column with his portrait. You've seen a French sportsman, perhaps, with his casquette all over flourishes, and game-bag all fringe and fur! Well, Carambole was like that, overdone. I'll just work him down, from head to foot. Imprimis, the casquette was of grey cloth, embroidered with dark-blue braid, representing a *chasse au lièvre*, with a horizontal *visière*, or poke, as long as a woodcock's bill, and a couple of blue cords with heavy tassels, like bell-pulls, fastened to his breast. His coat was of camlet of a tawny colour, edged with black and ornamented with black frogs and flourishes: one sometimes sees the sort of thing on the stage or in one's dreams. His waistcoat was sealskin with gold buttons; his shirt tri-coloured, in stripes an inch broad; his trousers, olive green, immensely wide; and on his feet a pair of dove-coloured bottines with polished leather tips. I needn't tell you that he wore kid gloves, *couleur de paille*—a Frenchman couldn't go to the Guillotine without *them*,—and that, in addition to his opera-glass and *gibecière*, he carried a purple silk umbrella with a carved ivory handle, and had a good-sized French horn slung at his back. He'd a cloak, too,—but one of the guides carried that amongst the extras, and before he'd done with him had to carry the cloak's master into the bargain.

"We made rather a jolly party when we mustered on the bridge over the Arve before starting. There were us three and the Governor, nine guides and eleven porters, all of 'em with heavy packs filled with blankets, great coats, and the eatables and drinkables. We then gave three cheers, kissed our hands to the ladies at the bedroom windows, Carambole waving a white cambric handkerchief, and, as the clock struck seven, off we

started, took a sharp turn to the right, and made for the Village des Pélerins, as lively a lot of pilgrims as ever padded the hoof. Our path now lay straight up the mountain, to the left of the Glacier des Bossons, and if I'd wanted anything to do me good that morning 'twould have been seeing the Governor step out in the way he did. There he was, right in front of the party, steaming away full puff. Tairraz told him to take his time and do it easy, but the Governor's a little headstrong now and then, and would have his own way. What was the consequence? In half an hour he was blown. I'm not Eneas, and my Governor's not Anchises, so I didn't offer to carry him on my back, but recommended him to tail off as soon as he could. He stood out at first, but after facing the path for about five minutes more, was forced to give in; he then took my hint and toddled back to the village, promising, however, to mule it up to the Flegère to see us cross the glacier.

"Meantime we pushed on, over the pastures, up the rocks, past the chalets—no shilly-shally about our movements—and in about five hours we got to the edge of the glacier. Here we had a rest, drank some brandy-and-water, and smoked a cigar. Carambole's *bottines* were all to pieces long before this, and lucky for him I'd brought a second pair of shoes. When I changed mine for the ice I gave him those I took off. They were a trifle too big, and he shot about in 'em rather, but—like the soothing syrup—he found 'em a real blessing. In return for this slight attention he gave us a tune on his horn; but all I hope is, the next time he's grateful he'll express his gratitude some other way; for the noise he made brought down an avalanche, and if we'd been fifty yards ahead, why we should all of us have gone off, like swans, to slow music, and instead of seeing my name on this page, my friends would have read it in the supplement. We shut up Carambole's instrument after that—plugged it with the cork of a brandy bottle: he was rather in a funk when he saw the dust fly, but Washington P. Tulk took it coolly enough. All he said was, as he lit another cigar, that 'hornifying didn't eventuate so in O-hi-o.' I told him we were higher here than there, and he guessed I was like an avalanche, 'down upon a crittur before he'd time to scale his eyes.'

"We now set to work at the glacier, every man steadying himself on his Alpenstock, and stealing along like a cat in walnut-shells. Carambole slipped about like a fellow learning to skate, his heels flying up every third step he took, and if the guides hadn't gripped him pretty tight, he'd soon have found out what was at the bottom of the crevasses besides the blue silk umbrella which found its way there before him. But every time they helped him on his legs he shook himself with an air of triumph, and cried out, 'Voilà ce que j'ai fait! dix pieds de gagnés!' And so he had, but it was at the expense of his trousers, with the texture of which that sort of sliding didn't seem quite to agree. He split his coat, too, up the back; and if a painter had wanted a study for a scarecrow, by the time we reached the Grands Mulets, Carambole was the man to have sat to him. It was just four o'clock when we got there, and while the guides were busy with the traps, lighting the fire, getting the dinner ready, and making up the shakedowns, we *braquéd* our glasses at the Flegère, which was all alive with people looking out for us. I thought I made out the Governor; and Carambole, who seems to be smitten with my sister Grace, vowed he saw her too: on the strength of it he put his hand on the pit

of his stomach and made her a low bow; but I'm inclined to think this little bit of pantomime missed fire.

"When we had done telegraphing, Tulk wanted to geologise, and began talking a parcel of stuff about 'carbonate of lime crystalised with quartz;' but I soon cut that short by saying dinner was ready, and, pointing to some bottled porter, told him they were the only *quarts* worth thinking about. Carambole was of the same opinion, and in that sensible beverage toasted not only 'ces dames,' but especially proposed the health of my Governor, under the denomination of 'cet excellent père de famille, M. Griffin.' De Saussure says, that the first time he reached the Grands Mulets he regretted that he didn't make an experiment with boiling water. We had no such regret, for we made one, and succeeded, as a stiff jorum apiece of hot brandy-and-water very satisfactorily testified, under the influence of which I sang my favourite song of the "Postillon," which sent the guides into fits; and then we turned in, and slept like tops.

"At midnight the guides woke us up, and as there was no moon—there never is any real moonlight here; all *sham* at Sham-moon-ey—excuse the pun—we set out with lanterns, like a party of antediluvian watchmen, coasting along under the Dome de Gouté, close to the Glacier de Taconnaz, till, about four in the morning, we scrambled up to the Grand Plateau, a trifle bigger, but as smooth and shiny as the grand plateau which the Portuguese government gave to the Duke of Wellington. Here we had to 'axe our way,' as poor Tom Hood said, there being no sign-posts in these parts; and as it was now daylight we put on blue spectacles—and blue spectacles we were altogether, for every man looked as if he had supped the night before on nitrate of silver, or had tried to strangle himself, and stopped half way.

"Well, by dint of shoving and holding on, catching at this man's leg, and making a ladder of that man's back, we managed to get to the Rochers Rouges. Here Carambole nearly made a finish of it, for his foot slipped, and down he went, making regular *caramboles* with his head all the way, though it would have been anything but a *winning game* if he hadn't been tied to his guide. In fact, we were all strung together like a rope of onions, or I don't suppose we ever should have reached the summit. Summot else would have happened to us. At last we did get to the top. I leave you to judge what Carambole said about 'cet instant sublime;' Washington P. Tulk took out his penknife, whittled away at his Alpenstock, and whistled 'Yankee Doodle;'—and I—overcome by my feelings—I don't mind saying so, sat down on the snow and had a good roar. This I will say: the old fellow's the finest bit of still life I ever saw!

"As the main object in going up Mont Blanc is to get down again as soon as possible, we only stayed long enough on the Dome to drink the healths of 'Queen Victoria,' 'The President of the United States,' and 'The President of the French Republic;' and I don't suppose that *higher* excitement than ours was ever witnessed!

"There, Mr. Editor, I think that will do. I won't let you in for the Descent. The postmark will tell you that we made *that* all right, and so *bon soir.*—Yours, &c.

"Adolphus Griffin.

"P.S.—If you like to make a Leader of this, you're welcome."

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE GOLDEN INGOTS.

A STORY OF THE PARIS LOTTERY.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

CHAPTER I.

THE DREAM.

IN the year 1830, there lived in Paris, in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, a working-jeweller, named Dominique Pascal. He was originally from Dijon; but, obeying that impulse which sends the waifs and strays of the provinces to seek their fortune in the capital, he left his native city about ten years before the period of which we speak, and when barely twenty years of age, to follow his calling in Paris.

It brought him in, for a long while, but small gains, yet he laboured on assiduously, trusting to the future for the fulfilment of the wish that was nearest his heart, that of being one day a rich man.

In the mean time, believing that his prospects would not be seriously injured by marrying—a consolation which the poor so often indulge in—he took to wife a pretty, industrious girl, a *modiste* in his own *quartier;* and their united poverty, if it did not make them rich, supplied them at least with an additional motive for desiring to become so. Indeed, in the course of a few years, there was more than one additional motive, but the most urgent was that which presented itself in the shape of a young family.

Dominique Pascal was a skilful workman, with a taste for art and some powers of invention, and by degrees he became known to the trade, and obtained as much employment as furnished occupation for his own pair of hands. But this increase of work, though it kept the wolf from the door, was not enough to render him independent, or even enable him to form ever so small a capital wherewith to begin business on his own account. He had not yet arrived at that turning-point in a tradesman's fortunes when credit is as serviceable as money; and he feared, moreover, that the day was still far distant when he might safely calculate on possessing either. How to acquire them became, therefore, his constant thought—the companion of his solitary meditations; indeed, so completely was he preoccupied with the one idea, that the subject was rarely absent from his dreams.

Few persons of any rank in Paris, and very few amongst the poorer classes, who lived when the lotteries were still a source of revenue to the State, beheld the prospect of wealth which they held out with indifference. There were none so rich who did not desire to become richer; none so poor who did not sometimes fancy that one happy venture might place

them amongst the rich. The wealthy gambled in the lottery on the same principle as that which took them to the *salon de jeu,*—as much for the sake of excitement as of gain, and their speculations were seldom based upon any serious calculation; but with the poor it was widely different: they found excitement enough in the question whether the next day would bring them bread to eat, and when *they* ventured their hoarded *sous*—the price of many a stinted meal—they did so in the sole hope of getting a prize, and never without a system—such as it was. This system was not founded on any rule of numerical progression, or mathematical combination—that was, of course, out of the question—but depended upon what has so long been the dependence of the world, an organised superstition. Had the augurs still driven their thriving trade, the flight of birds, and the smoking entrails of bleeding victims, might have proved as lucrative in modern Paris as it was in ancient Rome, but the *commères* of the former city were quite as skilful in their way as their sacerdotal predecessors were in theirs. Whatever constituted a numerical accident was the key to the lottery system of the people. A single number, or series of numbers, presented suddenly to the eye, or forced upon the notice by casual repetition, was supposed to hold out an excellent chance of success, but if seen in dreams the omen was believed to be certain. Indeed, so far was the theory carried of lucky dreams, that every possible subject had its numerical interpretation, and was thought to be more or less valuable. Thus, when the old women of the *quartier* used to gather in knots early on the morning when the lottery was to be drawn, and while yet there was a chance for some undecided speculator, to sell their dreams was a frequent source to many of petty profit, and cries, such as "Avez-vous rêvé rat—avez-vous rêvé chat," were heard on all sides, those animals being more or less at a premium in the oneirocritic market. Nor were people of rank—who believed in superstitions of their own—exempt from this mania, as the coarse but laughable story of the Duchesse d'Anville, recorded by Dulaure, sufficiently shows.

It was not unnatural that one who, like Dominique Pascal, was perpetually studying how to compass the means of becoming rich, should sometimes occupy himself with fancies about that short cut to Fortune—the Lottery. To tell the truth, when he found that three children and a *bonne*, besides his wife and himself, were daily seated at his frugal board, it became necessary that he should think of something more than *chiffons* and gold filings if he ever hoped to realise the expectations which he had so long nourished. For a prudent man, it was scarcely wise to abandon the actual for the ideal, but then, he argued with himself, the actual did not do enough for him, whereas the ideal—with a little luck, and why should not he have it as well as any one else?—might lead him to the wished-for goal! Often and often as he passed by the lottery-office close to his dwelling, and glanced at the five successful numbers, did he pause to consider whether he would not take a ticket next time; but the price of his daily labour, which he fingered in his pocket, had, he was well aware, too many positive uses to be hazarded on a mere chance.

But still the question, "Why not me as well as another?" perpetually recurred. To gain a prize in the lottery, with all the odds against him, would perhaps be a miracle; but then he used to add, "Il faut que le miracle tombe sur quelqu'un,"—and by degrees he brought himself to the belief that upon his head the miracle would descend.

He would speculate on the matter much after this fashion:

"There are ninety numbers in the wheel, and five of these must come up. Nobody knows which they will be, as they are taken out at random by pure accident, and in the order in which they are shown their value is declared. If I were to calculate all my life I could never be sure of obtaining a series—which is the only real success,—and besides, as chance directs the whole affair, chance is the proper instrument for picking this difficult lock. I cannot fix upon any set of numbers, for then my will would decide, and not my luck. I will wait, then, till chance chooses for me."

But the fatalism of Dominique Pascal only went half way; he would not assume the initiative, but he watched every opportunity to find an excuse for acting as he intended; and when a person is in this frame of mind the opportunity soon occurs.

One afternoon—it was in February, when the days soon get dark—he was busy in his small shop which fronted the street. He had just lit a lamp that shed a strong light on the work before him, and was adjusting the *loupe* which jewellers use for a close examination of minute objects, when the door was suddenly opened, and a stranger came in. He was a man who had evidently seen upwards of fifty years, and might, indeed, have passed the barrier which opens on the next decade; but he was stout and strong, and there was nothing in his appearance to indicate that age had "clawed him in his clutch." His dress was simple, and he had very much the air of a *bon bourgeois* who was well to do in the world, though a practised physiognomist might have detected finer lines and a more intellectual expression in his features than usually characterise that class; the tones of his voice, and his manner also, had a marked air of refinement and ease which showed that, whatever his rank in life, he was clearly one of nature's gentlemen. There was, moreover, a certain *prevenance* about him which insensibly interested the person to whom he spoke.

Dominique Pascal put down his *loupe* as the stranger entered, and turned his head, but still remained seated before his work. The new comer accosted him, courteously putting the question to him whether he were not a working jeweller? Pascal replied in the affirmative.

"In that case," said the stranger, "you can, I dare say, easily remedy a slight misfortune that has befallen me."

"I am at your service, sir," replied Pascal, rising.

"See!" said his visitor, taking from his waistcoat-pocket a large ring, "I met with an accident, but a minute since, not twenty paces from hence. Just as I was turning the corner of the Rue Ventadour, directly opposite the Administration de la Loterie, where, as you doubtless know, there is no *trottoir*, a cabriolet came along so rapidly, and passed so close to the wall, that, if I had not sprung back into an open *porte cochère*, I must have been crushed. As it happened, *j'étais quitte pour la peur*, except that in raising my hand to save myself I struck it with some violence against the doorway, and broke the hoop of this ring, which fell from my finger into the street. Luckily it is set round with diamonds, whose glitter enabled me to see where it had fallen,—I recovered it, but broken as you see."

Dominique Pascal took the ring from the stranger's hand to examine it. Instead of a stone the circle of brilliants surrounded a small miniature in enamel, to all appearance very exquisitely painted. It was the portrait of a man in the prime of life, dressed in the costume of forty years back, with powdered hair and queue. The eyes were grey and had a restless expression, the mouth and nose large, and the complexion high coloured. Dominique Pascal thought that the face was not unfamiliar to him; but he made no comment on the subject, only observing, as he inspected the fractured gold, that it was fortunate the miniature had not been destroyed by the force of the blow.

"That," observed the stranger, with a sigh, "would indeed have been a misfortune, *car je tiens beaucoup à cette bague!* But it will not take you long to repair the injury done to it?"

"Will to-morrow morning be soon enough?" asked the jeweller.

"Yes, or to-morrow afternoon," returned the other. "Have it ready by about this hour. I will call for it myself; and, above all things, be very careful."

"Never fear, sir," said Dominique, smiling. "I will take as much care of it as my wife does of her little girl, whose voice you may hear at this moment crying, I suppose, for her supper."

The stranger smiled in reply, then a grave expression crossed his features, he paused for an instant, but checked himself as if he were about to speak, and then, raising his hat to the jeweller, silently left the shop.

When he was gone, Pascal again took up the ring, and now observed, what had before escaped him, something like an inscription on the hollowed surface inside. On looking closely, he traced the letters "L. J. P.," with a mortuary cross, and the date, "6th Nov., 1793, Æt. 46." The following legend, in Gothic characters, was also engraved beneath: "**Rien ne m'est plus!**"

Dominique Pascal had not much poetry in his nature, though he had plenty of imagination, which is one of its leading features. Instead, therefore, of speculating on the romance which probably attached to the ring, his imagination took a different turn, being set in motion by the more prosaic action of the figures. He tried to combine them so as to form a sequence suitable to a lottery of ninety numbers, but he could not settle anything to his satisfaction. He proceeded, therefore, with his work, though ever and anon he paused to make a fresh combination, which he rejected almost as soon as made. At length he made an end of his labours, and with the words, "I'll sleep on it," went to bed.

When the mind is occupied with one idea, it frequently happens that the predominant thought pursues us—often very fantastically arranged—in our slumbers. This was the case with Dominique Pascal, who dreamt that night that the stranger came again to his shop, and, noting his troubled countenance, said to him, in friendly accents, "Why trouble yourself about the dead? That grief is mine and all that belongs to it. You have no part in what happened before you were born. Rather take counsel from the present. On the present depends the future." And then, he fancied, the stranger took out an almanac, and pointed to the day of the month, which was the 24th of February. The rest of his dream was confused and indistinct; the stranger mingled more or less in the events of which it was composed, but there was so much tumult,

riot, and bloodshed, such visions of illimitable wealth and indescribable poverty, so much splendour allied to so much misery, and so complete a *bouleversement* of everything that was rational or consecutive, that the dreamer was glad to forget all of his vision but its more formal commencement.

"There must be something in such a dream," he said. "It quite agrees with my own thoughts last night. Those figures on the ring are of no value in this instance. But the present—let me see—yes, he pointed to the almanac as my guide. This is February, the second month of the year, and yesterday was the 24th. Let me read that off: Twenty-four—two—eighteen hundred and thirty. Yes, there are four numbers exact: 24, 2, 18, 30. I will take them in that order, and lay out upon the ticket whatever the gentleman pays me for mending his ring. It could not have been by mere chance that the accident took place opposite the lottery-office. No, I feel confident I shall get a prize."

Dominique Pascal was now only anxious for the approach of evening and the return of the owner of the ring. He came with the dusk, as the clock was striking six, and seemed well pleased with the manner in which the jeweller had done his work; so much so, indeed—unless his generosity were habitual—that, instead of paying the modest demand of three francs, he gave Pascal a Napoleon.

"You have children," he said; "so have I, too! There is no pleasure like that of providing for their existence. You seem honest. You are a good workman; young still. You have a future. Perhaps we may meet again."

The stranger then put his ring on his finger, and took his departure, leaving Pascal lost in pleased surprise.

"He said nothing, though, about the almanac!" was the jeweller's exclamation, as soon as he recovered himself. "Bah! that was only a dream. But then such a dream! And with this money—I can afford it now!"

He hastily put on his hat, and calling to his wife to mind the shop, set off at once to the lottery-office.

Chapter II.

ITS CONSEQUENCES.

In order to be aware of the nature of Dominique Pascal's chance, it may be advisable briefly to state the plan on which the old French lottery was constructed.

The numbers in the wheel ranged from 1 to 90 inclusive, and the prizes were the first five, drawn indiscriminately from the whole; so that there was no selection of tickets, the choice in venturing being confined to the particular numbers each might desire. Neither was there any specific sum destined to reward the holder of fortunate numbers, nor was the amount of winners limited. The value of the prizes depended entirely upon the sum originally paid for the ticket, and the manner in which it was laid out. Thus, if a single number only were taken, and that number happened to be drawn amongst the five, the lucky speculator received fifteen times the amount of his *mise*, as the venture was called. If he had

chosen two numbers, and they came up in the drawing, the payment made was two hundred and seventy times the *mise*. To gain this was termed having an *ambe*. The *terne*, which rewarded the holder five thousand three hundred times, consisted in having three numbers out of the five. The *quaterne*, or four out of the five, had an enormously high result—we do not quite remember how much; and there was even a fifth rate, but as none but the wildest speculators ever ventured upon that, the last column in the ticket was generally unnoticed. The minimum of the *mise* was fixed at two francs: its maximum depended on the length of the speculator's purse, the nature of his hopes, or the extent of his cupidity. Besides the choice of numbers, the purchaser had also the option of laying out his money how he pleased, subject only to certain laws of combination. For example, he might select three numbers, and place the *mise* on the *terne* only; in doing which he increased the value of the prize, but derived no advantage from having in his ticket one or two out of the three numbers which he had chosen; whereas, if he had distributed the sum over the two first columns as well as the third, a prize would have accrued on each. If, again, to multiply his chances, he took more than three numbers—say, for instance, ten—for he might take the whole ninety if he liked—then came the calculation of how many *ambes*, *ternes*, *quaternes*, &c., could be combined in these ten, and a part of the *mise* was obliged to be laid out on each. There were, besides, a variety of modes of venturing with the sum at the speculator's disposition, but the general principle has been laid down in the above explanation. It is only necessary to observe that though a ticket-holder might realise a fortune at the risk of a few francs, the odds against the public were so great that the clear *benefice* accruing to government from the lotteries amounted to twenty per cent. Instances were on record of very large sums having been won, and many fabulous stories were told to increase the number of dupes; for all gamblers are dupes, as all systems of gambling are vicious; but the mass of the people always found, to their cost, in the end, who were the real losers.

How Dominique Pascal disposed of the sum which he considered his nest-egg, will be seen by the dialogue which took place between the lottery-office keeper and himself.

The sale of tickets, it must be noticed, did not take place at the *Administration Générale*, but there was no difficulty in finding a *bureau* where they could be procured in any part of Paris. These *bureaux*, like the *Débits de Tabac*, were licensed, the *employés* being paid a regular salary, and a *caution* was required as a guarantee for their honesty, the sums of money which passed through their hands being often large. The lottery-office was easily recognised by the black board in the window, with its five horizontal columns, bearing the words, "Paris," "Lille," "Lyon," "Strasbourg," and "Bordeaux," the names of the five cities where the lotteries were drawn, at regulated intervals of a few days. While the tickets were on sale, the column for speculation was a blank; but as soon as the result of the lottery was known, the fatal list appeared, and remained open to inspection till the commencement of the next lottery.

With his thoughts entirely engrossed by the one subject, Dominique Pascal made his way along the street, little heeding the people he jostled, or even hearing their comments on his apparent rudeness. He had not occasion to go far, for within two or three doors of the corner of the

Rue Gaillon, on the opposite side of his own street, was the *bureau* he sought.

Though he had never speculated before, he was very well acquainted with the person who kept the office, from living so near; for it is not with the trading classes as with people of higher degree: they really do know who their next door neighbours are.

It has always been a prevailing custom in France to entrust the management of shop accounts to women, and they exercise their functions so well that the government even does not disdain their services.

This, at least, was the case with the lottery-office near the Rue Gaillon, where the manager was a brisk old woman, named Madame Gaussin, who had been born and bred in lottery-office practice, and could tell you the names of the winners of all the great prizes for the last forty years; no very extraordinary exercise of memory, perhaps, when the very short list of the supremely lucky is taken into consideration. But Madame Gaussin could do more than this. Habit or natural quickness, or both united, enabled her, at a single glance at the *mise*, to say how the amount had best be distributed; for in spite of all she beheld, and had for so many years witnessed, she really did believe in luck, and held mathematical doctrines in profound contempt.

"Qu'est-ce que ça me fait," she used to exclaim in her testy way, "que le gouvernement gagne tant pour cent? Faut bien qu'il gagne quelque chose. Autrement où trouverait-on le moyen de payer les fonctionnaires publics—d'où viendraient nos traitements à nous, je vous le demande? Mais si le bonheur y est pour rien, comment est-il arrivé que Monsieur Parisot—lui qui n'avait pas le sou—ait gagné ce beau quaterne, il y a trente cinq ans d'ici? Comment——"

And then she would run over on her fingers the names of a dozen or so of these single swallows, who, if they had been all seen together, would not have made one summer—not forgetting to throw in the apocryphal story of Egalité, who is firmly believed by the gossips of Paris—male as well as female—to have purchased the Palais Royal out of part of the proceeds of a lottery ticket, the government of that day having compromised his claim—which they found it impossible to meet—by paying him down a few hundred millions of francs.

"Well, Monsieur Pascal,' said Madame Gaussin, looking at the jeweller over her spectacles, which remained turned towards the books she was making up—"well, how are all the family, and how is business getting on? It's a fortnight or more since I've seen you. I suppose you have so much work?"

"Oh! we have no sickness amongst us, though the children are delicate, and would be none the worse, perhaps, if we could afford to live at Montmorency or Saint Germain, instead of in the *entresol* hard by; and as to work, *Dieu merci*, that's better than it was, Madame Gaussin."

"That's right," said the animated old woman; "it does one good to hear that one's neighbours are neither ill nor idle. And the profits, hein?"

"Better, too,—a little," returned Pascal; "and the proof of it is that I've come here to lay out this money in *your* wares, Madame Gaussin." And, as he spoke, he threw the Napoleon which the stranger had given him on the desk at which the lottery-office keeper sat. "I want you to lay it out well for me."

Madame Gaussin raised her head in surprise,—this time spectacles and all,—and stared hard at Dominique Pascal.

"Comment donc! Vous!" she exclaimed,—"why, I thought you had made a vow never to risk a sou?"

"So I did, Madame Gaussin, when I never had a sou to spare; but the case is altered now. That piece of gold was easily got. It was only half an hour's extra work after the rest was over, and is so much clear gain. That's why I want to try my luck with it."

"That's why?" said the shrewd old woman, who was skilful in reading the thoughts of her customers; "and you haven't been dreaming lately? Not the least in the world, hein?"

"As to that, Madame Gaussin," replied the jeweller, "it's of no use trying to deceive you. I *have* had a dream, and a very singular one, and if you like to listen I'll tell you all about it."

This was a proposition such as no female that we ever heard of could refuse, and the old lottery-office keeper was not an exception to the curiosity of her sex: besides, the interpretation of dreams was a part of her *métier*. She, therefore, laid down her pen, withdrew her eyes from the rows of figures before her, clasped her hands on her knee, and sat in an attitude of deep attention while Dominique Pascal related the particulars with which the reader is already acquainted. When he had made an end, Madame Gaussin said:

"You see, Monsieur Pascal, clever mechanic as you are, and knowing mathematics like a professor at the Collège de Henri Quatre,—you see that everything in this world is not the effect of calculation. If the bon Dieu didn't now and then visit us in our sleep and whisper some of his knowledge, we might wear out our hands and our heads too before we ever made a fortune by either."

"You think the numbers lucky, then?" said Pascal, eagerly.

"To be sure I do," replied Madame Gaussin; and then proceeded to give a hundred reasons, one as good as the other, why the numbers the jeweller had dreamt of must be infallible.

"A l'œuvre donc," cried Pascal, hastily, as if to get rid of any lurking doubt in his own mind, and make the proceeding on his part irrevocable. "A l'œuvre donc, ne partagez pas la somme; va pour le quarterne!"

But Madame Gaussin was as prudent as she was superstitious, and always considered the interests of her clients.

"There's nothing like keeping the road open behind you," she said; "it may lead to fortune, or——" her own experience compelled the alternative—"or it may not. At all events, it's safest not to trust the numbers too far. As they're all good taken together, so they have a separate value, and if you take my advice you will divide the money and not throw away a single chance."

Dominique Pascal was opposed to this view of the case, his thought being "All or None," but the old woman's better genius prevailed, and well it was for him that he yielded to her arguments.

Two days afterwards the lottery was drawn, and the five numbers came up in the following order.

"24—2—18—48—49."

He had missed the *quarterne* but gained a *terne*, and the value of it was 42,400 francs, in hard cash.

Chapter III.

HEUR ET MALHEUR.

Nearly eighteen years have passed since the events which we have just recorded, and Dominique Pascal has the reputation of being one of the richest jewellers in the first *arrondissement* of Paris. He no longer lives in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, but his glittering *boutique* is the chief attraction of the Rue de la Paix; he has many clerks, shopmen, and porters, and besides these a host of workmen at his extensive manufactory in the Faubourg St. Antoine. A dark kitchen behind the shop, and a wretched little *entresol* above it, no longer suffice for all the wants of his family; he has a suite of spacious apartments on the *rez de chaussée*, extending half-way round a large court-yard, in which he lives all the winter; and when the summer comes he is generally to be found at a pretty *maison de campagne*, which he has bought at Auteuil. But his family! Their wants are few enough now. Monsieur Pascal is a widower, and of his three children two sleep with their mother beneath the turf in the Cimétière Montmartre, and the violets grow on their graves. He has only one child left,—his daughter Madeleine, a beautiful girl, now nearly nineteen years of age. She will be the heiress of all her father's wealth, and many already seek her hand or sigh for her marriage-portion.

"Mademoiselle Pascal's *dot* will be immense," whisper the anxious mothers of hopeful sons, "for her father has managed his affairs well Besides his general business, which is so great, he has had a great part of the court custom for many years; over his door are the arms of half the princes of Europe, and the English and Russians go nowhere else to make their purchases. Ah! it is well to be born under a lucky star!"

But Dominique Pascal's star no longer shone upon lottery transactions. The whole system had been swept away shortly after the revolution of 1830, and with it old Madame Gaussin, who did not long survive the day which saw her put her name with a trembling hand to the last page of her *livre de compte*. She died with her hopes of half a century unrealised, but the ruling passion never forsook her, and her last words were, "Mon numero est sorti!"

After his first success in the lottery, Pascal, though sorely tempted, ventured no more, but turned his thoughts towards the employment of the capital he had so unexpectedly acquired. The owner of the broken ring, in whom Pascal had excited an interest, did not lose sight of him, and to his patronage the jeweller owed much; for when the stranger, who proved to be no other than the Duke of Orleans, was called to the throne, he forgot no man whom he had desired to serve, and amongst them Dominique Pascal largely benefited. With the profits of his trade he became an *actionnaire* in various successful schemes, and waxed wealthier every day.

But money, sought for its own sake only, exercises no softening influence over the heart—the hard metal is affined, at the best, to little of human sympathy—and the brighter the golden horizon towards which Pascal toiled, the fainter grew the path he left behind. Moreover, the rich jeweller never cared to turn back to look upon it; his course was

still onward, his cry like that of the daughter of the horseleech, "Give, give—it is not enough!" He laboured day and night for this unattainable object, this never found "Enough," and the beginning of the year 1848 brought it almost within his grasp. It wanted but one more *grand coup* on the Bourse, and the goal was reached. With a superstitious feeling, which had at least something natural in it, Dominique Pascal believed that his fortunes were allied to those of Louis Philippe, and every measure by which the king sought to strengthen his authority had his firm support. He had speculated on those measures, and they had never yet failed him. He trusted to them now, and when the question of the suppression of political banquets agitated the cabinet, Pascal bought largely in the Five per Cents.

Shortly before this period a circumstance occurred which for a moment withdrew his thoughts from money-making, and turned them towards his own fireside. A casual service rendered by a young officer to his daughter Madeleine in rescuing her from the importunities of a beggar while walking alone in the Bois de Boulogne, had led to an intercourse that threatened to ripen into an intimacy, of which Dominique Pascal did not know whether it would be most prudent to approve or condemn. He guessed, rightly enough, that Henri Vernay, who held an appointment on the staff of the Duke de Nemours, could not be over rich, and was, therefore, no match for his daughter; but, on the other hand, Vernay's situation connected him with the court, and who could tell but the Orleans luck might light on him also! He accordingly temporised till he had carefully sounded the ground on which Vernay stood, and in the mean time the young people fell in love, and the course of that love seemed to them to run smoothly enough.

But that which awoke them from this dream of happiness awoke a great many more beside, and even Dominique Pascal was stunned by the blow.

His lucky day, the 24th of February, arrived, and with it set the star of the House of Orleans. The king whose power Pascal had fancied so secure, and the family whose identification with the feelings and opinions of the nation he had imagined so complete, were scattered at one sweep and driven forth to exile; order became anarchy, the funds fell with fearful rapidity, and the *millionaire* of yesterday trembled at the thought of finding himself a beggar on the morrow. It was this apprehension which shook Dominique Pascal more than anything beside. He lamented the fall of Louis Philippe, but his regrets arose more from the destruction of the *prestige* which surrounded the king's name, than from any real sympathy with his misfortunes: what he looked at—and this was the feeling of nine-tenths of the bourgeoisie of Paris who had called themselves the best friends of the fallen monarch—was the question of personal interest. The people were in the ascendant, and who could tell how long, under those circumstances, property was secure? Besides this possible danger there was the real evil of the decline of public credit, which nothing now could avert. Dominique Pascal had invested a large sum in *Rentes*, speculating on a considerable rise; the exact reverse had ensued, to an extent which he feared to think of, and his engagements must be kept, or farewell credit,—and, in the position which he occupied

with credit, farewell fortune! It was hard to part with the money which he had been amassing for nearly twenty years, but he secretly resolved rather to bear the loss in silence than allow it to be known that a man so careful as he was held to be should have committed himself so imprudently.

Respecting his daughter's connexion with Henri Vernay, *that* he decided should end at once. It was impossible now that any advantage could accrue from it, and so he abruptly told her to think no more of the young officer. The command was given too late; they had already plighted their mutual faith; and even on the fatal day when Henri exposed his life in defence of the Orleans dynasty, he snatched an hour from the duty which called him to follow his master into exile, to console and comfort Madeleine, and repeat his vows of unalterable fidelity.

Without being too romantic, a girl in Madeleine's situation might well turn with aversion from the prospect which her father held out of finding her soon another and a richer lover; but Pascal treated the declaration of Henri as a matter of no moment, in the assured conviction that money was an advocate whom neither man nor woman could resist. As a precautionary measure, however, he gave the word prohibiting his daughter from holding any further intercourse with Vernay, and when Henri returned from Claremont to resume his general duties as a French soldier and citizen, he was rudely encountered by Pascal, and treated as an utter stranger. What course the ardent, impetuous young man might have adopted in endeavouring to gain possession of Madeleine's hand in despite of her father, was prevented by a sudden order from the Minister of War for the immediate departure of his regiment for Algeria. Henri and Madeleine were, therefore, again separated, but by distance only, for their letters still attested their mutual constancy.

Meantime the affairs of Dominique Pascal grew worse; but he kept up a bold front, smiled at the ruin of others, as though he had been too prudent to run their risks, and, while he admitted certain losses which were inseparable from the existing order of things, spoke so confidently of his own resources, and carried matters with so high a hand, that the public gave him credit for being as rich as ever.

Chapter IV.

THE LUCKY NUMBER.

Under ordinary circumstances, the man who can enounter a difficulty as Pascal did, stands a very good chance of getting the better of it altogether. But, unluckily for him, the situation was not a common one: the blow which gave the Helots a holiday struck at the root of all that was vital in commerce as well as in government; failure followed failure, trade was at a stand-still, and the only safety consisted in waiting with patience till the tide should turn. But the multitude could not afford to wait, and mercantile distress spread wider and wider in Paris, as well as in the departments.

Dominique Pascal might have sustained the shock occasioned by the fall in the funds, but his speculations had been numerous, and during

the year 1848 none of them brought him any return; he had, moreover, appearances to keep up, and many people to support who were the outward sign of his continued solvency. He managed, however, to tide over the period which engulphed so many fortunes; but when he reviewed his means at the commencement of the next year, he found that to persevere in the same Spartan system of bearing his losses must inevitably end in absorbing all he possessed.

He accordingly resolved on attempting fresh ventures, and the slight improvement in public affairs which marked the new phase of the Republic gave a colour to his proceedings. But to do so it was necessary that he should become a borrower, though not in open market, but covertly, and on the strength of deposits which still had a negotiable value. He calculated that by making this kind of fight he should be able to hold on for two or three years, in the course of which the speculations in which he embarked a proportion of the money thus acquired—reserving the rest for his other purposes—might give him back all he had lost; and in entertaining this hope he trusted to the luck which after all, he thought, was his own, and not reflected from another.

But gamblers of much less experience than Dominique Pascal might have told him that the most prosperous luck has only a certain run, and that when once it turns, though it may fluctuate for a short time, its tendency is ever downward. In the absence of any such information the jeweller found it out for himself. Like the royal merchant, Antonio, not one of his ventures "'scap'd the rocks;" more money was borrowed to bolster up a false credit, and interest accumulated upon interest. In short, to end the matter, at the expiration of three years from the downfal of the House of Orleans, inevitable ruin stared him in the face, unless something little short of a miracle intervened to save him. A few months more, and he must either fly or meet his fate. Like a stranded sailor on a desolate rock, a little provision remained; that gone, and no succour arriving, the issue was certain. As the sailor, then, strains his eager eyes in search of the hoped-for sail, Dominique Pascal revolved every possible and impossible event, and caught at every straw for help.

One morning, in turning over the *Journal des Débats*, to see if any improvement had taken place in the price of the shares of the Pas-de-Calais Pearl Fishery Company, of which he was a large holder, his attention was attracted by an advertisement, of which the following is a fac-simile, always excepting the size of the letters, which were at least six inches high:

"GRANDE LOTERIE NATIONALE

DE

DEUX MILLIONS

EN

LINGOTS D'OR.

"Cinq cents lots, tous en lingots d'or, d'une valeur réelle DE UN MILLION, 200,000, 100,000, 50,000 francs, etc. PRIX DU BILLET UN FRANC, avec lequel ON PEUT GAGNER LE GROS PRIX DE UN MILLION. Le billet de un franc participe aussi au tirage de tous les cinq cents lots. Les demandes doivent être addressées à," &c.

Then followed the address of the Director, with an explanation of the scheme, which had for its object, after paying the managers, &c., to raise a sum of so many hundred thousand francs, for the purpose of indemnifying the working classes of Paris for their loss of time in getting up the Revolution of February. It stated that agency offices for the sale of tickets was established all over France, and that the government guaranteed the payment of the prizes—when they came up.

Dominique Pascal read the advertisement over half a dozen times before he could bring himself to believe that it was really there in black and white before his eyes.

A lottery, after twenty years suppression, and guaranteed by the government! The chance of gaining a million francs with a single ticket—the whole scheme possible at a cost of only five hundred francs! Was there ever such a piece of good fortune? This was the very thing to put him on his old footing, to make him richer than ever he was. Stay—how many tickets were there? "Seven million." That was a large number, but he could reduce the odds by taking a great many tickets. He would lay out a thousand—two thousand—five thousand francs; he would make it almost a dead certainty for him to win. He would take his former successful numbers to begin with—he would recal all the lucky days of his life, and the date when they occurred—he would combine the ages of his family, of his friends, of everybody he knew, and ring the changes on them as far as they would go; above all, he would purchase No. 2,421,848, that number, read in a straight line, being the amount of the quaterne which he had missed one-and-twenty years before, and to obtain which, Fortune, he doubted not, gave him this opportunity.

These thoughts passed rapidly through his mind as he held the newspaper in his hand, but he could not execute all his intentions at once. It would take some time to effect every combination he had imagined. But he could at once secure the ticket on which he relied more than on all the rest, though other numbers might be serviceable in gaining some of the minor prizes; for there was no reason in the world, he thought, why he should not get some of them too. The same luck that gave him the million, might empty the whole urn into his lap!

He lost no time, therefore, in seeking the place where all his losses were to be recovered on such easy terms, and to his great delight was the very first applicant. His person was unknown to the lottery-office keeper, and nothing occurred to check his speculative propensity. He bought a large quantity of tickets, laying out all the money he had about him, and was particularly careful to include amongst them the number which was to be the key-stone of his future prosperity. He made it the last of a long list, and if he had actually gained the chief prize he could hardly have left the office more elated. As he did so he met several persons coming in bent on the same errand as himself, and it was worth while to note the air of pity with which he eyed the poor deluded creatures, as if there were the slightest chance for any of them! But his pity was mingled with satisfaction, for he said to himself, "These people must bring their money; it is they who are contributing to make me rich!"

After that day, Dominique Pascal paid numerous visits to the lottery-

office, chiefly in the dusk of evening, when he was not likely to be seen or recognised, and every time he went he made fresh acquisitions of invaluable paper. In all his walks he invariably contrived to pass along the Boulevards, where the chief office was situated, that he might feast his eyes on the ingots themselves, which were exposed to public view suspended above a counter covered with crimson velvet, and brilliantly lit up at night by lofty gilded candelabras, that no temptation might be omitted to attract purchasers; the value and weight of the principal ingot was ostentatiously paraded in the scale where it hung, while a mountain of iron in the opposing scale seemed vainly endeavouring to make the more precious metal kick the beam.

The scheme took with the public, and, thanks to the boldness with which the projectors advertised it in the newspapers, and the multitudinous placards which they circulated through France, covering every dead wall and gable end in every town with their flaming *affiches*, the tickets went off with extraordinary rapidity. Not fast enough, however, for Dominique Pascal, who thought every hour an age until his hopes were realised, and counted every moment that stood between him and fortune. It would be vain to attempt describing with what exultation he used to read and believe the daily declaration in the advertisements, that "those who are desirous of obtaining tickets must apply for them *immediately*, as it would be impossible to supply them after a very few days;" and feeble would be our efforts to express the maledictions he heaped on the heads of those whose criminal supineness caused him to linger in such torturing suspense.

While the drawing of the lottery was still in abeyance, and every day of Dominique Pascal's life came freighted with fresh anxiety, there chanced to land at the port of Marseilles a young officer of *chasseurs*, who was returning on leave of absence from his regiment in the hope of recovering from a severe wound which he had received in a gallant affair with a party of Kabyles. He had another hope, too, that of curing a still deeper wound which—marvel of French constancy—had never closed for more than three long years! The name of this young officer was Henri Vernay, and he was hastening to Paris, determined that the hostility of Madeleine's father should no longer be a bar to his dearest wishes. Not that he had come back any richer than he went—few do who seek their fortunes in Algeria—but having reason to think from Madeleine's letters that all was not going well with Dominique Pascal, he trusted that he might now succeed in making the old jeweller listen to his suit.

"Everything, dearest Henri," she wrote, "leads me to believe that my father's affairs are in a very precarious condition. I am sure that he has had great losses, though he has never acknowledged the fact even to me; but there is a feverish restlessness in everything he says and does which convinces me that money is at the bottom of his trouble; for money has always been the subject that has chiefly occupied his thoughts. By accident, too, I have discovered that he has been speculating in a new lottery which has lately been established. I entered his bureau suddenly, a few days since, not thinking he was there, and heard him repeating the numbers of a heap of tickets which were lying before him, and on which I observed the words 'Loterie des Lingots d'Or.' Hearing me approach, he shuffled away the tickets, and shut down his desk, speaking to me

hastily on some very indifferent subject, with an evident desire to remove any suspicion I might have entertained as to the occupation he was engaged in. None but desperate people or mere *étourdis* gamble in these lotteries, and, therefore, it is that I fear. * * *"

Pondering over this letter as he was traversing the Rue de Rome, on his way to the office of the diligence which was to convey him to Paris, Henri Vernay's attention was caught by one of the fiery *affiches* of the identical lottery of which Madeleine had written. It was placarded against the door of a *marchand de tabac*, an agent of the enterprise.

Venay paused to read it, and while doing so a thought struck him.

"If such a thing were to be! But, no—impossible—seven million tickets. Bah! At any rate I want a cigar." And he entered the shop.

Having filled his case, a single franc remained out of the five-franc-piece which he had taken from his *portemonnaie;* he was balancing the coin on his finger, as if he hardly knew what to do with it, when the *demoiselle du comptoir*, a pretty dark-eyed Provençale, said to him,

"Desirez-vous acheter d'autres, monsieur?"

"Merci, mademoiselle, j'en ai assez," was the reply.

"Dans ce cas-là," said the Marseillaise, wishing to make a little more profit out of the handsome young officer, "dans ce cas-là prenez donc un beau billet de loterie; ça vous portera bonheur! Regardez, je n'ai que ceci! C'est le dernier. On va tout-de-suite au tirage."

"I may as well light my cigar with it," said Vernay, laughing, as he threw the franc on the counter, and twisted the bit of paper up like a match.

"Keep the ticket," said the girl, with a serious air; "there is no saying what may happen. Notre Dame de la Garde, who brought you safe into port, may watch over you hereafter."

"It is a little too good for the middle of the nineteenth century," thought Vernay; but he took the pious little Provençale's advice, and put the paper into his cigar-case; then, saluting her very courteously, he left the shop, and proceeded on his destination.

After many delays—each of them a mortal agony to Dominique Pascal—the day for drawing the lottery arrived.

One o'clock was the hour appointed for the ceremony to take place at the hotel of the minister of finance, in the Rue de Rivoli; but by the jeweller's nervous restlessness it might well have been supposed that he expected it when the day broke; for at that hour he sallied forth and paced the long arcade for full three hours before even the meanest *commis* of the establishment made his appearance. He became conscious at last of the absurdity of exposing himself to observation, and took refuge in a *café* hard by, but after a vain attempt to swallow the breakfast set before him, the effort to eat nearly choking him, he left it untouched, and went into the gardens of the Tuileries, where again he resumed his walk up and down the Avenue des Feuillants. From this place he could see what was going on beyond the *grille*, without being himself noticed, and after much interrogation of his watch, and glances innumerable towards the door of the Hôtel des Finances, the clock struck half-past twelve, the battants were slowly thrown back, and the people, who had begun to gather in large numbers under the arcade, poured eagerly into the court-

yard. With the contradiction which is inherent in our nature, no sooner was the opportunity offered than Dominique Pascal hesitated to take advantage of it. He would have given, had he possessed it, a large sum for the respite of a month, a week, or even a day. Up to this moment he had been all confidence; but now that the question was to be irrevocably decided, he was assailed by fears which before had had no existence. He thought that, perhaps, he might be more lucky if he waited where he was and heard the news accidentally; but then he pictured to himself the dreary blank if no news came, and this last fancy so stung him to the quick, that he at once threw aside all further hesitation, and rushed to join the crowd, his apprehension being now lest he should be too late. Forcing his way through the dense mass as it rolled onward, he entered the large hall where the lottery was to be drawn, and took up a position between two windows from whence he could see everything, without himself being seen.

The apparatus for drawing the prizes was simple enough. It consisted of a large cylinder, in which were seven separate compartments, filled with small *rouleaux* numbered from zero to nine, inclusive, each compartment holding ten or twelve series of numbers. Behind these divisions were stationed seven boys of twelve years of age, from the *Institution Nationale des Jeunes Aveugles*, and, by a *surcroit de precaution*, each of these children wore a bandage over his eyes, to convince the spectators that if they had not been blind it was impossible they could see. At one extremity of the cylinder was a handle by which it was turned, and at each revolution one of the boys dipped his hand into the compartment before him, and drew out a sngle *rouleau* with its enclosed number, which he held up for everybody to see. This number was also proclaimed to the public, and the same process was repeated all along the line, the numbers being read off from right to left to determine their value.

Before the drawing began, a functionary in full costume read the programme of the lottery, and explained certain details respecting the method employed, which satisfied every one that the chances were the same for all. This ended, the chief official present exclaimed, "Messieurs, on va au tirage," and a dead silence reigned through the place.

The official who had charge of the handle of the cylinder then whirled it round, checking it suddenly when in full career, and at the same time locking the mechanism. The boy on the right put out his hand, drew forth a *rouleau*, opened it, and showed the contents: it was No. 2.

A low murmur was heard throughout the assembly; all who had tickets exceeding two millions were included in the numbers that were to follow; amongst them was Dominique Pascal. It was the initial of the series on which his hopes were built.

Again the cylinder went round, and No. 4 appeared. It destroyed the hopes of thousands, but increased his chance. At the third revolution No. 2 was repeated; and at the fourth No. 1 came up. Here were already four numbers out of the seven on which his very existence depended. His heart beat audibly, and he gasped for breath. No. 8 followed: there was a ringing in his ears—his eyes were dazzled—he could scarcely believe what he saw. Five numbers were his! The cylinder turned again; the sixth boy opened his *rouleau*; it held No. 4. Dominique Pascal almost screamed for joy; but his emotion was unno-

ticed amidst the conflicting passions of those around him. There now remained but one number more to be drawn. The perspiration oozed from the palms of his hands—he looked round, and speaking aloud, as if every man near him were his friend, exclaimed, "Ca sera à moi! j'ai encore une chance!"

"Et moi aussi," said a voice at his elbow; it was that of a man whom he knew, and bitterly hated—one who had already thwarted a commercial speculation that was to have restored his fortune. Dominique Pascal set his teeth and clenched his hands in silent agony. If he were to lose it after all, and this detested wretch to win!

For the last time the cylinder revolved: it stopped with a sharp click, and Dominique Pascal felt as if a pistol were being pointed at his head: once more the *rouleau* was raised and opened. "No. 8!" he shouted.

It was a mistake—the number was 9.

He turned round fiercely on his rival, who had simultaneously done the same, and both stood glaring at each other, while with a calm voice the official, whose duty it was, declared that, "Le Numero 2,421,849, a gagné le gros prix de un million!" But no cry of exultation arose in the hall; the winner, whoever he might be, was not present.

Then might have been seen on each man's face the expression of every emotion, save that in which triumph had any share.

Some laughed, bitterly enough; but still they laughed. Others gulped down their disappointment; some looked angrily about, seeking the wearer of a smiling face, to fix a quarrel on him; others burst into tears. Heavy groans, deep sighs, and stifled maledictions were heard on all sides; and the *blousards*, of whom there were hundreds in the hall, murmured against the authorities: "C'est l'gouvernem'nt qui l'a empoché, ça gagne toujours com' ça!"

The multitude, however, remained quiet, waiting for the prizes that were yet to be drawn; and bewildered, stunned, yet still expectant, Dominique Pascal waited too!

The same formalities were repeated, and with every number that followed a hope was crushed. One by one he saw the great prizes escape his grasp. Nothing now could redeem his position—not even the accumulation of all that remained. Yet until the last wretched prize of a hundred francs was declared he kept his post, for misery had so stupified him that even that pitiful sum seemed an object worth coveting.

At length he heard the announcement, "Le tirage est fait," and woke to the complete consciousness of his situation. He rushed from the hall like a madman, and sped towards the river!

It was a gloomy afternoon, about the middle of October, when Henri Vernay, who had only an hour before arrived in Paris, was hastening along the Quai du Louvre, on his way to the Rue de la Paix. He had just reached the further angle of the Pont National, when a man without his hat came tearing out of the Gardens of the Tuileries, and, making for the bridge, dashed against Vernay, and drove him almost over the battlement. Sudden as was the shock and imperfect the light, the young officer immediately recognised Dominique Pascal; but the frantic speculator was too much excited to take heed of anything he met, and, shaking off the hand that was stretched to detain him, made but one leap across

the *trottoir*, and, without a moment's pause, flung himself over the parapet headlong into the Seine. Vernay, with rapid presence of mind, darting at once to the side of the bridge, and looking over, saw the body of the unfortunate man swept through the arch and hurried down the river. Maimed as he was, with his left arm still in a sling, he did not stop for an instant to consider the consequences, but rushing with the speed of light along the quay, cleared the battlement at a favourable point, and before the current had carried Pascal below the spot he had reached, was struggling in the waters to save the unfortunate man. It was a moment of extreme danger; a step further and his own life was not worth a pin's fee. But before the tide swept him off his feet he had firmly seized the body, and an eddy setting towards the shore and assisting his efforts, he dragged it into a place of safety. A number of people were soon collected on the quay, who lent their aid, and the body was taken on board the floating baths immediately above the bridge, Vernay following in a state of the utmost anxiety.

By the aid of prompt assistance the jeweller, after a short time, began to show symptoms of returning animation; he sighed heavily several times and then opened his eyes, and after staring round with a dull, vacant look, exclaimed:

"Numero deux millions, quatre cent vingt et un mille, huit cent quarante neuf!"

"J'parie," said one of the bystanders, "que c't hom' là a fait faute c't après midi à la lot'rie!"

By degrees Dominique Pascal recovered, and at length, when left alone with Vernay, he became aware that it was to his gallant exertions he owed his life.

"C'est un triste cadeau que vous m'avez fait, monsieur," he said, with a dejected air: "je suis un homme ruiné; la loterie m'a tout mangé. Malheur au Numero 2,421,849! malheur, et triple malheur!"

Vernay endeavoured to console him, but all his efforts were vain.

"J'ai tout risqué, tout perdu!" was his constant exclamation; "j'avais tant de chances,—et voilà ce misérable numero qui l'a gagné!"

"What number did you say it was?" asked Vernay, who till that moment had thought of nothing but calming the jeweller's despair. Dominique Pascal repeated it with a bitter oath.

"Stay!" exclaimed Vernay, hastily. "I bought a single ticket with a great many figures on it. What's this?"

He took a paper from his cigar-case, where it still lay rolled up as he had thrust it there.

Dominique Pascal snatched it from his hands, unrolled it eagerly, gazed at it for an instant, uttered a cry of joy, and fainted where he sat.

The ticket was numbered 2,421,849.

Dominique Pascal has recovered his credit: with half the amount of the lottery-ticket, which Vernay promptly gave him, he is quietly putting his affairs in order; the other half is the *trousseau* of Madeleine Pascal, who is next month to be married to Henri Vernay.

THE FATE OF KAFFIRLAND.

The slow progress of affairs, and the resultless achievements of the military in Kaffirland, have led many to entertain feelings of the greatest perplexity as to the why and wherefore of so deplorable and so unequal a war, and to harbour the most gloomy apprehensions as to the results. The bold and active Kaffir, it was said, was never to be met hand to hand; as a nation, he never presented himself in the battle-field; nor was he to be found in his own mountain recesses. There were no strongholds nor citadels to capture or to hold, no towns or treasuries to keep as hostages. There was nothing to indicate a termination to this phantom war. Yet the Kaffir was here, there, and everywhere. If there were homsteads to rifle, or cattle to drive off, there the Kaffir would be found sooner or later; if there were provisions on the way, or a few colonial waggons, or a stray traveller or two, or a hasty government despatch, they were sure to meet the Kaffir, and to suffer robbery and death at his savage hands. If, hunted from rock to rock, a band of these ferocious savages were brought to bay, like a horde of wolves surrounded by a pack of hounds, a still more numerous party would disperse themselves in the rear of the armed hunters of men, devoting every thing in their reach to fire, spear, or plunder. The Kaffirs, in fact, were a host;* their numbers, increased by the adhesion of Hottentots, Bushmen, and other discontented and plunder-loving tribes, so far outstripped that of the small bands of assailants, that, avoiding the open field and the fair combat, discipline had no advantage over them, and even military science and tactics were for once set at nought.

But this is a state of things very easy to understand. The whole lies in a nutshell: the strength and persistance of a savage, but a brave and enterprising people, was miscalculated, and the forces employed against them were totally inadequate to their subjection or their dispersion. This state of things is being rapidly ameliorated; reinforcements are on the way to the Cape of Good Hope from almost every direction, and in considerable numbers. The Kaffirs will then be driven from the lands which they plundered from the Hottentot. This seems to be a very severe reprisal, a grievous thing to do; but there is no alternative; there is no subjecting a savage without a home or a fixed station, and who has always a hostile spear or gun in his hand. Such a dangerous member of the human society must be driven to beyond the confines of peace and industry—of a civilisation in which he cannot be led to take a part. "But where are the limits of expulsion to cease?" cries out one party. "Where are we to place the boundaries of our South African posses-

* "The movement of a body of these savages through the land," says Mrs. Ward, "may be likened to a 'rushing and a mighty wind.' On they sweep—like a blast—filling the air with a strange *whirr*, reminding one, on a grand scale, of a flight of locusts. An officer of rank, during the Kaffir war of 1835, was riding with a body of troops across the country, when suddenly his attention was arrested by a cloud of dust; then a dark, silent mass appeared, and lo! a multitude of beings, more resembling demons than men, rushed past. There were no noises, no sound of footsteps, nothing but the shiver of the assagays which gleamed as they dashed onwards."

sions?" cries out another. "Wherever they are placed, it will only be the same scene enacted over again," adds a third; "And with results the more disastrous as the boundaries are extended, and the consequent means of defence are expensive and weak," continues a still more desponding fourth.

This is not, however, taking the capabilities of South Africa, the position of existing colonies, the situation of the Kaffirs, the movements of the revolted Boors, and the progress of geographical discovery, into fair and just, still less intelligent or comprehensive, consideration.

In the first place, Kaffirland is situated directly between Cape Colony and Port Natal, the land communication and gradual approximation of which two settlements are thus intercepted and impeded by the interval between them being occupied by a predatory and hostile race; a state of things which never could be tolerated under any circumstances. The Kaffirs also hold the whole of the sea-board between the two colonies, rendering a wreck upon that part of the coast dangerous to the survivors, and attended with certain destruction of property. This, considering the short distance of East London, at Buffalo Mouth, and Port Natal, is neither a politic nor a proper state of things. The fertile valley of the Orange River, and the settlements gradually spreading along the banks of the most distant tributaries of that river, called the "Sovereignty," and the settlements in what is called British Kaffraria, envelop, with the new settlement of Port Natal and the eastern lands of the Cape colony, nearly the whole of the Kaffirland as in a net, and it is totally inconsistent with the peaceful occupation of remote tracts of land or pasture, or with the pursuit of any branch of industry apart from towns or forts, that there should be permanently tolerated in the very heart of a young but progressive civilisation, rapidly spreading itself in every possible direction, a labour-hating, plunder-loving, reckless horde of savages. One point only to the north-eastward remains as yet totally unoccupied, and it really seems as if it had been left on purpose for the retreat to their own original lands, and to regions more removed from a progressive civilisation, of a tribe of intruding marauders.

But it might be asked, supposing the Kaffirs, or some of the more untameable tribes of Kaffirland, expelled to Caffraria of old, the country of their forefathers.* as must ultimately be the case, what is to be done with the territory till then occupied by a predatory race? The riches of the Kaffirs, apart from ill-gotten wealth, consisted in herds of cattle and fields of millet. The land they occupied must be eminently fertile in pasturage, or when these tribes drove the aborigines before them they would not have selected Kaffirland as their resting-place, if it had not been the tract which they found in the course of their invasion to be best adapted to their wants and their modes of life. So wealthy is the Kaffir, and so powerful by race in comparison with men more fallen in condition, that he can afford to keep the remnants of eight once powerful nations in bondage and in slavery under the common name of Fingoes—

* The Arabian geographers comprehended the whole of the interior of Africa under the name of Cafara or Caffraria. Subsequently, geographers limited the term to the whole tract of country extending from the Mozambique to the frontier of the Cape territory. It is of the Caffres of Old Caffraria that Dos Santos writes, not of the tribes settled in the Amatola.

a reproachful epithet, denoting a person having no claim to justice, mercy, or even life; a term, in fact, very synonymous to that of slave, as understood in some of the southern states of the Union. Kaffirland would thus, as a pastoral country at all events, be to the other colonies what many parts of Australia are to the more prosperous and populous settlements. But it does not appear that Kaffirland is solely a mountain and pastoral country.* Its mineral wealth or resources have not been fully explored.† Rivers of moderate length take their rise in the hilly regions to flow downwards to the sea, and the course of their valleys must present a soil and lands available to cultivation, forming also the nucleus of useful settlements on the coast, easy of approach, and hence so many new openings to commerce.

The resources of Kaffirland are, indeed, far greater than is generally supposed. The soil is argillaceous, tempered with fine sand, and very fertile. The whole surface, and even the tops of mountains, are covered with woods, shrubs, grass, and other vegetables, never naked and parched, except in uncommonly dry seasons. The proximity of snow mountains ensures a temperate climate. The woods, plains, and rocks, abound in valuable wild animals, the rivers with birds and fish, and the coast teems with fish and shell-fish. Elks grow very large; one of them affords more meat than two oxen, and they are easily taken. Wild horses, zebras, and buffaloes, are met with. The different sorts of bucks, some of which dwell on plains and some in woods, abound, as do also several varieties of goats on the mountains. It is in this respect in Kaffirland as Mr. Gordon Cumming has described of other parts of South Africa. There are also wild hogs. Among the birds are ostriches, geese, ducks, snipe, doves, herons, coots, &c. Land and water turtles are eat by the natives. Thunberg enumerates a variety of edible and medicinal plants, roots of irises, figs, wild chestnuts, &c. Among the more remarkable trees are the black iron wood, yellow wood, red pear-tree, bucker-tree, red alder, ash, wild eatjepiring (used for clubs), the assagay-tree (curtisia faginea), the geelhout, &c. The mesembryanthema and salsola obtain the size of shrubs, and are called canna bushes in the country.

At the Cape, all traces of animated nature are in the dry season obli-

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* "The Caffres," says the Reverend Father Joano dos Santos, whose work was published in 1684, "being naturally idle and averse from labour, constantly pitch for their residence on spots productive of abundance as the means of support."—"The Caffres," said the celebrated botanist and traveller Thunberg, "inhabit the most delightful meadows that can be imagined along the coast."

† The mountainous portions of Kaffirland appear to be composed chiefly of sandstone, resting on a base of granite; the inferior hills are composed mainly of compact or slaty schistus. This is precisely the formation in which gold may be expected to be found, if sought for in the detritus or alluvium washed down by the rains and frequent thunder-storms, more especially at the bottom of gullies, or in the beds of mountain torrents, or of rivulets and rivers. Everywhere, already, it is known that iron-ores are abundant. Silver and lead ores have been discovered to the eastward, and abundance of copper ores in the Dammara country, whence are brought fine specimens of malachite. "Ere many years," says Mrs. Ward, "have elapsed, we may find the wealth of Africa appreciated, and her mines worked by scientific men, and intelligent mechanics of England." The societies at home are already alive to the value of Mr. Bain's researches in geology; and the botanist, the naturalist, the artist—in short, all who are enterprising and persevering—must reap the reward of their exertions in this vast field of new, important, and profitable discoveries.

terated from the karoos, or plains, and the withered remains of the fig-marigolds and other succulent plants, sparingly scattered over the surface, crackle under the feet, and seem, from the faint and feeble traces of vegetable life, to maintain a perpetual struggle for existence. If, however, some partial thunder-storm should burst upon this desert, the bulbs begin to swell, and the leaves to push through the moistened clay,—the *melilotos* creeps along the surface,—the ice-plant glistens in the sun,—and the *hemanthus* spreads with wonderful rapidity its broad leaves along the ground, as if to throw a protecting cover over the little moisture the earth has received, and to defend it from the sun. As by successive rains the soil gets more and more loosened, other plants at length appear above it, and in a few days the void waste is covered with a delicate green clothing. Not long after, thousands and thousands of flowers enamel the whole surface; the mild mid-day sun expands the radiated crowns of the mesembryanthemums and gortinia, and the young green of the plants is almost hidden by the glowing colours of their full-blown flowers, while the whole air is filled with the most fragrant odour. This odour is more particularly delightful when, after a calm day, the sun declines, and the warm breath of the flowers rests quietly on the plain. At this time Lichenstein describes the whole dreary desert as transformed into one continued garden of flowers; the colonist, with his herds and his flocks, leaves the snowy mountains, and, descending into the plain, there finds a plentiful and wholesome supply of food for the animals, while troops of the tall ostrich and the wandering antelope, driven also from the heights, share the repast and enliven the scene. The winter, which is the rainy season at the Cape, is in Kaffirland the driest, but rain is far more plentiful in the latter; and while the country being in general considerably elevated above the level of the sea, and much colder than, from its nearness to the tropic, might be expected, it is also much more fertile, and vegetation is much more continuous than at the Cape. There is also little difference with respect to cold between winter and summer; and if sometimes the green leaves of some trees do not look so bright and lively in winter, it is more for want of rain than on account of the cold. The country is remarkably healthy.

The chief exports from the Cape are wool and wine, with hides, tallow, and salted beef, goat skins, corn, and butter. The exports of wool are increasing rapidly, those of wine decreasing. In 1827, only 44,441 lbs. of wool were exported; in 1846, 3,000,000 lbs.; while the wine had decreased in the same period from 740,000 to 185,000 gallons. The whale fishery, which was formerly pursued with success, has also declined; but the amount of shipping belonging to the colony has more than doubled in the last ten years. The Cape also supplied various articles of provision and refreshment to ships sailing between Europe and the East Indies.

Whatever advantages in these respects that the Cape enjoys, Kaffirland might be made to participate in as the chief source of supply. Horses, admirably adapted for agricultural purposes, may be bought at the Cape for 4*l.* 10s. to 10*l.*; heifers from 1*l.* 5s. to 2*l.* 10s.; and merino sheep for stock for 7s. 6d.

Besides European wheat and barley, which thrive well, and the various kinds of grape vines, flax yields two crops in the year, and hemp is abundant. Indian corn grows well, and cotton and coffee, rice and

sugar, have been introduced, but promise best at Port Natal. Almost all the seeds of Europe and the chief vegetables have been long introduced, and thrive well. Aloes are cultivated as a medicine, and yield considerable profit; and the silkworm has also been introduced. The mulberry-tree grows spontaneously on the coast of Kaffirland.

Trees of immense size, in clumps or in avenues, of oak, pine, chestnut, and others of European origin, point out at a distance the habitation of the vine-planter. The orange, the lemon, the guava, the pomegranate, and many other tropical fruits, mingle with those of Europe in their orchards, and their gardens are abundantly stocked with all the useful culinary vegetables. Their extensive vineyards are enclosed generally with thick and lofty screens of oak, which part with their leaves only three months in the year in the Cape, in Kaffirland not at all, and these trees throw out annual shoots of ten or twelve feet in length. The hedge-rows are sometimes of quince, pomegranate, and even of myrtle. In describing one of these comfortable retreats, Lichenstein says: "Its situation under the lofty, steep, and craggy mountains, the bright green of the broad avenues of old oak, the excellently-husbanded pastures and corn-fields, the nicely-dressed vineyards, orchards, and orangeries; the sight of numberless well-fed cattle, and the widely-extended circle of neat buildings for barns, stables, wine-presses, and workshops, formed altogether a most delightful assemblage of objects. Easy affluence, rational utility, prudent caution, and useful attention to everything being kept in the most exact order, were everywhere conspicuous throughout this little domain."

The Corn-boors, as they are called, live mostly on freehold estates, and are in general a very wealthy people. Many of them are substantial farmers, who can send to the capital 4000 or 5000 bushels of wheat annually, besides their own supply, which is not trifling, and that of their neighbours, who content themselves with grazing cattle. Their houses are, generally, much inferior to those of the Wine-boor, and they are usually to be known by six or eight trees, generally oak, which look as if they were placed there merely to show, by their freshness and luxuriance of growth, that the owners might have others in different parts of their premises, if they had not predetermined that it should not be so. The vineyard of the Corn-boor is the only patch he has enclosed, unless he should have—which is not alway the case—a small garden, or an orchard of oranges, peaches, and the more common fruits of the country. The Vee-boor, or grazier, is more slothful, and a great deal more savage than the Corn-boor. He generally possesses a tract of not less than 5000 acres, and consequently has no neighbours within miles of him. His hovel, generally perched upon an eminence that no hostile attack may be made upon it unperceived, whether by man or beast, has neither tree nor shrub near it. A few straw huts, with a number of Hottentot women and children, naked or half clothed in sheep-skins, are the principal objects that attract the eye. Between these huts and the boor's house, is the pen or kraal, in which the cattle and sheep are shut up at night, to protect them from Kaffirs and wild animals. The Vee-boor is a dirty fellow, and his house is not kept clean, nor his children properly tendered, yet he is probably the owner of 500 or 600 head of cattle, and of 4000 or 5000 sheep. Taking one class with another, the wealthiest gentleman farmer in England cannot be more independent than some of these old

family freeholders in South Africa. They visit their friends, or go to church or market in waggons covered with tents, and drawn by six or eight horses, which they drive sitting on the front seat, more by the exercise of a long whip than by the rein—guiding them with wonderful dexterity at a full gallop over heathy and deep sands, or up and down the steep and stony passes of high and rugged hills. There is not one of these classes of colonists that would not thrive in Kaffirland, and to whom that country does not hold out greater promises of success than near the Cape. Were the settlers in Kaffirland to be of British descent we might also expect to witness, even in the grazier, a closer approximation to the cleanliness, industry, and well-being of the French Protestant wine-planter, than to the indolent, smoking, sulky Vee-boor. Exemption from taxation, and every other possible immunity, for a certain period, should be given to the new colonist, so as to induce as large a population as possible to settle in Kaffirland. It would be at first, as in Sir Harry Smith's system, a kind of military tenure, but the more perfect the subjugation of the country, and the breaking up and dispersion of the tribes, the less future expense would there be in keeping up military establishments. The frontier line to the north-eastward appears to be marked by nature, as stretching from Port Natal, or from Delagoa Bay, to the head tributaries of the Orange River.

There are many—missionaries, lovers of peace and zealous in the propagation of Christian civilisation—philanthropists and chivalrous protectors of the aborigines, who would never abandon the hopes of civilising the Kaffir, or cede his territorial rights.* Such perseverance is truly

* The so-called Kaffirs, or "infidels," are probably the indigenous race of Eastern Africa. There does not appear much foundation for imagining them to be derived in any way from Arabian blood. They are circumcised; eat no fish, nor fowl, nor unclean beasts, as they are called; live much on milk and millet. The head of these people, like that of Europeans, presents a raised arch; the nose, far from being flat, approaches the hooked form; they have, however, the Negro's thick lips, and the large buttocks of the Hottentots; a brown or iron-grey complexion appears to separate them again from the Negro. "Their figures," says Rose, "are the noblest that my eye ever gazed upon; their movements the most graceful, and their attitudes the proudest, standing like forms of monumental bronze." Dr. Pritchard says, "The Kaffirs are distinguished from both Hottentots and Negroes by some striking characteristics, while in other important particulars all these races partake of a common character. Nothing, however, can be further from the truth than the idea entertained by some, that they are of Arabian origin." Professor Lichenstein says, "The universal characteristics of this great nation consist in an external form and figure varying exceedingly from the other nations of Africa." Dr. Knox designates the Kaffirs as a warlike, bold, and active race of men, well armed, accustomed to war; though somewhat feeble in their arms, yet strongly set upon their limbs, exceedingly daring, and accustomed to act in bodies; dark as Negroes nearly, yet not Negroes; finer made in the limbs, and with more energy; the head, perhaps, a little better than the Negro, or even as good as can be found in any dark race. "The Kaffirs," says the same writer, elsewhere, "are closely allied to the Negro race, and probably graduate, as it were, into them; for, as Nature has formed many races of white men whose physical organisation and mental disposition differ widely from each other, so also has she formed the swarthy world. It is not necessary, neither, perhaps, is it all correct, to call a Kaffir a Negro, or a Negro a Kaffir; neither are the Kaffirs degenerated Bedouins, nor well-fed Hottentots, nor Saxons turned black by the sun, nor Arabs, nor Carthagenians. I would as soon say they were the ten lost tribes. All these theories are on a par, and are worthy of each other, but not worthy of any notice." And then again he says, looking at their skulls, their limbs, their elongated narrow feet, at once distinguishable from all other races of men, "Everything is mystery here. Let us hope that some scientific man will favour mankind with a correct history of the race before their final extinction."

praiseworthy, and it is still to be hoped, that while rebel Hottentots are brought back to their allegiance, and Bushmen and Fingoes are at once emancipated and humanised, that the greater portion of the Kaffirs, humbled at last by a prolonged and disastrous war, will come round to a better state of things. The prospect held out by the past is, however, it must be acknowledged, very unpromising. The character of the Kaffir appears to have been the same ever since the first European settlements at the Cape. Dos Santos describes the original Kaffirs of Eastern Ethiopia, at the time of the first Portuguese settlements on that coast, as habitually practising the most abominable crimes; as being immersed in sensuality, and indulging in the grossest superstitions. Thunberg says of the Kaffirs, in the time of the Dutch, that they made no conscience of murdering a Christian, for the sake of getting the iron from off the wheels of his waggon, which they forge and grind to make heads for their javelins. These Kaffirs, a few years before, had murdered Heupnaer and some of his company, who, in order to barter for elephants' teeth, had travelled into the country of the Kaffirs and Tambuki.

"On the limited habitable territory of the Cape of Good Hope," writes Dr. Knox, in his work on the "Races of Men," "shut in by deserts and by the sea, lived, when the Saxon Hollander first landed there, two races of men, as distinct from each other as can be well imagined—the Hottentot, or Bosjeman (Bushman), and the Amakoso Kaffir (Amakusah—the word 'Ama,' like the Arab 'Ban' or 'Ben,' is equivalent to tribe or family: thus, Amakusah, or the Kusah, Kosah, or Koso Kaffirs (for we meet it spelt each way), Amakusah, as given by Dr. Pritchard, being evidently the correct orthography; Amazulah, the Zulah, Zoolu, or Zulu Kaffirs; Amathymba, or Tambuki, the Thymba Kaffirs; Amapunda, the Punda or Ponda Kaffirs). To these was added a third—the Saxon Hollander. What time the Bosjeman child of the desert had hunted these desert and arid regions, for what period the Hottentot had listlessly tended his flocks of fat-tailed sheep, how long the bold Kaffir had herded his droves of cattle, cannot now be ascertained. The Saxon Hollander found them there 300 years ago, as they are now in respect of physical structure and mental qualifications; inferior races, whom he drove before him, exterminating and enslaving the coloured man; destroying mercilessly the *wilde* which nature had placed there, and, with the *wilde*, ultimately the coloured man, in harmony with all around him—antagonistic, it is true, but still in harmony to a certain extent; non-progressive; races which mysteriously had run their course, reaching the time appointed for their destruction."

According to Le Valliant, the Kaffirs did not settle in the eastern tract, or the seaboard of actual Kaffirland, till so late as in 1794 or 1795. Dr. Knox says, that it is only since 1817 that they have acquired horses and fire-arms. "The fate of the Kaffir race," adds the doctor, "is certain, but centuries may elapse before their final destruction; in the mean time they may retire within the tropics, where, in all probability, the white man may not be able to follow—as a conqueror, at least. There is the retreat of the Kaffir, within the tropics, whence he came; to that again must he retire, or perish."

"Though the publications on the Cape colony," says Mrs. Ward, "are already so numerous, and they all, more or less, profess to describe the native inhabitants, it is certain that we yet know very little of their real

character; more especially of the character of the Kaffirs. These are often painted as an aboriginal race—'a pastoral or gentle people.' They are neither the one nor the other. They are intruders on the lands that they occupy; their habits are the most savage imaginable;* their treachery is well known to all who have been unfortunate enough to come in contact with them; and the conversions effected among them, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, have no other existence than in the warm imaginations of the well-meaning, but ill-informed, members of missionary societies. What converts there are, are principally from the despised slaves of the haughty Kaffirs, the Fingoes."

All but the most perverted testimonies go to show that in the frontier forays and border maraudings that were continually taking place between the Kaffirs and the Boors, that the Kaffirs were always the first aggressors, and that the commandos of burghers were nothing more than despoiled farmers and graziers, united in a body to visit the haunts of the Kaffir robber, and compel him, by force of arms, to disgorge his plunder. When the Kaffirs became so bold as to venture upon war against the colony, and actually to attempt to carry Graham's Town, in 1819, then it was found necessary to define a clear line of territorial boundary; no residential interference was allowed on either side, and a kind of premium was placed upon robbery, by taking from the settler the right to seize upon the plunder of the Kaffirs. At the same time, the British parliament voted 50,000*l.*, and sent out 4000 emigrants to occupy the frontier. Fourteen years of peace had barely given prosperity to this new colony, than the Kaffirs invaded the territory in a host. The British territory was completely overrun and despoiled, numbers of lives were lost, and 300,000*l.* worth of the settlers' property was wasted or driven off. The assagay and the torch did their deadly work most effectually. Sir Benjamin d'Urban, who was governor at this period, was soon forced to admit that the expulsion of the Kaffirs from the fastnesses of the Amatola mountains was indispensable to the safety and permanent peace and welfare of the colony. But this was far too resolute a proceeding to meet with favourable reception at home. The pseudo-sentimental school, which converts a Borneo pirate into a peaceful and intelligent yachtsman, a treacherous Kaffir into a black Daphnis, and every savage into a brother, would not hear of such a wholesale dispersion of amiable banditti from their picturesque mountain fastnesses. Sir Andrew Stockenstrom was appointed governor, with the view to winning over the Kaffirs by concession and kindness. The portion of their country which was taken in the war of 1834, lying between the Great Fish and Keiskamma rivers, was restored to them, and the Kaffirs were actually shielded and protected in their predatory habits] by a system of registration tickets. The frontier line not only continued, under this system of conciliation, to be a constant scene of petty warfare

* Even in their hunting expeditions, the Kaffirs exhibit a peculiarity which goes far to prove that the sight of blood renders them unnaturally ferocious. At the death of a jackal, a buck, or any large game which they have run down, each hunter presses on to give a last stab at the victim, even after death. Captain Harris alludes to this act of ferocity in his "Sporting Expedition in Africa," when he so graphically describes the death of a young eland. "The savages came up," he says, "and, in spite of my remonstrances, proceeded with cold-blooded ferocity to stab the unfortunate animal, stirring up the blood, and shouting with barbarous exultation as it issued from each newly-inflicted wound."

and strife, but a policy so totally inapplicable to the Kaffir race, and always misunderstood by semi-savages, who infallibly attribute kindness to weakness, augmented the daring of the enemy a hundredfold, and robberies of cattle and other stock increased to a ruinous extent. A strong military force managed to keep matters from an outbreak, however, until 1846, when a third war deluged the country with rapine and blood.

There were not wanting, upon the occasion of the breaking out of this war, as at the present moment, apologists of the Kaffirs and persons who asserted that war had been forced upon the British government by the settlers, averring even that the settlers "thirsted for Kaffir blood." Now what said Mrs. Ward, who was on the spot at that very time, and therefore best qualified to refute a statement so vicious in purpose and utterly opposed to truth. "The colonists have lived in alarm and uncertainty for ten years. Waste of time and property have never been considered, and many lives have been sacrificed on both sides in consequence of the aggressions of the border tribes on the unprotected farmers! No other nation than England would have permitted her settlers to bear the insults and depredations suffered by British emigrants at the hands of these heathen robbers, who have been permitted to arm themselves and to make every preparation for war during a period of three years, and this in the ceded territory between Kaffirland and the colony. Those who assert that the present Kaffir war has not been forced upon the British government by the Kaffirs are the enemies of their countrymen and no friends to the heathen."

Sir Peregrine Maitland, who had succeeded as governor to Sir Andrew Stockenstrom, was too far advanced in years to undergo even the physical toil of the new war, and Sir Henry Pottinger was sent out to meet one of a series of crises, which that distinguished officer and diplomatist saw at once could never be permanently averted until the Kaffirs were driven from the Amatolas. Sir Henry Pottinger, it is stated, "was managing the war in such a manner as would in a short time *have effectually and for ever extinguished the Kaffir people*; but a false economy on the part of the home government caused the needful appliances to be withheld, and Sir Harry Smith was sent out to close the struggle at all hazards, and stop the heavy military expenditure which the war occasioned."—See "A Narrative of the Kaffir War of 1850-51. By R. Godlonton and Edward Irving. Part I. Pelham Richardson."

Without going so far as to advocate the extinction of a race of people, still this was a policy as erroneous in favour of economy as the previous system had been in favour of conciliation. The result, with Kaffirs for neighbours, could only be a repetition of offences, new disgraces inflicted, a greater and a more prolonged expenditure incurred. Sir Harry Smith put a stop to the war, retained the ceded territory, and liberated those prisoner chiefs, who were destined to prove such treacherous allies. This third savage invasion had thus been brought only to a temporary conclusion after a sacrifice of much life and property, and the expenditure of upwards of a million of money. The loss to the colonists alone, in crops and stock, was estimated at 500,000*l.*

But Sir Harry also did more; he nominally annexed a large and valuable tract of country, entitled British Kaffraria, leaving possession

of the same to the Kaffirs, under their own laws and chiefs, but establishing trading stations, settlements, and military forts. Here an Englishman, there a Kaffir—here a kraal, there a fort—here the residence of a chief, there the dwelling of a missionary and the store of a trader. A policy, which worked admirably for a time, was also enforced in case of theft, by means of native police, of compelling the first chief's kraal to which the spoor or trail was followed, to make restitution and pay fine. This, however, did not suit the habits of the Kaffirs, who live by plunder; nor did it suit the chiefs, who could not only no longer plunder either English or Boor with profit, but was also prevented plundering his own countrymen—a practice quite as common as the robbery of colonists. Sandilli placed himself at the head of a revolutionary movement, which a fanatic, called Umlanjeni, was called upon to preach far and wide. The tribes gathered in the mountains; servants deserted their masters and joined the rebels in numbers. The superstitions of all the natives were more or less aroused and worked upon. The downfal of the white man was proclaimed and almost universally believed in. Thefts of cattle first satisfied the authorities that hostilities were about to recommence, and the events that ensued have already been detailed in the *New Monthly Magazine* up to a late date, since which time the Kaffirs and their allies have been attacked and defeated in various directions, and they have been pursued even to the fastnesses of the Amatola, from whence no doubt, if Sir Harry Smith had greater means at his command, they would by this time have been for ever expelled. That this must be the only conclusion of the present disastrous war, everything tends to establish more and more. Kaffirland does not stand in the same relation to Cape Colony, Port Natal, and the other English settlements in South Africa, as the Atlas and its hostile Berbers do to the French in Algeria. The French are obliged to content themselves in their situation with razzias, for the Berbers and Arabs of the mountains have no end of territory to retire to before their opponents; but Kaffirland is a small district, almost surrounded by colonists. Commandos may be very good in such a country, as a mode of punishment or reprisal; they can never be effective and conclusive as acts of policy.

There is a constant attempt made by certain public writers in this country to associate the war in Kaffirland with the unsettled state of politics in Cape Colony itself, and the errors of the Colonial Office. Such a state of things is undoubtedly most untoward with regard to the progress of the war, which, being looked upon as a government one, and as of more importance to British Kaffraria and the frontiers than to Cape Colony, meets with little sympathy, and still less aid from a discontented and disaffected people—although not only their own interests, but their very existence, are involved in the issue; but still this disaffection and discontentment of the colonists with the measures adopted by the home authorities towards them, has no more in reality to do with the revolt of the Kaffirs, of the Hottentots, and other native tribes, and the origin of the war in Kaffirland, than have the litigations of Protectionists and Free-traders at home. The remedy advocated by these parties is to give the colonists the power of governing themselves,—telling them also that they must provide for their own safety,—and allow them to adopt such plans, and pursue such a policy, as the practical wisdom of Englishmen in

trying circumstances can devise. This would certainly be a very severe mode of punishing colonial disaffection, nor could any one be averse to self-government conferred on such terms; but would it be just or humane? Would it be worthy of an imperial government to abandon its colony at such a crisis, because a few of its members have proved refractory or turbulent. The poor colonist, invaded on all sides—driven, in fact, into the sea—would soon cry *peccavi!* and humbly sue for pardon and aid. Arms alone can subdue the savage tribes; force alone can keep them down, when subdued. If the Kaffir war has now lasted above nine months, and the end of hostilities seems as far off as when the insurrection first began, it is because Sir Harry Smith has not sufficient force with him to disperse the enemy, and drive him from his fastnesses; nor has he even sufficient to preserve his rear, or to hold the vast territories forced upon his charge by native aggression. The costliness of this mistaken system of parsimony cannot be too strongly dwelt upon.

One, and one plan only, remains to be acted upon, and that government appears in part inclined to do. It is to employ means, both military and pecuniary, sufficient to drive the Kaffirs from the Amatola mountains, and, if necessary, the more savage and untameable tribes from out of Kaffirland altogether, to subdue and to protect the remaining rebel tribes of South Africa, and to place the whole of the country under imperial or colonial authority, so as to put an end to the possibility of any future outbreak. The carrying so extended a system of policy into effect would no doubt be expensive at first; it would require also that a sum of money should be advanced to colonise the coast line of Kaffirland; it would require also that the Amatolas should be held for some time in military subjection; but if Sir Harry Smith's plan of trading, grazing, cultivating, and military stations combined, worked well, which undoubtedly it did, till rebellion stalked across the land even under a system of nominal alliance, it would do so in a far different degree under a system of imperial and colonial annexation. This is what things must come to one time or other, even if the all-important and paramount necessity of such a step is not felt at the present moment. Neither the Cape nor Port Natal, nor the Orange River, nor the "Sovereignty"* at large, will know what permanent peace or prosperity is, so long as treacherous, robbing, hostile tribes, are nursed in their very heart, ever ready to detach Hottentot, Bushman, Fingoe, and every other native from servitude or allegiance, and ever ready to carry the torch and the assagay through the land.

* A new element of discord has been found, it is said, in this so-called "Sovereignty." Part of the tribes inhabiting these ill-defined districts are said to be in a state of rebellion, and, no doubt instigated by the Boors, who have been before us, are in alliance with the Kaffirs. This is unquestionably an additional grievance—an additional difficulty to overcome; but it in no way alters the question. Are we to beat the native tribes, or are they to overrun and exterminate the whole of the South African Colonies? It may be questionable whether, till sufficient reinforcements arrive, Sir Harry Smith had not better withdraw his troops to the immediate defence of the colonists; but it can have no effect upon the ultimate necessities of the war. They are precisely what occurred in the United States on their first occupation, and will occur everywhere, where civilisation is opposed to savage and predatory tribes. The "Sovereignty" is a great fact, and must be acted upon, and that with adequate means.

A DARK DEED OF THE DAYS GONE BY.

I.

In one of the sunniest spots of sunny Tuscany, that favoured department of Italy, may still be seen the ruins of a strong, ancient-built castle, or palace, surrounded by extensive grounds now run to waste; and which was, a century or two ago, one of the proudest buildings in that balmy land.

It was on an evening of delicious coolness, there so coveted, that a cavalier issued on horseback from the gates of the castle, which was then at the acme of its pride and strength. Numerous retainers stood on either side by the drawbridge, their heads bared to the evening sun, until the horseman should have passed, but he went forth unattended; and the men resumed their caps, and swung -to the drawbridge, as he urged his horse to a quick pace. It was the lord of that stately castle, the young inheritor of the lands of Visinara. His form, tall and graceful, was bent occasionally to the very neck of his horse, in acknowledgment of the homage that was universally paid him, though he sat his steed proudly, as if conscious that such bearing befitted the descendant of one of Italia's noblest families. In years he had numbered scarcely more than a quarter of a century, and yet on his beautiful features might be traced a shade, which told of perplexity or care.

Turning down a narrow and not much frequented way which branched off from the main road, a mile or two distant from his residence, he urged his horse to a fast pace, and at length came in view of one of those pretty places, partly mansion, partly cottage, and partly temple, at that period to be seen in Italy; but which we *now* meet with rarely save in pictures. Fastening the bridle of his charger to a tree, he walked towards the house, and passing down the colonnade which ran along the south side of it, entered one of the rooms through the open window.

A lady, young and beautiful, sat there alone. She had delicate features, and a fair, open countenance, the complexion of which resembled more that of an English than an Italian one, inasmuch as a fine, transparent colour was glowing on the cheeks. The expression of her eyes was mild and sweet, and her hair, of a chestnut brown, fell in curls upon her neck, according to the fashion of the times. She started visibly at sight of the count, and her tongue gave utterance to words, but what she apparently knew not.

"So you have returned, signor?"

"At last, Gina," was the count's answer, as he threw his arm round her slender waist, and essayed to draw her affectionately towards him.

"Unhand me, Count di Visinara!" she impetuously exclaimed, sliding from his embrace, and standing apart, her whole form heaving with agitation.

He stood irresolute; aghast at this reception from her, who was his early and dearest love.

"Are you out of your senses?" was his exclamation.

"No, but I soon shall be. And I have prayed to Heaven that insanity may fall upon me rather than experience the wretchedness of these last few days."

"My love, my love, what mean you?"

"*My love!* you call *me* your love, Count di Visinara! Be silent, hypocrite! I know you now. Cajoled that I have been in listening to you so long!"

"Gina!"

"And so the honourable Count di Visinara has amused his leisure hours in making love to Gina Montani!" she cried, vehemently. "The lordly chieftain who——"

"Be silent, Gina!" he interrupted. "Before you continue your strange accusations, tell me the origin of them. My love has never wandered from you."

"Yet you are seeking a wife in the heiress of Della Ripa! Ah, Sir Count, your complexion changes now!"

Gina Montani was right: the flush of excitement on his face had turned to paleness.

"Your long and repeated journeys, for days together, are now explained," she continued. "It was well to tell me business took you from home."

"I have had business to transact with the Prince of Della Ripa," he replied, boldly, recovering his equanimity.

"And to combine business with pleasure," she answered, with a curl of her delicate lip, "you have been wont to linger by the side of his daughter."

"And what though I have sometimes seen the Lady Adelaide?" he rejoined. "I have no love for her."

Gina was silent for awhile, as if struggling with her strong emotion, and then spoke calmly.

"My mother has enjoined me, times out of mind, not to suffer your continued visits here, for that you would never marry me. You never will, Giovanni."

"Turn to my own faith, Gina," he exclaimed, with emotion, "and I will marry thee to-morrow."

"They say you are about to marry Adelaide of Della Ripa," she replied, passing by his own words with a gesture.

"They deceive you, Gina."

"*You* deceive me," she answered, passionately; "you, upon whose veracity I would have staked my life. And this is to be my reward!"

"You are like all your sex, Gina—when their jealousy is aroused, good-by to reason; one and all are alike."

"Can you say that in this case my suspicions are unfounded?"

"Gina," he answered, as he once again would have folded her to his heart, "let us not waste the hours in vain recriminations: I have no love for Adelaide of Della Ripa." And, alas! for the credulity of woman, Gina Montani lent ear once more to his honeyed persuasions, until she deemed them true; and they were again happy together, as of old.

But this security was not to last long for her. As the weeks and months flew on, the visits of the count to her mother's house grew few and far between. He made long stays at the territory of Della Ripa,

and people told it as a fact, no longer disputable, that he was about to make a bride of the Lady Adelaide.

They had come strangers into Tuscany, the Signora Montani and her daughter, but a year or two before. The signora was in deep grief for the loss of her husband, and they lived the most secluded life, making no acquaintances. They were scarcely known by name or by sight, and, save the Count di Visinara, no visitors were ever found there. The signora was of northern extraction, and of the Reformed faith, and had reared her daughter in the principles of the latter, which of itself would cause them to court seclusion, at that period, in Italy. And the Lord of Visinara, independent and haughty as he was by nature and by position, would no more have dared to take Gina Montani to be his wedded wife, than he would have braved his Mightiness the Pope in St. Peter's chair.

II.

It was on a calm moonlight night that a closely-wrapped-up form stood in the deep shade of a grove of cypress-trees, within the gates of the Castle of Visinara, anxiously watching.

Parties passed and repassed, and the figure stirred not; but now there came one, the very echo of whose footsteps had command in it, and the form advanced stealthily, and glided out of its hiding-place, right upon the path of the Lord of Visinara. He stood still, and faced the intruder.

"Who are you—and what do you do here?"

"I came to bid you farewell, my lord; to wish you joy of your marriage!" And, throwing back the mantle and hood, Gina Montani's fragile form stood out to view.

"You here, Gina!"

"Ay; I have struggled long—long. Pride, resentment, jealousy—I have struggled fiercely with them; but all are forgotten in my unhappy love."

He folded her to his heart, as in their happy days.

"You depart to-morrow morning on your way to bring home your bride. I have seen your preparations; I have watched the movements of your retainers. No farewell was given me—no word offered of consolation—no last visit vouchsafed."

It would seem that he could not gainsay her words, for he made no reply.

"Know you how long it is since we met?" she continued; "how long——"

"Reproach me not," he interrupted. "I have suffered more than you, and, for a farewell visit, I did not dare to trust myself."

"And so this is to be the end of your enduring love, that you said was to be mine, and only mine, till death!"

"And before Heaven I spoke the truth. I have never loved—I never shall love but you. Yet, Gina, what would you have me do? I may not speak to you of marriage; and it is necessary to my position that I wed."

"*She* is of your own rank, therefore you have wooed her?"

"And of my own faith. Difference in rank may be overcome; in faith, never."

"Oh that the time had come when God's children shall be all of one mind!" she uttered; "when the same mode of worship, and that a pure one, shall animate us all. In the later ages, this peace may be upon the earth."

"Would to the saints that it were now, Gina; or that you and I had never met!"

"What! do *you* wish it!" she contemptuously exclaimed; "you, who voluntarily sever yourself from me!"

"I have acted an honourable part, Gina," he cried, striding to and fro in his agitation.

"*Honourable*, did you say?"

"Ay, honourable. You were growing too dear to me, and I could not speak of marriage to you."

There was a long pause. She was standing against one of the cypress-trees, the moon, through an opening above, casting its light upon her pure face, down which were coursing tears of anguish.

"So henceforth we must be brother and sister," he whispered.

"Brother and sister," she repeated, in a moaning voice, pressing the cold tree against her aching temples.

"After awhile, Gina, when time shall have tamed our feelings down. Until then we may not meet."

"Not meet!" she exclaimed, startled by the words into sudden pain. "Will you never come to see us? Shall we never be together again—like brother and sister, as you have just said?"

"Nay, Gina, I must not do so great wrong to the Lady Adelaide."

"So great wrong!" she exclaimed, in amazement.

"Not real wrong, I am aware. But I shall undertake at the altar to love and cherish her; and though I cannot do the one, I will the other. Knowing this, it is incumbent on me to be doubly careful of her feelings."

"I see, I see," interrupted the young lady, indignantly; "*her* feelings must be respected, whilst mine—— Farewell, Giovanni."

"One word yet, Gina," he said, detaining her. "You will probably hear of me much—foremost in the chase, gayest in the ball-room, last at the banquet—the gay, fortunate Lord of Visinara; and when you do so, remember that that gay lord wears about him a secret chain, suspected by and known to none—a chain, some links of which will remain entwined around his heart to his dying day, though the gilding that made it precious must from this time moulder away. Know you what the chain is, Gina?"

The suffocating sobs were rising in her throat, and she made no answer.

"*His love for you.* Fare thee well, my dearest and best. Nay, another instant; it is our last embrace in this world."

III.

It was a princely cavalcade that bore the heiress of Della Ripa to her new territories, and all eyes looked out upon it. The armour of the warlike retainers of the house of Visinara sparkled in the sun, and the more peaceful servitors were attired with a gorgeousness that would have

done honour to an Eastern clime. The old Prince of Della Ripa, than whom one more fierce and brave never existed in all Italy, had that morning given his daughter's hand to Giovanni of Visinara; and as she neared the castle that was henceforth to be her home, every point from which a view of the procession could be obtained was seized upon.

"By my patron saint, but it is a goodly sight!" exclaimed one of a group of maidens, gathered at a window beneath which the bridal cavalcade was prancing. "Only look at Master Pietro, the seneschal."

"And at the steel points of the halberds,—how they shine in the crimson of the setting sun."

"Nay, rather look at these lovely dames that follow—the Lady Adelaide's tire-women. By the sacred relics! if her beauty exceed that of her maidens, it must be rare to look upon. See the gold and purple of their palfreys' horsecloths waving in the air."

"Hist! hist! it is the Count of Visinara in his emblazoned carriage! How haughtily he sits; but the Visinara is a haughty race. And—yes—see—by his side—oh, how lovely! Signora Montani, look! That face might win a kingdom."

Gina Montani, who stood in the corner of the lattice, shielded from view by its massive frame, may possibly have heard, but she answered not.

"Say what you will of his pride, he is the handsomest man that ever lived," exclaimed a damsel, enthusiastically. "Look at him as he sits there now—he rides bareheaded, his plumed cap resting on his knee—where will you find such a face and form as that?"

"What is *she* like?" interrupted an old duenna, snappishly, who, standing behind, could not as yet obtain a view of the coveted sight; "we know enough of his looks, let us hear something of hers. But you girls are ever the same: if a troop of sister angels came down from heaven, headed by the Virgin Mother herself, and a graceless cavalier appeared at the other side, you would turn your backs to the angels and your eyes upon him. Is she as handsome as the young Lady Beatrice, the count's sister, who married away a year agone?"

"Oh, mother, she is not like her. Beatrice of Visinara had a warm countenance, with eyes black as the darkest night, and brilliant as a diamond aigrette."

"And are the wife's not black?" screamed out the duenna. "They ought to be; her blood is pure Italian."

"They are blue as heaven's sky, and her face is dazzling to behold from its extreme fairness, and her golden hair droops in curls almost to her waist—it is a band of diamonds, you see, that confines it from the temples. But you can see her now, mother; remember you one half so lovely?"

"*Dio mio!*" uttered the woman, startled at the beautiful vision that now came within her sight; "the Lord of Visinara has not sacrificed his liberty for nothing."

"Mark you her rich white dress, mother, with its corsage of diamonds, and the sleeves looped up to the elbow with lace and jewels? And over it, nearly hiding her fair neck, is a mantle of blue velvet, clasped by a diamond star. And see, she is taking her glove off, and her hand is

raised to her cheek—small and delicate it is too, as befitteth her rank and beauty. And—look!—he lays his own upon it as she drops it, but she would draw it from him to replace the glove. Now he bends to speak to her, and she steals a glance at him with her blushing cheeks and her eye full of love. And now he is bowing to the people—hark how they shout, 'Long life to the Lady Adelaide—long life and happiness to the Count and Countess of Visinara!'"

"She is very beautiful, Bianca; but——"

"Ay, what? you are a reader of countenances, *madra mia;* what see you there?"

"That she is proud and self-willed. And woe be to any who may hereafter look upon her handsome husband with an eye of favour, for she loves him."

"Can there be a doubt of that?" echoed Bianca; "has she not married him? And look at his attractions: see this goodly lot of cavaliers speeding on to join his banquet; can any there compare with him?"

"Chi è stracco di bonaccie, si mariti," answered the lady; "and have you, Bianca, yet to learn that the comeliest mates oftentimes bring anything but love to the altar?"

Bianca made a grimace, as if she doubted. "It will come sure enough, then," she said aloud; "for none could be brought into daily contact with one so attractive and not learn to love him."

"And who should this be in a holy habit, following the bridal equipage on his mule? Surely the spiritual director of the Lady Adelaide—the Father Anselmo it must be, that we have heard speak of. A faithful man, but stern, it is told; and so his countenance would betray. Bend your heads in reverend meekness, my children: the holy man is bestowing his blessings."

"How savage I should be if I were the Lady Beatrice, not to be able to come to the wedding after all," broke in the giddy Bianca. "She reckoned fully upon it, too, they say, and had caused her dress for the ceremony to be prepared—one to rival the bride's in splendour."

"She has enough to do with her newly-born infant," mumbled the good duenna. "Gaiety first, care afterwards; a christening usually follows a wedding. Come, girls, there's nothing more to see."

"Nay, mother mine, some of these dames that follow lack not beauty."

"Pish!" uttered a fair young girl, who had hitherto been silent; "it would be waste of time to look at their faces after the Lady Adelaide's."

"Who is that going away? The Signora Montani? Why, it has not all passed, signora. She is gone, I declare! What a curious girl she seems, that."

"Do you know what they say?" cried little Lisa, Bianca's cousin.

"What do they say?"

"That her mother is a descendant of those dreadful people over the sea, who have no religion, the heretics."

The pious duenna boxed her niece's ears.

"You sinful little monkey, to utter such heresy!" she cried, when anger allowed her to speak.

"So they do say so!" sobbed the young lady, dancing about with the passion she dared not otherwise vent. "And people *do* say," she con-

tinued, out of bravado, and smarting under the pain, "that they are heretics themselves, or else why do they never come to mass?"

"The old Signora Montani is bedridden; how could she get to mass?" laughed Bianca.

"Don't answer her, Bianca. If she says such a thing here again—if she insinuates that the Signora Gina, knowing herself to be in such league with the Evil One, would dare to put her head inside a faithful house such as this, I will cause her to do public penance—the wicked little calumniator!" concluded the good duenna, adding a few finishing strokes upon Lisa's ears.

III.

LONG lasted the bridal banquet, and merrily it sped. Ere its conclusion, and when the hours were drawing towards midnight, the young Lady Adelaide, attended by her maidens, was conducted to her dressing-chamber, according to the custom of the times and of the country.

She sat down in front of a large mirror whilst they disrobed her. They took the circlet of diamonds from her head, the jewels from her neck and arms, and the elegant bridal dress was carefully removed; and there she sat, in a dressing-robe of cambric and lace, while they brushed out and braided her beautiful hair.

As they were thus engaged, the lady's eyes ran round and round the costly chamber. The furniture and appurtenances were of the most *recherché* description. One article in particular attracted her admiration. It was a small, but costly cabinet of malachite marble, exquisitely mounted in silver, and had been a present to the count from a Russian despot. In the inner part was fixed a mirror, encircled by a large frame of silver, and on the projecting slab stood open essence-bottles of pure crystal, in silver frames, emitting various perfumes. As she continued to look at this novelty—the marble called malachite was even more rare and costly in those days than it is in ours—she perceived, lying by the side of the scent-bottles, a piece of folded paper, and, wondering what it could be, she desired one of the ladies to bring it to her. It proved to be a sealed letter, and was addressed to herself

The conscious blush of love rose to her cheeks, for she deemed it was some communication or present from her husband. She opened it, and the contents instantly caught her eye, in the soft, pure light which the lamps shed over the apartment:

"TO THE LADY ADELAIDE, COUNTESS OF VISINARA.

"You fancy yourself the beloved of Giovanni, Count of Visinara, but retire not to your rest this night, lady, in any such vain imagining. The heart of the count has long been given to another, and you know, by your love for him, that such passion can never change its object. Had he met you in earlier life, it might have been otherwise. He marries you, for your lineage is a high one, and she, in the world's eye and in that of his own haughty race, was no fit mate for him."

The bridegroom was still at the banquet, for some of his guests drank

deeply, when a hasty summons came to him. Quitting the hall, he found, standing outside, two of his bride's attendants.

"Sir Count, the Lady Adelaide——"

"Has retired?" he observed, finding they hesitated, yet feeling somewhat surprised at so speedy a summons.

"Nay, signor, not retired, but——"

"But what? Speak out."

"We were disrobing the Lady Adelaide, Sir Count, when she saw in the chamber a note addressed to her. And—and—she read it, and fainted, in spite of the essence we poured on her hands and brow."

"A note!—fainted!" ejaculated the count.

"It was an insulting letter, signor; for Irene, the youngest of the Lady Adelaide's attendants, read the first line or two of it aloud, before we could prevent her, it having fallen, open, on the floor. Our lady is yet insensible, and the Signora Lucrezia desired us to acquaint you, my lord."

Without another word he turned from them, and, passing through the various corridors, entered the dressing-chamber. The Lady Adelaide was still motionless, but a faint colouring had begun to appear in her face.

"What is this, signora?" demanded the count of the chief attendant, Lucrezia.

"It must be owing to this letter, my lord, which was waiting for her on the cabinet," was the lady's reply, holding out the open note. "The Lady Adelaide fainted whilst she was perusing it."

"Fold it up," interrupted the count, "and replace it there."

Lucrezia did as she was bid.

"You may now go," said Giovanni to the attendants, advancing to support his bride. "When the countess has need of you, you shall be summoned."

"You have read that letter?" were the first connected words of the Lady Adelaide.

"Nay, my love, surely not, without your permission. Will you that I read it?"

She motioned in the affirmative

A guilty, glowing colour came over his face as he read. Who could have written it? That it alluded to Gina Montani there was no doubt. Who *could* have sent it? He felt convinced that she had no act or part in so dishonourable a trick—yet what may not be expected from a jealous woman? Now came his trial.

"Was it not enough to make me ill?" demanded Adelaide.

He stammered something. He was not yet sufficiently collected to speak connectedly.

"Giovanni," she exclaimed, passionately, "deceive me not. Tell me what I have to fear: how much of your love is left for me—if any."

He tried to soothe her. He told her an enemy must have done this; and he mentioned Gina Montani, though not by name. He said that he had sometimes visited her house, but not to love; and that the letter must allude to this.

"You *say* you did not love her!" she cried, resentment in her tone, as she listened to the tale.

He hesitated a single second; but, he reasoned to himself, he ought at all risks to lull her suspicions—it was his duty. So he replied firmly, though the flush of shame rose to his brow, for he deemed a falsehood dishonourable.

"In truth I did not. My love is yours, Adelaide."

"Why did you visit her?"

"I can hardly tell you. I hardly know myself: want of thought—or of occupation probably."

"You surely did not wrong her?" was the next whispered question, as she turned her face from him.

"Wrong *her!* Had you known her, you could not have admitted the possibility of the idea," he answered, resentment in his tone now. "She has been carefully reared, and is as innocent as you are."

"Who is she?—what is her name?"

"Adelaide, let us rather forget the subject. I have told you I loved her not: and I should not have mentioned this at all, but that I can think of nothing else to which that diabolical letter can have alluded. Believe me, my own wife"—and he drew her to his bosom as he spoke—"that I have not done you so great an injury as to marry where I did not love."

"Oh," she exclaimed, wringing her hands, and extricating herself from him, "that this cruel news had not been given me!"

"My love, be comforted—be convinced. I tell you it is a false letter."

"How can I know it is false," she lamented—"how can you prove it to me?"

"Adelaide, I can but tell you so now: the future and my conduct must prove it."

"Giovanni," she continued vehemently, and half sinking on her knees before him, "deceive me not. If there be aught of truth in this accusation, let me depart. I am your wife but in name: a slight ceremony only has passed between us, and we both know how readily, with such influence as ours, the Church at Rome would dissolve that. Suffer me to depart ere I shall be indeed your wife."

"Adelaide," he replied mournfully, as he held her, "I thought you loved me."

"I do—I do. None, save God, knows how passionately. My very life is bound up in yours; but it is because I so love you, that I could not brook a rival. Let me know the truth at once—even though it be the worst; for should I trust to you now, and find afterwards that I had been deceived, it would be most unhappy for both of us. My whole affection would be turned to hate; and not only would my own existence be wretched, but I should render yours so."

"You have no rival, Adelaide. You never shall have one."

"I mean not a rival in the vulgar acceptation of the term," she replied, a shade of haughtiness mixing with her tone—"but one in your heart—your mind—this I could not bear."

"Adelaide, hear me. Some enemy, wishing to do me a foul injury, has thrust himself between us; but, rely on it, they are but false cowards who stab in the dark. I have sought you these many months; I have striven

to gain your love; I have now made you mine. Why should I have done this had my affections been another's? Talk not of separation, Adelaide."

She burst into a passionate fit of weeping.

"Adelaide," he whispered, as he fondly clasped her to his heart, "believe that I love you; believe that you have no rival, and that I will give you none. I have made you my wife—the wife of my bosom: you are, and ever shall be, my only love."

Sweet words! And the Lady Adelaide suffered her disturbed mind to yield to them, resolutely thrusting away the dreadful thought that the heart of her attractive husband could ever have been given to another.

V.

MONTHS elapsed, and the Lady Adelaide was the happiest of the happy, although now and again the remembrance of that anonymous letter would dart before her mind, like a dream. That most rare felicity was, indeed, hers, of passionately idolising one from whom she need never be separated by night or by day. But how was it with him? Love is almost the only passion which cannot he called forth or turned aside at will, and though the Count di Visinara treated his wife in all respects, and ever would, with the most cautious attention, his heart was still true to Gina Montani.

But now the count had to leave home; business called him forth; and to remain away fifteen days. In those earlier times women could not accompany their lords everywhere, as they may in these; and when Giovanni rode away from his castle gates the Lady Adelaide sank in solitude upon the arm of one of her costly sofas, all rich with brocaded velvet; and though not a tear dimmed her eye, or a line of pain marked her forehead, to tell of suppressed feelings, it seemed to her that her heart was breaking.

It was on the morrow, news was brought to the countess that one craved admission to her—a maiden, young and beautiful, the servitor said; and the Lady Adelaide ordered her to be admitted.

Young and beautiful indeed, and so she looked, as, with downcast eyes, the visitor was ushered in—*you* know her, reader, though the Lady Adelaide did not. She began to stammer out an incoherent explanation: that news had reached her of the retirement of one of the Lady Adelaide's attendants, and of her wish to fill the vacant place.

"What is your name?" inquired the countess, already taken, as the young are apt to be, with the prepossessing manners and appearance of her visitor.

"Signora, it is Gina Montani."

"And in whose household have you resided?"

A deep shade rose to Gina's face. "Madam, I am a stranger as yet to servitude. I was not reared to expect such. But my mother is dead, and I am now alone in the world. I have heard much, too, of the Countess of Visinara's gentleness and worth, and should wish to serve her."

Some further conversation, a few preliminary arrangements, and Gina Montani was installed at the castle as one of the countess's maids in waiting: a somewhat contradistinctive term, be it understood, to a *waiting-maid*, these attendants of high-born gentlewomen being then made, in a great degree, their companions. Gina speedily rose in favour. Her manners were elegant and unassuming, and there was a sadness about her which, coupled with her great beauty, rendered her eminently interesting.

VI.

The Lady Adelaide stood at the eastern window of the Purple Room—so called from its magnificent hangings—watching eagerly for the appearance of her husband, it being the day and hour of his expected return. So had she stood since the morning. Ah! what pleasure is there in this world like that of watching for a beloved one? At the opposite end of the apartment were her ladies, engaged upon some fancy work, in those times violently in vogue, like that eternal knitting or crotchet-work is in ours.

"Come hither, Lucrezia," said the lady, at length. "Discern you yon trees—groups of them scattered about, and through which an occasional glimpse of the highway may be distinguished? Nay, not there; far, far away in the distance. See you aught?"

"Nothing but the road, my lady. And yet, now I look attentively, there seems to be a movement, as of a body of horsemen. Ah! now there is an open space, and they are more distinct. It should be the count, madam, and his followers."

"I think it is, Lucrezia," said the Lady Adelaide, calmly, not suffering her emotion to appear in the presence of her maidens, for that haughty girl brooked not that others should read her deep love for Giovanni. "You may return to your embroidery."

The Count di Visinara rode at a sharp trot towards his home, followed by his retainers; but when he discerned the form of his wife at the window, he quickened the pace to a gallop, after taking off his plumed cap, and waving his hand towards her in the distance. She pressed her heart to still its throbbing, and waited his approach.

She heard him rattle over the drawbridge, and was turning to leave the apartment to welcome him home, when he entered, so great haste had he made. Without observing that she was not alone, he advanced, and, throwing his arms round her, drew aside her fair golden curls, and kissed her repeatedly, like many a man possessed of a lovely wife will kiss, though his love may be far away from her. But she shrank from his embrace, the glowing crimson overspreading her face; and then the count turned and saw they were not alone. At the extreme end of the apartment, out of hearing, but within sight, were the damsels seated over their embroidery.

"Gina," murmured one of the girls, still pursuing her work, "what has made you turn so pale? You are as white as Juliette's dress."

"Is the Signora Montani ill?" demanded Lucrezia, sharply; for she liked not Gina.

"A sudden pain—a spasm in my side," gasped Gina. "It is over now."

"Is he not an attractive man?" whispered another of the ladies in Gina's ear.

"He?"

"The Count di Visinara: *you* never saw him before. They are well matched for beauty, he and the Lady Adelaide."

"Pray attend to your work, and let this gossiping cease," exclaimed Lucrezia, angrily.

Giovanni and his wife remained at the window, with their backs towards the damsels. She suffered her hand to remain in his—they could not see *that*—and conversed with him in a confidential tone. Then she began chattering to him of her new attendant, telling how lovely she was, when a servant entered and announced the mid-day meal.

"Now you shall see my favourite," she exclaimed, as he took her hand to conduct her to the banquet-hall. "I will stop as I pass them, to look at their work, and you shall tell me if you do not think her very beautiful."

"Scarcely, Adelaide, when beside you."

"She is about my age," ran on Adelaide, whose spirits were raised to exuberance. But it had never entered the mind of that haughty lady to imagine the possibility of the Lord of Visinara, *her husband*, looking upon an attendant of hers with an eye of real admiration; or she might not have discussed their personal merits.

"How do you get on with the work, Lucrezia?" demanded the Lady Adelaide, stopping close to her attendants.

"Favourably, madam," answered the signora, rising from her seat.

"That is a beautiful part that you are engaged upon, Gina. Bring it forward, that we may exhibit our handiwork."

Gina Montani, without raising her eyes, and trembling inwardly and outwardly, rose, and advanced with the embroidery. The Signora Lucrezia eyed her, covertly.

"Is it not a handsome pattern?" exclaimed Adelaide, her thoughts now really occupied with the beauty of the work. "And I was so industrious while you were away, Giovanni. I did a good portion of this myself—I did, indeed: all the shadings of the rosebuds are my doing, and those interlaces of silver."

The Lady Adelaide stopped, for, on looking to his face for approbation, she was startled by the frightful pallor which had overspread it.

"Oh, Giovanni, you are ill!—my husband, what is it? Giovanni——"

"It is nothing," interrupted the count, leading her hurriedly from the room. "I rode hard, and the sun was hot. A cup of wine will restore me."

But not less awake to this emotion of the count's than she had been to Gina's was the Signora Lucrezia, and she came to the conclusion that there was some unaccountable mystery at the bottom of it, which she determined to do all in her power to find out.

VII.

Days passed. The count had not yet seen Gina alone, though he had sought for the opportunity; but one morning when he entered the Lady Adelaide's embroidery-room—so-called—Gina sat there alone, sorting silks. He did not observe her at the first moment, and, being in search of his wife, called to her.

"Adelaide!"

"The Lady Adelaide is not here, signor," was Gina's reply, as she rose from her seat.

"Gina," he said, advancing cautiously, and speaking in an under tone, "what in the name of all the saints brought you here—an inmate of my castle—the attendant of the Lady Adelaide?"

"You shall hear the truth," she gasped, leaning against the wall for support. "I have lived long, these many months, in my dreary home, unseeing you, uncared for, knowing only that you were happy with another. Giovanni, can you picture what I endured? My mother died —you may have heard of it—and her relations sent for me into their distant country, and would have comforted me; but I remained on alone to be near you. I struggled much with my unhappy passion. My very soul was wearing away with despair. I would see you pass sometimes at a distance with your retainers—and that was heaven to me. Then came a thought into my mind; I wrestled with it, and would have driven it away—but there it was, ever urging me; it may be that my better angel sent it there; it may be that the Evil One, who is ever tempting us for ill, drove it on."

"What mean you?' he inquired.

"It suggested," she continued, in a low voice, "that if but to see you at a distance and at rare intervals, could almost compensate for my life of misery, what bliss would be mine were I living under the roof of your own castle, liable to see you any hour of the day; hence you find me numbered amongst your wife's waiting-maids. And blame me not, Giovanni," she hastily concluded, seeing him about to interrupt her; "you are the cause of all, for you sought and gained my love; and such love! I think none can have ever known such. And yet I must suppress this love. The fiercest jealousy of the Lady Adelaide rages in my heart—and yet I must suppress it! Giovanni, you have brought this anguish upon me; so blame me not."

"It is a dangerous proceeding, Gina. I was becoming reconciled to our separation; but now—it will be dangerous for both of us."

"Ay," she answered, bitterly, "you had all. Friends, revelry, a wife of rare beauty, the chase, the bustle of an immense household—in short, what had you not to aid your mental struggles? I but my home of solitude, and the jealous pictures, self, but ever inflicted, of your happiness with the Lady Adelaide."

"I still love but you, Gina," he repeated, "but I will be honourable to *her*, and must show it not."

"Do I ask you to show it? or think you I would permit it?" she replied, quickly; "no, no; I did not come here to sow discord in your household. Suffer me to live on unnoticed as of these last few days, but, oh! drive me not away from you."

"Believe me, Gina, this will never do. I mistrust my own powers of endurance; ay, and of concealment."

"You can think of me but as the waiting-maid of your lady," she interrupted, in a tone of bitterness. "In time you will really regard me as such."

"There would be another obstacle, Gina," he returned, sinking his voice to a lower tone, as if fearful even to mention the subject—"how can you live in my household, and not conform to the usages of our faith? You know that yours must never be suspected."

"Trust to me to manage all," she reiterated; "but send me not away from you."

"Be it so, Gina," he observed, after reflection; "you deserve more sacrifice on my part than this. But all confidence must cease between us: from this time we are to each other as strangers."

"Even so," she acquiesced. "Yet if you deem that my enduring affection deserves requital, give me at times a look as of old; a smile, unperceived by others, but acknowledged by, and too dear to, my own heart. It will be a token that you have not driven away all remembrance of our once youthful love, though it is at an end for ever."

He took her hand and clasped it tenderly, but the next moment he almost flung it from him, and had turned and quitted the room. Gina burst into a violent fit of weeping, and slowly retreated to seek the solitude of her chamber.

Scarcely had the echo of her footsteps died away in the gallery, when the door of a closet appertaining to the room was cautiously pushed open, and out stepped the Signora Lucrezia, her eyes and mouth wide open, and her hair standing on end.

"May all the saints reject me if ever I met with such a plot as this!" she ejaculated. "I knew there was something going on underneath, but the deuce himself would never have suspected this. So the innocent-faced madam has not been winding herself round the Lady Adelaide for nothing—the she-wolf in sheep's petticoats! Something was said, too, that I could not catch, about her irreligion. The hypocrite dare not go to confession, probably, and so keeps away. The letter of the wedding night is explained now, and that changing, as they both did, to the hue of a mort-cloth at sight of each other. May I die unabsolved if so sly a conspiracy ever came up. However, I shall not interfere yet awhile. Let my baby-mistress look out for herself: she has not pleased me of late, showering down marks of favour upon this false jade. *Her* rival! if she did but know it! I'll keep my eyes and ears open. Two lovers cannot live for ever under the same roof without betraying their secret; and there will be an explosion some day, or my name is not Lucrezia Andrini."

THE CURSE OF GOLD.

A DREAM.

MORDANT LINDSAY threw off the long black crape scarf and hatband which, in the character of chief mourner, he had that day worn at the funeral of his wife, as he entered one of the apartments at Langford, and moodily sought a seat. The room was spacious, and filled with every luxury which wealth could procure or ingenuity invent to add to its comfort or its ornament. Pictures, mirrors, silken curtains, and warm carpets; statues in marble and bronze were scattered about in rich profusion in the saloon, and its owner, in the deep mourning of a widower, sat there—grieving truly—thinking deeply; but not, as might have been supposed, of the lady who had that day been laid in the vault of his ancestors—no, he was regretting the loss of a much brighter spirit than ever lived in her pale proud face, or in the coldness of her calm blue eye. Mordant Lindsay was apparently a man of past fifty; his hair was streaked with grey, though its dark locks still curled thickly round his head; he bore on his face the marks of more than common beauty, but time had left its traces there, in the furrows on his brow; and even more deeply than time, care. As a young man, he had been very handsome, richly endowed by nature with all those graces which too often make captive only to kill; but fortune, less generous, had gifted him but with the heritage of a good name—nothing more—and his early life had been passed in an attempt, by his own means, to remedy the slight she had put upon him at his birth. The object of his ambition was gained—had been now for some years: he was wealthy, the possessor of all the fair lands stretched out before him as far as his eye could reach, and a rent-roll not unworthy of one in a higher station in life. Looked up to by the poor of Langford as the lord of the manor, courted by his equals as a man of some consequence. Was he happy? See the lines so deeply marked on his countenance, and listen to the sigh which seems to break from the bottom of his heart. You will find in them an answer.

How brightly the sun shines in through the windows of the room, gilding all around with its own radiance, and giving life and light to the very statues! It shines even on his head, but fails in warming his bosom; it annoys him, uncongenial as it is with his sad thoughts, and he rises and pulls down the blind, and then restlessly wanders forth into the open air. The day is close, for summer is still at its height, and Mordant Lindsay seeks the shade of a group of trees and lies down, and presently he sleeps, and the sun (as it declines) throws its shadows on nearer objects; and now it rests on him, and as it hovers there, takes the form of that companion of his childhood, who for long, with a pertinacity he could not account for, seemed ever avoiding his path, and flying from him when most anxiously pursued; and he sees again those scenes of his past life before him dimly pictured through the vista of many years, and his dream runs thus:

He is a child at play, young and innocent, as yet untainted by worldly ambition, and standing by him is a beautiful figure, with long golden hair, very bright, and shining like spun glass or the rays of the summer

sun. Her eyes seem born for laughter, so clear, so mirthful, so full of joy, and her spotless robe flows around her, making everything it comes in contact with graceful as itself; and she has wings, for Happiness is fickle and flies away, so soon as man proves false to himself and unworthy of her. She joins the child in his gambols, and hand in hand with him sports beside him, gathering the same flowers that he gathers, looking through his smiling eyes as she echoes his happy laughter; and then, over meadow, past ditches, and through tangled bushes, in full chase after a butterfly. In the eagerness of the sport he falls, and the gaudy insect (all unconscious of being the originator of so many conflicting hopes and fears) flutters onward in full enjoyment of the sun and the light, and soon it is too far off to renew the chase. Tears, like dewdrops, fill the child's eyes, and he looks around in vain for his companion of the day. The grass is not so green without her; even the bird's song is discordant, and, tired, he sadly wends his way towards home. "Oh, dear mamma!" he exclaims, brightening up, as he sees his mother coming towards him, and running to her finds a ready sympathy in his disappointment as she clasps her boy to her bosom and dries his little tearful face, closely pressing him to a heart whose best hopes are centred in his well-being. Happiness is in her arms, and he feels her warm breath upon his cheek as she kisses and fondles him; and anon he is as cheerful as he was, for his playmate of the day, now returned with his own good-humour, accompanies him for all the hours he will encourage her to remain; sometimes hiding within the purple flower of the scented violet, or nodding from beneath the yellow cups of the cowslip, as the breeze sends her laden with perfume back to him again. And in such childish play and innocent enjoyment time rolls on, until the child has reached his ninth year, and becomes the subject and lawful slave of all the rules in Murray's Grammar, and those who instil them into the youthful mind. And then the boy finds his early friend (although ready at all times to share his hours of relaxation) very shy and distant; when studies are difficult or lessons long, keeping away until the task is accomplished; but cricket and bat and ball invariably summon her, and then she is bright and kind as of yore, content to forget old quarrels in present enjoyment; and as Mordant dreamed, he sighed in his sleep, and the shadow of Happiness went still further off, as if frightened by his grief.

The picture changes: and now more than twenty years are past since the time when the boy first saw the light, and he is sitting in the room of a little cottage. The glass door leading to the garden is open, and the flowers come clustering in at the windows. The loveliness of the child has flown, it is true, but in its place a fond mother gazes on the form of a son whose every feature is calculated to inspire love. The short dark curls are parted from off his sunburnt forehead, and the bright hazel eyes (in which merriment predominates) glance quickly towards the door, as if expecting some one. The book he has been pretending to read lies idly on his lap, and, bending his head upon his hand, his eyes half shut in the earnestness of his reverie, he does not hear the light footstep which presently comes stealing softly behind him. The new comer is a young and very pretty girl, with a pale Madonna-looking face, seriously thoughtful beyond her years. She may be seventeen or eighteen, not more. Her hands have been busy with the flowers in the garden, and now, as

she comes up behind the youth, she plucks the leaves from off a rose-bud, and drops them on his open book. A slight start, and a look upward, and then (his arms around her slight form) he kisses her fondly and often. And Happiness clings about them, and nestles closely by their side, as if jealous of being separted from either, and they were happy in their young love. How happy! caring for nought besides, thinking of no future, but in each other, taking no account of time so long as they should be together, contented to receive the evils of life with the good, and to suffer side by side (if God willed it) sooner than be parted. They were engaged to be married. At present, neither possessed sufficient to live comfortably upon, and they must wait and hope ; and she did hope, and was reconciled almost to his departure, which must soon take place, for he has been studying for a barrister, and will leave his mother's house to find a solitary home in a bachelor's chambers in London. Mordant saw himself (as he had been then) sitting with his first love in that old familiar place, her hand clasped in his, her fair hair falling around her, and veiling the face she hid upon his shoulder, and even more vividly still, the remembrance of that Happiness which had ever been attendant on them then, when the most trivial incidents of the day were turned into matters of importance, coloured and embellished as they were by love. He saw himself in possession of the reality, which, alas! he had thrown away for the shadow of it, and he longed for the recovery of those past years which had been so unprofitably spent, in a vain attempt at regaining it. The girl still sat by him ; they did not seem to speak, and throughout that long summer afternoon still they sat, she pulling the flowers (so lately gathered) in pieces, and he playing with the ringlets of her hair. And now the door opens, and his mother enters, older by many years than when she last appeared to him, but still the same kind smile and earnest look of affection as she turns towards her son. Her hand is laid upon his arm (as he rises to meet her), and her soft voice utters his name, coupled with endearment. "Mordant, dearest, Edith and myself wish to walk, if you will accompany us?" "Certainly," is the reply, and the three set out, and the dreamer watched their fast receding forms down a shady lane, until a turn lost them to his sight, and the retrospective view had vanished, but quickly to be replaced by another.

Again he sees the same youth, this time impatiently walking up and down a close dismal room. The furniture is smoke-dried and dusty, once red, now of a dark ambiguous colour. The sofa is of horsehair, shining (almost white in places) from constant friction. On the mantelpiece hangs a looking-glass, the frame wrapped round with yellow gauze to protect it from dirt, and here and there a fly-catcher, suspended from the ceiling, annoys the inmate of the dusky room by its constant motion. It is a lodging-house, ready furnished, and the young man, who has not left his home many months, is not yet accustomed to the change, and he is wearied and unhappy. He has just been writing to Edith, and the thought of her causes him uneasiness; he is longing to be with her again. Restlessly he paces up and down the narrow chamber, unwilling to resume studies by the master of which he could alone hope to be with her again, until a knock at the hall door makes him pause and sit down ; another knock (as if the visitor did not care to be kept

waiting). Mordant knew what was coming; he remembered it all, and felt no surprise at seeing in his dream a friend (now long since dead) enter the apartment, with the exclamation of "What, Lindsay! all alone? I had expected to find you out, I was kept so long knocking at your door. How are you, old fellow?" and Charles Vernon threw himself into a chair. "We are all going to the play," continued he, "and a supper afterwards. You know Leclerque?—he will be one of the party—will you come?" and Vernon waited for an answer. The one addressed replied in the affirmative, and Mordant saw (with a shudder) the same figure which had lured him on in Pleasure to seek lost Happiness, now tempting the youth before him. The two were so like each other in outward appearance that he wondered not that he too was deceived, and followed her with even more eagerness than he had ever done her more retiring sister. And then with that gay creature ever in mind, Mordant saw the young man led on from one place of amusement to another—from supper and wine to dice and a gambling-table—until ruin stared him in the face, and that mind, which had once been pure and untarnished, was fast becoming defaced by a too close connexion with vice. Mordant was wiser now, and he saw how flimsy and unreal this figure of Pleasure appeared—how her gold was tinsel, and her laughter but the hollow echo of a forced merriment—unlike his own once possessed Happiness, whose treasures were those of a contented spirit—whose gaiety proceeded from an innocent heart and untroubled conscience. Strange that he should have been so blinded to her beauties, and so unmindful of the other's defects; but so it had been. Mordant sympathised with the young man as he watched him running headlong towards his own misery; but the scene continued before him—he had no power to prevent it—and now the last stake is to be played. On that throw of the dice rests the ruin of the small property he has inherited from his father. It is lost, and he beggared of the little he could call his own, and forth from the hell (in which he has been passing the night) rushes into the street. It wants but one stroke to complete the wreck of heart as well as of fortune, and that stroke is not long in coming. Miserable, he returned to his lodgings, and alone he thought of his position. He thought of Edith. "Love in a cottage, even could I by my own means regain what I have lost. Pshaw! the thing is ridiculous. Without money there cannot be Happiness for her or for me." A few months had sadly changed *him*, who before saw it only in her society. But now the Goddess of his fancy stands before him—her golden curls of the precious metal he covets—her eyes receiving their brightness from its lustre, and in his heart a new feeling asserts superiority, and he wishes to be rich. With money to meet every want he will command her presence—not sue for it; and Mordant remembered how, in pursuance of this ambition gradually cooling towards her, he had at last broken off his engagement with Edith—how for some years, day and night had seen him toiling at his profession, ever with the same object in view, and how at last he had, married a woman in every way what he desired: rich in gold and lands and worldly possessions, but poor in heart compared with Edith.

The crowd jostle each other to get a nearer view of the bride as she passes (leaning on her father's arm) from the carriage to the church door. The bridegroom is waiting for her, and now joins her, and they kneel

side by side at the altar. Mordant remembers his wedding-day. He is not happy, notwithstanding the feeling of gratified pride he experiences as he places the ring upon the fair hand of the Lady Blanche. No emotion of a very deep kind tinges her cheek; she is calm and cold throughout the ceremony. She admires Mordant Lindsay very much; he was of a good family, so was she; he very handsome and young, and she past thirty. Matches more incongruous have been made, and with less apparent reason, and this needs no further explanation on her side. They are married now and about to leave the church. The young man turns as he passes out (amidst the congratulation of his friends), attracted by scarcely suppressed sobs; but the cloaked figure from whom they proceed does not move, and he recognises her not. It is Edith, and Mordant, as he gazes on the scene before him, sees Happiness standing afar off, afraid to approach too near to any one of the party, but still keeping her eyes fixed on the pale young mourner at that bridal, who, bowed down with grief, sat there until the clock warned her to go, as the doors were being closed. The married pair (after a month spent abroad) settles down at Langford; and the husband—was he happy now? No, not yet—but expecting to be from day to day, hoping that time would alter for the better what was wanting to the happiness of his home; but time flew on, and, regardless of his hopes, left him the same disappointed man that it found him—disappointed in his wife, in his expectations of children—feeling a void in his heart which money was inefficient to supply. The drama was drawing to a close; Mordant felt that the present time had arrived. His wife was dead, and he in possession of everything which had been hers, but still an anxious unsatisfied mind prevented all enjoyment of life; but yet one more scene, and this time Mordant was puzzled, for he did not recognise either the place or the actors.

On a bed on one side was stretched the figure of a young woman. Her features were so drawn and sharpened by illness, that he could not recal them to his mind, although he had an idea that he ought to know her face. She was very pale, and the heat seemed to oppress her, for in a languid voice she begged the lady (who was sitting by her side) to open the window. She rose to do so, and then Mordant saw that the scenery beyond was not English, for hedges of myrtle and scarlet geranium grew around in profusion, and the odour of orange flowers came thickly into the chamber of the dying girl. Raising herself with difficulty, she called to her companion, and then she said:

"I know I shall not now get better; I feel I am dying, and I am glad of it. My life has been a living death to me for some years. When I am dead I would wish to be buried in England—not here—not in this place, which has proved a grave to so many of my countrymen. Let me find my last resting-place, dearest mother, at home, in our own little churchyard."

The lady wept as she promised her child to fulfil her last request, and Mordant saw that Happiness had flown from the bed (around which she had been hovering for some minutes) straight up to heaven, to await there the spirit of the broken-hearted girl, who was breathing her last under the clear and sunny sky of Madeira.

Mordant shuddered as he awoke, for he had been asleep for some time, and the evening was closing in as he rose from the damp grass.

It was to a lonely hearth that he returned, and during the long night which followed, as he thought of his dream and of an ill-spent life, he resolved to revisit his early home, in the hope that amidst old scenes he might bring back the days when he was happy. Was Edith still alive? He knew not. He had heard she had gone abroad; she might be there still. He did not confess it to himself, but it was Edith of whom he thought most; and it was the hope of again seeing her which induced him to take a long journey to the place where he had been born. The bells were ringing for some merry-making as Mordant Lindsay left his travelling carriage, to walk up the one street of which the village of Bower's Gifford boasted. He must go through the churchyard to gain the new inn, and passing (by one of the inhabitant's directions) through the turnstile, he soon found himself amidst the memorials of its dead. Mordant, as he pensively walked along, read the names of those whose virtues were recorded on their gravestones, and as he read, reflected. And now he stops, for it is a well-known name which attracts his attention, and as he parts the weeds which have grown high over that grave, he sees inscribed on the broken pillar which marks the spot, "Edith Graham, who died at Madeira, aged 21." And Mordant, as he looks, sinks down upon the grass, and sheds the first tears which for years have been wept by him, and in sorrow of heart, when too late, acknowledges that it is not money or gratified ambition which brings Happiness in this world, but a contented and cheerful mind; and from that lonely grave he leaves an altered man, and a better one.

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK III.

Chapter VII.

HARTLEY VISITS MRS. SOMERSET AT BETHLEHEM HOSPITAL.

Mr. Somerset, two or three times, had purchased a "liberty ticket." This term may be explained, by stating that for a certain sum, usually four shillings, the warden of the prison granted leave to prisoners to be absent for the space of a day, good security that they should return to their quarters having been previously given. Such a practice, as may be supposed, was a source of great emolument to the wardens, so that we find them making many hundreds a year by it. The system, as regards debtors' prisons, in the present day is entirely abolished.

Mr. Somerset obtained his "liberty tickets" for the purpose of accompanying Hester to Bethlehem Hospital, for however painful to him might be the sight of his unhappy wife, he felt it his duty to see her, and to watch the progress of her distressing mental disease. On no occasion had Isabella yet recognised her husband. It is frequently the case with the insane, that those whom they once loved the most devotedly, they regard with total apathy or dislike. The fixed eye, or the meaningless stare, the waving of the hand at some imaginary object, still marked her

demeanour; and she continued, in every respect, much in the same state as when we described her in a previous portion of our history.

But we do not intend now to accompany the husband on one of his visits; we must direct our attention to another person.

A man with a moody and contemplative aspect presented himself one morning at the iron gates of the asylum. He had obtained the usual order of admission from one of the governors, for he represented that a relative was confined within the walls. Crossing the gravelled walk, he slowly mounted the steps of the beautiful Ionic portico. He did not raise his eyes to admire the grace and majesty of that entrance, but, within the hall, he stood several minutes before Cibber's statues of Raving and Melancholy Madness. An expression of strange pleasure flitted across his saturnine countenance, as though he experienced a morbid gratification in gazing on that embodiment of human frailty breathing in the marble.

This was the first time Hartley had visited Bethlehem Hospital. He had long resisted the desire of going thither; but the wish of seeing the woman he had loved, and still loved even in her melancholy condition, grew so strong upon him, that he could combat with his inclination no longer.

The spirit of Hartley was never so scornful and gloomy as when he witnessed happiness in his fellow-creatures. It seemed to him that the joy manifested by them was either hypocrisy or an infallible sign of mental weakness. He looked upon all men as moths whirling around the glare of a lamp—as beings sporting about the edge of a grave. Such a mind, as a natural consequence, was coldly indifferent to the spectacle of suffering and misery. Sorrow, discontent, and gloom, accorded with the nature of his own internal world. Man, he considered, was not born to laugh, but to think and mourn. To the eye of that despondent muser the heaven wore a pall of blackness; the sunbeams, the flowers, and the gushing streams, were not types of beauty, the reflected smile of the Beneficent One; they possessed no spell to soften his soul or charm his sense. In a word, Hartley's philosophy was steeped in darkness, and the very atmosphere he breathed seemed charged with misery.

And yet there were moments when he experienced a sort of pleasure, or he had not otherwise belonged to the human family. That pleasure sprang from the recollection of his passion for Isabella, and from the indulgence of it still in his waking dreams. Another and more debased source of gratification was the conviction that his envied and hated brother, like Job of old, suffered now as much as he once enjoyed; and that the revenge, pursued through long and weary years, was working towards its consummation.

Hartley was informed that he could not see Mrs. Somerset for a short time; and to wile away the hour, he passed down some of the galleries which extend the whole length of the building, opening into rooms and cells. In the basement story, his ear was appalled by the howl of the violent, and yet he experienced a singular pleasure in watching the gestures of those whose intellect had been reduced below that of the brutes. The spectacle to him was a fine psychological study.

"And all this," said Hartley to himself, "proceeds from some slight injury to the brain; some disarrangement of the fibres of that delicate organ. What men call the soul acts through it—cannot act without it;

and yet the organ itself is common matter, while the soul is immaterial, an emanation from the Deity. Oh, wondrous, incomprehensible connexion! Mysterious Giver of Life! wilt thou never solve the problem to man?"

The quiet suffering, the pathos of sorrow, evinced by those whose insanity was of a gentle description, awoke a different train of thought in the mind of the curious speculator. The author, whom we introduced on a previous occasion, was still there, though removed to another cell—one of a class appropriated to those whose cases are improving. Still he talked of his works, his neglected performances, and bewailed the obscurity to which his name was doomed; and still he mourned that over him would rise no column of renown.

Hartley heard the calculations of the ruined merchant over imaginary heaps of gold; and the lovesick maiden's sigh breathed in his ear; but he walked along with crossed arms, his lips being compressed, and his large bushy brows concealing his eyes. It was not pity that he felt for his stricken brothers of mortality; they were all, all in their ideal sorrows, their ideal transports, more blest than himself. He felt that truth—he knew it; and, in his wayward creed, imagined that insanity, under many circumstances, is an enviable condition.

Hartley was conducted to the room of Isabella by one of the nurses. His subdued demeanour, and apparent sympathy with the scene around him, together with a handsome fee slipped into the hand of the woman, greatly conciliated her, and secured her good offices. When the door was opened, Hartley followed the nurse, but notwithstanding his usual collectedness of mind, a slight tremor affected him. Something unearthly, connected with the presence of Isabella, seemed to be in that room. There was the wreck of beauty, the grave of soul; for was not the body the tomb of the intellect, which had perished and dropped into its dread repose before its time?

He turned his face away from the insane woman, for he could not immediately summon resolution to look at her. The morning sun was shining faintly through the narrow window, and the shadow of his tall, motionless figure was thrown on the opposite wall. In the deep stillness the birds were heard singing among the garden trees in front of the asylum. Alas! a sad contrast their free, happy jubilee, to the dark scene of human blight and ruin within that pile!

"Now, sir, this is Mrs. Somerset," said the nurse, who found it necessary to draw the visitor's attention to her charge.

Hartley slowly turned, for he longed yet dreaded to behold her. She was stooping forward in her chair, her thin colourless hands resting on her knees. She was dressed in a robe of light grey stuff, which set closely around her throat; her abundant black hair was braided tastefully (for she was indulged in this little vanity), and a flower—it was a natural one, a moss-rose—drooped from the side of her head. Her finely-chiselled features were perfectly still; insanity had not stamped its signet there; its wild, wandering fires only burned in the eye.

Beautiful she looked; for years, as if in consequence of the inaction of mind, seemed to have suspended their usual work on the frame. Yet it was the beauty of a marble statue: the carved lip moved not, the damask cheek smiled not, in the dimple of the small chin love ambushed not—all was cold, without feeling, and without meaning. Oh!

ethereal fire of vivifying soul! thine attributes extinct, what is the most perfect mould of human loveliness? A corpse under the power of the galvaniser's art, mimicking life.

"She is not mine now," thought Hartley, "and she is not his. Well, better as it is. I would behold her thus, far rather than know her bestow the endearments of her love on my abhorred brother."

He moved nearer, curiously contemplating her. His eyes were fixed on the downbent features of the unhappy woman. He admired. The passion of long years was not yet subdued; still he loved. He may touch her hand now; he may raise it to his lips. "She will not," thought Hartley, "recognise or repulse me now."

The thin fingers were clasped in his own, and Isabella did not move. He kissed that hand again and again. At length, roused by the action of Hartley, she turned in her chair.

"Who is this? I do not know you. Are you the surgeon? I am not ill. Leave the room, sir."

"It is not the surgeon, dear madam," said the nurse, "but a kind friend come to see you."

"A friend? I have no friend—yes, Hester, Hugh—no, no, they are my enemies."

"Dearest Isabella, you have no enemies," said Hartley.

Mrs. Somerset uttered an exclamation, and started from her seat. Will the ear of madness revive in the shattered soul the recollection of sounds, when the eye fails to remember features? However this be, extraordinary was the effect produced on Mrs. Somerset by the voice of Hartley. She moved back several paces; her limbs trembled; and her eyes, gradually concentrating the vague light they possessed, were fixed wildly upon him.

"Who speaks?" she cried. "That voice! I know him now; it is he—the fiend that I have been beseeching to leave me these three years, and he is come at last in bodily shape. Demon, avaunt!—ruiner of my husband! cease to torture me!"

The poor lady, usually so tranquil, was now in a fit of frantic violence, such as the nurse never beheld her yield to before. She tore her hair, stamped, waved her hands in agony above her head, while her shrieks were appalling. The nurse endeavoured to soothe her to no purpose; and not until Hartley had quitted the room did that storm of excited feeling abate. But the object of her indignation being removed, sorrow and lamentation succeeded; and in a short time she again took her place in her chair. Gradually her features resumed their wonted composure; her hands again rested on her knees, and her expressionless eyes were fixed on vacancy.

Alas! poor heart! desolate broken spirit! might it not have been a mercy if that torn flower in thy hair breathed its fragrance on the turf which should cover from human eyes thy woes and thee?

Chapter VIII.

HARTLEY RECEIVES AN UNEXPECTED VISIT AT HIS CHAMBERS IN TH TEMPLE.

Hartley, returning from Bethlehem Hospital, found in the scene which he had just witnessed much matter for profound thought. When he reached his chambers in the Temple, he threw himself into a seat, and remained for a long time wrapped in deep meditation. To dissipate the gloomy images which so thickly crowded upon him, he had recourse to his favourite philosophers; but not long had his book been open before him, when he heard steps on the stairs. They appeared to be those of a person who mounted with difficulty, for the ascent was slow, and often interrupted, while a short distressing cough was frequently heard.

"This way, ma'am, if you please, here is the door," said some one without, whose sharp voice was evidently that of a child. The next instant a low tapping was heard.

"Come in," said Hartley, carelessly.

The door opened, and a woman, stricken with blindness, being led by a little girl, advanced into the room. It was Mrs. Flemming.

"Mr. Hartley lives here?" she said, in a low tremulous tone.

"My name is Hartley," answered the Templar, marvelling much what business the woman could have with him, for he had not the slightest recollection of her person.

"That will do, my dear," said Mrs. Flemming to her little guide; "leave the room, and shut the door after you; when I want you again I will call."

The blind woman stood still, her hands crossed on her breast, and her face turned towards the spot where she believed Hartley sat. There was a firmness, a quiet dignity in her look, which the countenance of Mrs. Flemming never expressed before. She uttered no word, still standing there, like one whom some sudden spell had turned to stone. The surprise of Hartley increased.

"Oh! that I could see thee!" she said, at length; "worlds would I give only to see thee for a moment!"

"Who are you, woman? I know you not."

"Roland Hartley! have time and sorrow, then, worked such change upon me, that even each mark of humanity, all likeness of what I was, is obliterated?"

Hartley gazed searchingly on her.

"Woe has wrinkled my forehead, and turned my hair grey before the natural course of time—the tears of long, long years have made me blind, and now they have ceased to flow—I am——"

"Impossible!" cried Hartley, rising suddenly from his chair; "I do not see——"

"Yes, you see her—her you wronged, ruined, deserted in her youth—her who, too proud to accept alms from him who refused to fulfil his vows, fled with her child. I am Flora Arundel!"

"Flora Arundel?" repeated Hartley.

"I hid my shame from the knowledge of all, and, under another name, toiled for my own living and the support of my child. I knew where to

find you, but never revealed myself, never sought you; and I would have died unknown, but——"

The callous-hearted man for a moment appeared moved. The flame in the lamp of Nature and feeling, though nearly out, rose for an instant. He took his victim by the hand:

"You did wrong, Flora; I would have rendered you assistance; you shall have money now."

"No, no; your gold I despise; I have not struggled with poverty for twenty years to receive alms at last. One motive only brings me here. I am wrapped up in my child, my loved, my talented son; they called him a hunchback, but to me he was all beauty and perfection. I have lost him now—he has left me for ever."

She bent her head, and mechanically raised her hands to cover her eyes.

"Be composed Flora," said Hartley.

"He is your child, Roland."

"Mine!" he repeated, sullenly—"yes, yes, let that pass."

"The hunchback is your child," said the mother, in a louder tone.

"Well, I admit it."

"To whom, then, should I come in my bereavement, my distress, but unto the father?—Roland! Roland! pity me—assist me!"

The scene was becoming annoying to Hartley, for he hated to have his sympathies appealed to, or his peace disturbed. The first natural surprise, and the first touch of feeling being past, his hardness and apathy returned.

"Now we will not multiply words, Flora. Tell me at once what you want."

"Oh! Father in heaven!" cried the blind woman; "Thou who hast afflicted thy poor sinful servant with the heavy curse of bodily darkness, hear him who should have been my protector, my husband, ask—what do I want?"

"This is mere raving, woman. Talk reasonably. The lad, you say, is a hunchback; what name have you given him?"

"The name I had assumed—Flemming, Mark Flemming."

The Templar started; paleness overspread his cheek, but he speedily recovered himself.

"Strange—singular coincidence," he muttered. "Flora, this is the young man who formed a—a design to carry off Miss Somerset."

"Yes, but he repented of his evil conduct. Roland, you and some other person were his abettors in that unhappy affair; I am confident of it. But now that you know Mark Flemming is your own son, save him—find him—restore him to me!"

A smile passed over the frigid features of Hartley. The interest at first excited in his breast had entirely ceased.

"Hear me! this is why I seek you: Mark knows you to be his father. I discovered to him the secret before he left me, and the intelligence seemed to overwhelm him. Roland, assist me in ascertaining where he has fled. You have sight, you have strength and energy—oh! how I need them all now!"

"Advertise in the papers," said Hartley, turning away and walking to the window.

"That will be useless. If he should see the advertisement he will not heed it. I must find him—I will draw him home by force—I must, I

will have my son," she continued, raising her voice. "Is he not all to me?—more than riches, and even good fame in this world? Oh! villany, cruelty, shall not deprive me of my child. Haste, then; let us fly to him before madness be his portion, or death overtake him. I grow frantic without him; every moment lost seems an age of agony, and wrings a drop of blood from my heart. Roland! come—Roland Hartley! I say, let us search for our child!"

"Flora, this is folly. To tell you the truth, I cannot mix myself up with this affair. If the lad has left you, and refuses to return, I cannot help it; and if you are resolved on finding him, you must seek him yourself, for I shall take no steps in the matter. Understand this distinctly. Now, you had better leave my office."

The calm cold words of Hartley were as swords piercing the heart of the bereaved mother. Oh! the bitter pang that wrings the soul when, in our wretchedness, we seek for support and sympathy, and find none! The heart recoils upon itself, and our loneliness is doubly lonely. The blind woman hung upon the arm of him who had betrayed her in younger years. She called upon him mildly, pathetically, to hear her, by her sorrows, by her blindness, caused through weeping for him; but he remained deaf to her entreaties. Her prayers were breathed more passionately, and her gestures became more vehement; then, as the mother's impatience and agony momently increased, Hartley, wearied by her appeals, thrust her rudely and forcibly from him.

The pride of the woman for an instant returned; she stood at a short distance, and drew herself up. Raising her hand, she spoke in a deep and measured accent:

"Roland Hartley, I loved you once, and believed your affection for me was not feigned, was not all a lie. You have destroyed my happiness in this world and that which is to come. I ask you now only a small favour—to search for our child—and I am refused. What have I then left but to pour my malediction on the false lover and unnatural father? Take then the curse of the wronged and the broken-hearted woman; and may it cling to thy soul like a canker and a leprosy; may it ring in thine ears like the knell of dead Happiness by night and day. Roland Hartley, man of iron and cruelty——"

She lifted her sightless orbs to heaven, and seemed preparing to speak, but words would not flow. Some revulsion of feeling suddenly took place within her bosom—the rigidity of her features relaxed, and a softness stole over her thin cadaverous face. Recollections of past years, and sympathies long dormant, woke to life; her old and ill-starred love, the cause of her ruin and all her woe, came back, like a revived dream, upon her soul, and Flora Arundel could not curse the worshipped one of her youth, the father of her child.

Her head drooped, her arms fell by her sides, and, the next minute, subdued and comparatively calm, she knelt on the floor.

"Oh, God! whose laws I have broken, pardon me, and forgive this man! Thy unhappy servant will curse no one; let me bear my heavy load—the burden of my misery—alone!"

Mrs. Flemming arose from her knees, and, turning from Hartley, instinctively passed towards the door. She called the child who stood outside on the stairs, and then the blind woman, with her little guide, silently pursued her way from the precincts of the Temple.

Chapter IX.

THE DEATH-STRUGGLE IN HYDE PARK.

"I have you again—I clasp you again—I call you mine again—my loved one, my joy, my more than life! I reck not blindness now, for you are the sun of my soul; I defy sorrow and pain now, for you will comfort me!"

Thus spoke the mother, as she strained her son in her arms. Flemming had returned after the absence of a fortnight: and why had he deserted his parent? For the first time she had informed him he was base-born, for hitherto Flemming had imagined his father died when he was an infant. Remarkably sensitive and keenly alive to all that the world considers dishonour, his mother's position, and the blot on her name, affected him powerfully. His first feelings towards her were indignation and shame, amounting almost to abhorrence; and, in this frame of mind, he fled from the unfortunate woman, resolving never to behold her again. But Nature's pleadings were soon heard; the thought of her unprotected situation, her wrongs, and her sorrows, melted down the iron of pride, while filial love urged him back to her whom his heart clung to, in spite of the past, with a strength of affection exceeded only by her own.

"Then you forgive me," said Flemming. "The feelings I entertained I acknowledge to be unjust and wrong. You are to be pitied, my dear mother, not condemned."

"I have no forgiveness to grant, my son; I feel only gratitude to Heaven. I have nothing but love to pour upon you."

"But on one," pursued Flemming—"on one man must justice, the bolt of vengeance fall. Too long, too long, have your wrongs been unredressed."

The mother could not behold the working features and the clenched hand of him who spoke: and well it was so. Had she known all which burned in that bosom—the hatred cherished for Hartley, the determination to obtain revenge, her nature had shrunk, and all her recent anxiety for the fate of her child would have been renewed.

Days passed. Flemming had called several times on Hartley in the Temple since his mother's visit; but after two or three interviews, Hartley, annoyed and wearied, would see him no more. The hunchback, persevering in his calls, the Templar employed one of the porters to prevent the youth's entrance at the door; and finally the police took him into custody, and he was cautioned never again to repeat his offence on pain of imprisonment.

Flemming was doggedly obstinate. He would not bend from his purpose, or relinquish the idea of obtaining justice for his mother. Since he could not gain access to his father's chambers, he would watch him in his walks.

Hartley's solitary habits frequently led him to the suburbs of London, and one of his favourite rambles was in Hyde Park. It was about ten o'clock in the evening, when, returning from Kensington-gardens, he crossed the park in the direction of the Piccadilly entrance. The moon, in her first quarter, hung over the clumps of trees, the tops of which were faintly silvered, while all below was black massy shade. It was

profoundly still, but the air was cold, the latter circumstance having caused loiterers and pedestrians to return to their homes. Hartley passed near the Serpentine river, the crisp wavelets of which glittered at intervals as the moon-rays fell obliquely on them. The stream thus doubly answered to its name, for it wound its sinuous course, and shone also, like a serpent trailing his scaly length through the green grass.

At a short distance on his right Hartley perceived a dark spot close by the water. It moved, and he imagined it to be a dog. As the path, however, conducted him nearer, he discovered the figure to be that of a human being. The man was sitting on the ground coiled up in the form of a ball; but now, as it were, he unrolled himself and sprang upon his feet. In the short deformed body, and long legs, Hartley at once recognised Mark Flemming.

The hunchback placed himself in front of the solitary walker; his eyes glared beneath the black mass of his uncombed hair, and his white face shone yet more white in the faint and sickly rays of the moon. Hartley, at the unexpected appearance of him who had recently watched his movements and harassed him in no small degree, drew involuntarily backward. Flemming did not move, and the other, recovering from his surprise, was about to proceed without speaking.

"No," said Flemming, "you will not escape me. I have not followed you from your chambers and waited here two hours for nothing. Mr. Hartley, my father, we must now come to an understanding with each other."

"Boy, my answer is the answer I have returned before. I will have nothing to do with you. Being of age, you possess no claim on me. Gain a livelihood in the world in any way you choose, and torment me no more."

"Not for myself do I plead: the son has no personal favour to ask of his father; I only demand again, and, if it be not granted, I must continue to demand it while I have breath—justice for my mother!"

"Folly! you know not what you ask—I cannot listen to you—out of my way!"

"Not yet: by Him who framed thee and me, and beholds us now, thou shalt hear me! Look at me, my father! Have I not sufficient to bear in this blighted misshapen body? Am I not the scorn and ridicule of my fellows? My calamity weighs down my soul, and bids me think death would be a blessing. Now, in addition, I have the knowledge of my being base-born—a thing thrust out from the pale of law and society. I cannot lift my head for shame—I am stricken to the dust—the ineradicable spot clinging to my name for ever. Who has done this?—thou: what has caused my deep degradation?—thy falsehood to my mother: art thou not, then, instead of a father, my blackest foe? Yet I forgive thee on one condition—be just and honourable at last; it is not even now too late: fulfil thy early vows—restore to thy victim an honest name before she dies—be true to thy promise, though it be at the eleventh hour."

"Dreamer and fool!" interrupted Hartley, "I understand not your senseless babble—I can remain listening to you no longer."

"Father! cried Flemming, seizing him by the arm, "justice to my mother—keep your oaths—wipe from her name the foul stain—wed her, and then permit her to die in peace."

Hartley laughed aloud.

"Bitter mocker! cruel betrayer! her misery and her blindness have a double claim upon you."

"Your utter ignorance, boy, makes me laugh. Know you so little of the world as to believe it possible for me to marry your mother? She does not, and never did belong to the class of society entitling her to become my wife."

"Then why did you tender her vows of honourable attachment?"

"Pshaw! that is the young man's common practice. He vows, prays, and promises, of course, but it is understood that his words mean nothing. He forgets them afterwards. 'Tis the way of the world—'tis human nature."

Flemming was goaded to frenzy by these light bantering words. "I have been guilty," he cried; "my deeds have been black enough, yet I had no intention to embitter by dishonour the life of her I rashly loved. Heaven be praised! she is taintless, restored to her father again, and free for ever from my polluting touch. But your cruelty and falsehood were pursued on system; your villany has never been repented of; and now, even when an opportunity offers to repair the past, you refuse to do it."

"Yes, I refuse; and, in addition to this," continued Hartley, "know, wretched and insolent boy! that I never loved your mother."

"Never loved her! after all that passed? Oh! villany on villany!"

"Ay, and as much as I loathe you, vile piece of deformity! I now detest her. Away! I cast you both from me; I renounce all connexion with you; and here I command you never to cross my path again!"

"Cross your path?" cried Flemming, fiercely detaining Hartley as the latter was about to proceed—"I will never cease to do it. I scorn your commands, I laugh at your threats. I will pursue you through life. Thou shalt be an Orestes followed by the Furies, for thou art worse than he. Where thou art, there shalt thou behold me—thy haunter, thy demon. And never will my efforts cease. Can my task be completed until I gain redress and vengeance for my mother's wrongs?"

As these words were spoken vehemently, the countenance of Hartley underwent a fearful change. Difficult to be moved from his wonted cold collectedness and stoical hardness, when his passions *were* aroused, he lost all command of himself; his rage completely metamorphosed his nature. It was not with him an honest storm, which blusters and blows itself to rest; it was the fearful tornado which succeeds the calm, and brings with it the lightnings which shiver and consume. Hartley fixed his eyes on the youth with fiery malignity; his overhanging brow was contracted into thick lines; his thin lips, drawn back, showed distinctly his white dazzling teeth; and his throat swelled like the throat of the constrictor when about to spring on its prey.

"Thou *wilt* cross me, thou sayest; thou wilt not cease to follow and torment me. And is my peace to be broken by a thing like thee?"

"Yes, a thing like me!—a miserable, creeping reptile, like me, who am, nevertheless, thy son."

"What matters?" said Hartley, as though speaking to himself; "if a part of me, I have a greater right to cast it from me, and to quench its energies when it embitters my own existence. Whether it sleep now or thirty years hence, it can make little difference."

As he ground these words through his teeth, rather than spoke, Hart-

ley continued to drag Flemming nearer to the Serpentine. The latter, half comprehending the meaning of the action, struggled in his grasp. The hunchback was vigorous, but in the iron gripe of the athletic Hartley he seemed a mere child.

"Would you murder me?" cried Flemming—"would you kill your son?"

"Send thee to slumber, unhappy being, only a little while before thy natural time."

The bank sloped away to the edge of the water, which in that place was of an unusual depth. The air was still; the moon had sunk behind the trees, and there was no human being, besides these two, in that part of the park. All favoured the unnatural father's design. Down towards the water they still went reeling. With a violent effort, Hartley bound Flemming's arms together, and, thus manacled, he would be unable to swim. The margin of the bank crumbled beneath their feet—would the murderer relent?

Night! draw thy veil over the scene. Humanity! hide from Virtue's eye the spectacle of cruelty and horror. When will the spirit of Cain cease to walk the earth, and the demons be chained in their adamantine caves, to stir up no more to madness the hearts of men?

"My mother! my mother!" were the last words that gurgled over the water; then quietness fell around. The stars shone placidly on high, the little waves crept on with faintest murmurs, and the flowers on the bank drank the night-dews with their odorous lips. Nature changed not in her aspect of peace and beauty, but all things continued to smile, as if no soul that instant had been disunited from its fleshly bonds, and sent from life and light into the dark unknown.

Chapter X.

THE PAUPER FUNERAL—THE PROSPECTS OF HESTER BRIGHTEN.

The truth was not discovered. A person was found drowned in the Serpentine—an event of very frequent occurrence in connexion with that suburban river. All marks of violence being absent, and the man's arms having been bound with a handkerchief bearing initials which afterwards proved to be those of his own name, the case was considered one of desperate self-destruction, and a verdict at the coroner's inquest was returned accordingly.

She who might have guessed the perpetrator of the deed was unable to give her testimony or state her convictions to the world. The recognition of the lifeless Flemming, who lay at the workhouse to be claimed by his friends, proved a shock too great for the already enfeebled mother. There are cords of the heart which anguish can literally strain and break; there is a grief that *can* kill. The parent died on the body of her child.

A pauper funeral—the two victims at least received this last acknowledgment of humanity from their fellow-creatures. A few boards hastily nailed together; a hurrying away of the deceased on the shoulders of men who, being allowed no "dram," do their work sulkily; no one to follow, no one to drop a tear over remains so mean and despised; a thrusting of the coffins into shallow holes, rather than pits, in one corner of the crowded parish grave-yard; no stone, no raised turf to mark the spot, but

a trampling and beating down to make the place level with the surrounding soil, so that new comers may be piled upon the last without suspicion —such is a pauper's funeral!

Well may we sigh to muse on thy lot, Flora Arundel!—to think of thy youth's spring, thy beauty, thy loving heart, thy betrayal and desertion, thy anxious character as a toiling mother, thy poverty, thy bereavement, and thy pauper's grave at last! Sad destiny of God's created! Oh! Heaven, the eternal fount of justice, if another world did not await us, where the sufferers of earth shall be comforted and receive their good things, how might we reconcile the acts of Providence with the laws of equity and the attributes of mercy?

Time passed, and the tragic occurrence began to be less thought of by Mr. Somerset and his daughter, for these two alone it affected. The prospects of Hester daily brightened in her school near Doctors' Commons. The young mistress was universally liked, and her pupils became so numerous that the task of superintending them was one of close application and unremitted exertion. Julie, the turnkey's daughter, never failed to assist her every day in the more laborious portions of her duties. Hester, however, wished her to relinquish these menial offices, but the girl, in her humility and anxiety to be useful, would not abandon her accustomed tasks; yes, her pride and happiness seemed to consist in being considered Hester's servant; her intense love and devotion were tempered by a meek spirit of distant respect, and this mingled sentiment, while it urged her to embrace one towards whom her heart so yearned, imposed on her silence, and prompted reserve.

The income which Hester derived from her pupils, forty in number, amounted to about 120*l.* a year. Of this she saved more than one half. Should she be able to maintain her present position, the happy calculator, the clever and thrifty financier, considered that in five years she should have accumulated the sum desired. Already had she laboured six years, but the fruits of her toil, at that moment, amounted to no more than forty pounds.

Brighter skies now spread above her, and richer harvests seemed to wave at her feet. "Five years"—how often Hester whispered these words to herself!—five short years, and the necessary sum would be in her hands; then Hartley's schemes would be baffled, and his malignity defied, for her father would be free! "Five short years"—had any one at the still hour of night hung over her couch, her lips in sleep might have been heard breathing these words. She dreamed of money, of bills of exchange, of saving pound after pound for one holy purpose. The once reckless, frolicsome girl of Brookland Hall had been converted into a plodding merchant, an anxious accumulator of that sordid dust—gold and silver. So her fingers, in her dreams, would move quickly, as if in the act of counting; then the words, "Lawyers, Insolvent Court, Debtors' Prison," would follow at intervals, being always succeeded by the "five short years—free! free!"—while smiles would steal across her face, and tears of the heart's full rapture well from beneath the snowy lids, which lay so tranquilly on her sleeping cheek.

Thus the daughter of the poor debtor in the Fleet continued to press on towards the goal of her desires. Beautiful dream of affection! bright hopes of coming joy! and must they, too, be scattered and dissolved?

THE GRIFFINS IN SWITZERLAND.

Chapter VIII.

MISS SMITH CONTINUES HER ADVENTURES.

"Marteeny. July 16. 1851.

Dear mrs. larkins

"nobody nose when they travvle whots the End of there Tother. we may phansy weve eggsauceted our Feelins of Terrer when once weve seen a Navvy lunch or herd the Rore of halpin torrings but no sech Thing nater is perpettly inventing of New Sirprizes and Fresh Orrers. Them as lives on Plane ground mrs Larkins which they may bless there Stars for it can have No consepshn of whot a mounting Regium is nor whots the Dangers. Wages is no considerashn and Twice the emount woodent have Temted Me with tee and shugger found and Follyers aloud and misseses wardrub when Past waring which the Jooze bates you down to the Last Penny for no munney Wouldent have Dun It.

" The fust Thing as evryboddy Does jentel or Simpel at Shammooney Is To Go Up to the mare de glass which it isnt Made of glass but Hice with Dredfle Splitts yorning to Devour and rivvers out of Site running at there Bottoms. mister Dolfus wishing to Exorcise his Limms perferred his feat to mewls which miss grace and master and Me Road upon the pashent Creetars and misses in a shayseyporter with a man strapped To each End like a Bedd without Leggs only Youre close is kep On. There was a gide to evry Mewl and well there mite Be for going Up the side of a nouse is nuthen to the mounting Vir and How to keep On the saddel if it wasnt for Pummils and Mains and the gides Frenly Hans no jokky coodnt Do it let alone terrefide feemles. The rode as we follered Was no Rode at All but oanly a sort of jaycubs Ladder with short turns which It sent my Hart into my mouth evry Step we Took expectin Necks Minnit to Behold my latter End butt provedings diverted That. The flox of gotes as you See mrs larkins in these Parts is quite unaccountable. hunderds On hunderds they Are which a boy drives them By hisself and nose His voice and has bels on there nex and Eats out of peeples Hans. harf Way up the mounting we stopt For a Rest mister dolfus being Blone and miseses barers wanting a Drop of sumthin Short to cumfurt there in Sides which master stood treet all Round out of the Switch gals bottles and deer Enuff he Pade them Switch gals being the greedest of Kites and Nevver content. They offerd me sum of there Sower strawbreys but no mamsell ses i frute Dont agree with my emty Stummick ant Alley voos on if you Pleese till i arsks you which Wont be Soon. after talling along for more then To ours we reeched the Top ware we cum to a pevillium which You neednt Go For to sepose is like the brighting pevillium but all Together differing Being a retched Ole not fit for chrisehuns let Alone george the Foorth which he lived In when prins region. Of all the sites mrs larkins as Evver was Seed the mare de Glass is the most Wunderflest sum peepel cumpairs It to the Ragin see when suddingly Friz but i should say It was mountings of shugger Loves broken Up for the Jyants to have their Tees which its Hard and Lumpy and as i sed all full of Splitts a thowsing foot Deep and no Botton then.

Well nuthen wood Sattisfy our party but We must git Upon It and a pretty scrammel we Hadd to reech the Hedge of the glasher which master Fell down when he got there and Roled Evver so Fur being Fatt on his back and lucky enuff no crevvisses in the way or Els good By to master for them as Tumbles Down there nevver returns no Moor to the lite of day but Lays a Mangled corpus which It makes one all Goos flesh to think Of. It was jest like Catts in warnut shells trying to wauk upon the glasher and if my gide a tall and a nansum mann which His Name was Jack hadnt clasped me Round the Waste ware i shood have Been at Pressant is not to be Named for theres No saying what one does when Once one Begins to Slip. Jack was verry plite to Me and handied me sum Hiced water which it flowd From a rivverlet on the glasher in a lether cup shapt like a scotch bonnit but no Tarting nor Tossles and Goes into the weskit Pockit. He told me that evver so fur Up this glasher which its Origen is monblong in the middle of the Everlasting Pikes is a garding full of Flours with roses and dendrums all a growin a blowen as the men with Baskits on there Hedds crys in the streats of lunden the hole yere Round and mister dolfus after Riting sum vurses on the englishmins Stoan Which peecok and windum was there Names* and Founded the vally of shammooney in the middle of the Last Sentry Left us to Git Back how we Mite and set Off with his gide to Sea. But what He Did is all Reddy in the times noose paper and black as a Cole was his face and coodent so much as Shet his ies from the Rarey Fraction of the Hare and showtin hisself Horse on the top of monblong when back He came with the Merrykin gent and count cannon Ball which shows a sneekin detachment For miss grace and give me a pressent no Later than yesterday of a Shammy cut out of Wood with black ies and Twisting Orns the Himmage of nater and cost a Matter of thirty Bats or five and thrippuns mrs larkins of our munney. How we got Down from the mounting Vir is moor than i can tell You but a Mercy it Was that i wasnt Pitcht Into a croo over the mewls Hedd which the Fathful annimle kep his leggs thow nigh down owin To a roling stoan whereby he mist his Foot In. Before i takes my leaf of shammooney i must Tell you That the Livvin isnt bad at the hoe Tells and the verry last day as we dined there a Pooden cum in at the tabble ware the count and miss grace Set which it was ornymented with a hart in Redd gelly in a wite boarder and to Harrers stuck a Cross the emblum of Troo Luv with flours in gelly sprincled all Over it the Switch being Grate confekshiners and quite ekal to gunters what That menes mrs larkins josuph rogers may gess but i shant Tell. As our root wasnt to be backerd there was moor Mewlwerk when mister Dolfus got hisself agen and the count *hapning to be Going our Way* which i dont believe it for 1 we started for the vally of the roan

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* We presume that the verses alluded to by Miss Smith are the following, which are to be seen amongst other facetious matter in the Album of the Pavilion on the Montanvert, as they bear the signature of "A. G.," and are dated "July 10th, 1851."

LINES ON THE "PIERRE DES ANGLAIS," NEAR THE MER DE GLACE.

First like a roe came proud Pocock,
Him follow'd swiftly Windham;
And when they reach'd this massive rock,
—They sat 'em down—and grinn'd 'em!

misses riding 2. We past evver so menny Moor glashers and then Turnd Up i cant say ware into the most dredflest Dismle vally as evver was and not a Sole to be Seen but ourselves till we Come To the villidge of valentine and orson ware the rivver runs as Black as Ink and riggles and isses like a Cerpent and fomes at the Rox in the spiteflest way like a crischun. The moor narrer the rode was the moor Our Party seamed To Like It but i cant say I was of thare opinion it was Badd enuff when we was Down at the Bottom but when the mewls was Maid to clime Up agen my Hedd quite turnd It Did and if the gide which the memry of jack i shall bless in my prares haddent held Me Tite over the pressypus i shood have Dropt and my Pore carkus wood have regaled the bares and Vulters and no toom Stoan to Mark the spot ware i perrisht. This place is cauld the Tate Gnaw which it means black hedd and So it May mrs larkins for no chimley Sweap cood be Blacker and the frite i was in when the fur trees came shootin down from the Hites and pitching there selves into the rivver rite over the Rode as we cum Along set me Pretty nigh into fitts. It was gittin dark to and what with fears of Sperrits and Robbers how i set On my mewl is oanly noan to providings and Jack. Its all verry well Travlin in this Fashn and sayin Its Romantic and the quallaty may Like it but between you and me mrs larkins ime sick of mountings give me regent Streat and Plenty of peeple In It thats what i say. We did git to our jerneys End at Last and stopt that nite at the anshent hoetel de Treeon which a cow House is splendid in comeparryson and ware the count and mister dolphus Slep is Past Beleevin with cox and henns in the same Room and me and miss grace necks too em and master and misses on the grown Flore with the beems of the sealing so Low that master's Hedd was all Black and Blew With Bumps next morning as Big as pomdetares and my Bedd so hy which i scrope the Skin of my back agen the rafters as i scrambled Up in the dark And lay tremblin all Nite expectin my throte to Be Cutt or Somethin werse. Glad enuff we wos to Rise when it was lite tho such a Thing as a lookin Glass wasnt to be Had to dress our Hares In and the figgers we Must have been if the Count hadnt sent miss grace his pockit mirrer with His Best compts isnt to Be exprest. Master was So Stiff with Riding that it was as Much as fore men cood Do to lift him On his mewl agen but thanks to goodness we got a Way at last and then we went zig zaggin up Another mounting moor Steaper than any wead bean and crost the Coll de Four claws and come to a Pleese stashn ware our passpots was over Halled and one frong was Pade for the Lott the Switch pleesman not Being Abel to Reed riting. The rest of the way was all Down hill till we Got to marteeny and pleased enuff i was to find my Self once moor on the Flatt. Here we are now at the sine of the Swan which a better brekfist and sivler waters i never met and what were to Doo nex i dont No but master and misses torks of keepin on the levvle and going round to burn and tune wile miss Grace and mister Dolfus and the count and praps me crosses Over the gamey pass and meet them there. But Lomm pro pose a Dew dis Pose as the French say and what we does youll hear of from your well wisher

"ANNA MARIA
SMITH."

CHAPTER IX.

MR. SWYMFEN GRIFFIN'S OBSERVATIONS ON SWISS COOKERY, AND OTHER LOCAL MATTERS.

WE are not quite sure whether the accompanying "observations" were intended for publication, but as everybody in these times aims at authorship, we trust Mr. Swymfen Griffin will not be displeased to find that we have made his "Mems" available for the purpose of illustrating the family tour.

"Trois Couronnes, Vevay, July 18, 1851.

"Exercise is good for digestion; but too much exercise takes away the appetite and makes digestion a dead letter. It is better, therefore, to use moderate exercise, and thus fulfil one of the great duties a man owes to himself—the capability to eat his dinner. It is on this account that I have declined any more rough work among the mountains, and sent the young people their way while I take mine.

"This is a capital hotel—the best I've yet seen in Switzerland. I was right, I'm sure, in coming down the valley. Mountain scenery fills the eye, but keeps the stomach empty; and nobody can enjoy travelling when that's the case: at least, I can't. Look at that place at Trient a couple of nights ago! What did I get for supper there, I should like to know? Kid-chops and crawfish! They might as well have given me kid-gloves and scorpions! There aren't two such humbugs in the world —in the cookery line—as kid and crawfish. Kid has *no* taste in it: I defy any man to tell me what it's like. 'Tisn't mutton, nor veal, nor venison, nor anything that's eatable. I should be inclined to class it with cat—only I never ate one—but give me my choice between kid and kitten, and *my* fork goes into the little one! What annoys me more than all is their calling it *chevreuil*, as if *that* sauce would make it go down! Then, look at crawfish. What are they? Where's there anything of 'em? What do you do when you take one up to eat it? Why, throw it back again into the dish in disgust, as a fisherman throws away a dab when he expected a dory. They're nothing but horns and prongs—all shell—no satisfaction in 'em at all. I've seen 'em a foot long in Belgium, bigger than lobsters; and—I don't mind saying it *here*—I've cried over 'em when I found they *weren't* lobsters. But what can you expect of such amphibious reptiles, that live in ditches all their lives, that can't swim and are afraid to sink!

"There's only one drawback against inland travelling, and that's the want of sea-fish. Here, for instance, there's neither turbot nor salmon to be had for love or money. To be sure they have lake-trout, which isn't at all a bad thing in its way. We had one to day that must have weighed thirty pounds when it was in the water, flesh firm, colour a pale pinkish white, flavour delicious. I'm no enemy to trout in general— that's to say, in mountainous countries; in some parts of the Pyrenees they're excellent; flaky little fellows, about five inches long, colour of lead, with red spots on the back; much the same, as well as I remember, as those you get at Berne—where I hope to fall in with 'em again.

"The *table d'hôtes* in Switzerland are better now than they used to be

twenty years ago. At that time there was only one good hotel in Geneva, now there are half a dozen. One can't try 'em all at one visit; but where we stopped the other day, the Ecu de Genève, I should have no objection to go back to. There's one thing you see everywhere, now,—and very good it is in its way—that's patties; not French *vol-au-vents*, mere puff-crust and cockscombs, but something to eat in 'em, well-seasoned and full of gravy,—things that melt in your mouth and leave a relish behind. They've a capital custom, if you've a *diner à part*—say there are four of you; they always bring five patties; so I—that is—somebody gets one over.

"The wine isn't any great things, but you get to like it after a time, and there's one thing you may safely do: drink as much as you like, it won't get into your head. I don't recommend either Burgundy or Bordeaux—both very dear and seldom good; to be sure I had a capital bottle of Medoc at that cowshed at Trient, where they gave us the kid-chops; but that was an exception. The rule in most countries is to drink the *vin du pays*. Don't do it in Switzerland, except you're at this end of the Lake of Geneva, where the grapes have a chance. Try 'La Vaux' at Lausanne, and 'Yvorne' everywhere else, then you'll do. What they call 'wine' in the Alps is *iodide of iron with a rough edge extra.* I've told Dolly to make notes on this head where he's gone now; he can stand it—he once went through a course of Brighton port, and survived it.

"If a man wants to eat a good breakfast he must sleep well. Now the Swiss beds are not exactly bad, but they've one peculiarity: the palliasses are all stuffed with Indian corn—not the grain, that's understood, but the leaves. One doesn't so much mind the crackling and rustling about one's ears, as if one was an elephant rushing through a cane-brake, but it's the hole you make when you settle down. There you are for the night—good or bad—visitors or no visitors. If you're sleepy it don't much matter, but if you're not, say your prayers,—*I* say no more,—and when you get up in the morning, if you haven't an appetite, set it down to depletion. You may get a good breakfast in Switzerland, or you may not. Eggs are tolerably safe everywhere, but cutlets are *selon;* the higher you get above the level of the sea the worse they are: it's a rule here to measure your mutton by your barometer—taking the Southdown as the lowest point of elevation instead of the sea-level. The honey is tempting, and, I dare say, good in its way; but as an article of food it's only fit for bears and women. Never drink tea in Switzerland. Indeed, you can't, any more than in London; for what they call tea is only chips and stalks of rhododendron; and, besides—this is a fact,—*water won't boil in Switzerland:* too much snow in it, I suppose. Take *café au lait* instead; 'tisn't so fine as in France; that is, they don't roast the coffee so well; but the milk's good, and they contrive to make *that* hot."

"Freyburg, July 20th.

"Hired a *voiturier* at Vevay, meaning to get here last night; but, as good luck would have it, one of the horses went lame, which obliged us to stop at Bulle, *in the Gruyère country,* about half-way. Stiff hill to begin with; but after that, road pleasant enough, and country fertile and well-cultivated, with plenty of cattle, not too high up, but *get-at-able,*

symptomatic of *beef.* This canton belongs to the Jesuits. If these gentlemen do any harm here 'tisn't externally: everybody seems to be well fed and well to do. The only thing I object to is the way they get rid of their smoke. Instead of building regular chimneys, they make a hole in the wall close to the window, and let it out through a pipe; the consequence is, that when the door is open—and it's never shut—the smoke drives back again that way. Didn't hear any of that humbug called 'The Ranz des Vaches;' if the Swiss really *did* call their cows home with those long horns and strangulated noises, I should have a respect for 'em, but it's only done for batz—a sort of licensed highway robbery.

"I'd never heard of Bulle before, and when the driver said he couldn't get on any further that evening, I was sulky enough, for I knew the living was good at Freyburg, and this place was an experiment. I hate experiments—you're generally *done* when you try 'em, but this was a success. We put up at the 'Cheval Blanc,' and the first place I walked into, thinking it was the *salle à manger*, was a billiard-room. 'Where's the salle à manger?' said I, rather gruffly, to a dapper sort of waiter 'Au troisième, monsieur,' was the reply. 'Where's the kitchen, then?' 'En face, monsieur,—à l'autre côté de la rue.' And so it was: there are two establishments under one;—the cooking's done in one place and the eating in another. I made up my mind for a lukewarm dinner,—the most execrable thing in nature—and giving my arm to Mrs. G., we groped our way up-stairs. Well, we found the *salle à manger*, next door to our bed-room, exemplifying the old French proverb, 'Du lit à la table, de la table au lit,' and sat down grumpy enough. I took up the *carte du vin*, and while I was studying it my eye fell upon the word 'Xeres.' 'So they've got sherry here, Laura,' said I: 'pretty stuff it is, I dare say,—three francs, that's half-a-crown a bottle! I'll try some, just to see how far impudence can be carried.'

"Sooner than I expected, in came the dapper *garçon*, bearing the soup tureen. To my surprise it was smoking hot, and turned out first-rate vermicelli. This put me in a little better humour. 'Quel vin désirez-vous?' asked the waiter. 'What's this?' said I, pointing to the Xeres. 'C'est excellent, monsieur!' was the reply. I laughed in my sleeve, and told him to bring a bottle. He was back in the twinkling of an eye—out came the cork, and our glasses were filled. I raised mine to my lips, tasted the wine, and fell back in my chair. Mrs. G. jumped up, thinking I had a stroke of apoplexy. 'God bless me!' she exclaimed, 'what's the matter?' 'The matter?' said I; 'sit down again and drink off that wine: *it's the finest pale sherry I ever tasted in my life!*' And so it was; and I finished a second bottle of it before I left the table. And the dinner, too, was worthy of the wine. Here's the bill of fare—I think I shall send a copy of it to the *Times.* As they've quarrelled with the aldermen, perhaps the editor will be glad of it.

"Soup—vermicelli,—as I said before, capital. Trout,—the purple sort—equal to Luz and Gavarnie—sauce exquisite. Filet de bœuf—full of gravy—hot from the fire—mustard perfect,—real Lyons,—no mistake. Pommes de terre frîtes,—crisp,—tasty—first-rate. Stewed pigeon, with what I call sauce incomparable! Côtelettes de veau aux épinards,—that's the way to dress veal chops—there's no other. Cauliflower and melted butter—bonâ fide melted butter,—not flour and water,—and such *collies!*

Gigot de mouton,—short, brown, succulent, equal to Bagshot! Poulet, tenderness itself,—and salad croquant. As to the almond-pudding and custards, the apple jelly, the cakes and bonbons, and the dessert, I leave them for Mrs. G. to talk about; all I know is that I never ate Gruyère before! And what do you think this dinner cost us? Four francs a head, without the wine. I could have stayed at Bulle for a week—or a month if that was all,—but we have promised to be at Thun by a certain day, and if we are not there when Grace arrives she'll be frightened.

"I asked the waiter how he came to get such sherry? He told me—as if it didn't add to the value of the wine,—that *they* had had it *ten years*, having bought it originally of a Spaniard who was going through the country. How the deuce the fellow got so far with his wine without being stopped is the wonder. I took away a dozen of it in the carriage, and would have taken more if there had been room. All I hope is, that it won't all be gone next year, for *I shall certainly come back to it.*

"A good breakfast at the Zähringer Hotel in this place. They wanted me to go and hear the great organ, for which they charge the moderate sum of eleven francs! 'No! no!' said I, 'thanks to Sib, we've put down the organ nuisance in London; I'm not going to stand it here.'"

"Berne, July 21.

"Dined and slept at the 'Faucon.' Trout as good as ever. House keeps up its old reputation. Hot rolls for breakfast."

Chapter X.

A FEW MORE "IMPRESSIONS DE VOYAGE."

"Baths of Lenk, July 19, 1851.

"Once more, my Isobel," writes Miss Grace Griffin, in the purple morocco depository of her secret thoughts—"once more I am alone with Nature and Thee, though, as our own bard says,

> Here to be lonely is not desolate.

But the solitude I covet has been but scantly accorded to my desires during my mountain pilgrimage, save when the stars have risen and the pale moon gleams upon those 'Sommets resplendissans, au dessus des tempêtes,' in the midst of which I am now a denizen.

"And why have I not been alone so much as I thought to be? Why have my musings by flood and fell been so frequently interrupted? Alas! it is from the old cause. These poor wan features, these tear-dimm'd eyes, this wasted frame,* have once more raised a spell to conjure with. I reck'd not of it,—but it came! The blind archer has once more sped the shaft; it has lighted—not on a 'little western flower,' but, to my grief, in the bosom of Count Adrien de Carambole, a French gentleman, an acquaintance of my brother, and who, with him, recently made the ascent of Mont Blanc, and is now our fellow-traveller.

"I suspected this a few days ago when, crossing the torrent of the Val Orsine, he recklessly threw himself from his mule, and, regardless of his

* From private information, we learn that Miss Grace Griffin is rather plump than otherwise, and we ourselves think she does not reflect her own image so faithfully as her mirror.

bottines, plunged into the waves above his ancles(!) and usurped the office of my guide;—not very efficiently, I grieve to say,—for my animal trod on his toes and compelled him to leave his hold and limp out of the brook in pain and confusion. But what I only suspected *then* is a certainty *now*, for this very evening I have found the following lines—how placed there I know not—on my toilet-table. He has heard me praise Lamartine, and thus he quotes him:

> -Puissions-nous passer sur cette terre
> Comme on voit en automne un couple solitaire
> De cygnes amoureux
> Partir, en s'embrassant, du nid qui les rassemble,
> Et vers les doux climats qu'ils vont chercher ensemble
> S'envoler deux à deux!

"The situation is most embarrassing; we are necessarily thrown very much together, and I dare not breathe a syllable of what I think to Adolphus, for—*étourdi* as he is,—it would lead, I fear, to mortal arbitrement were he to learn that the count is Ferdinand's rival, and profiting by accidental circumstances to pay his court to me. The count's allusion to '*les doux climats*,' is too evident for me to doubt his meaning for an instant, as we have already spoken—after we have crossed the Gemmi—of extending our excursion into Italy,—at least as far as the shores of the Lago Maggiore. But what encouragement has he spied in my behaviour to warrant the simile of the two swans? And to think, too, of what they are supposed to be doing—and the same 'nest' too—this hotel I suppose! It is really very provoking! Instead of flying off '*deux à deux*,' I feel very much disposed to remain *dos-à-dos*. Let me turn from the ungrateful theme to throw a fugitive glance on the track which we have pursued to reach this singular spot.

"After traversing the sublime pass of the *Tête Noire*, whose fearful beauty exceeded my wildest dreams, and resting for the night at the singular *auberge* at Trient—meet haunt for bandits, if bandits were 'in needy Switzerland'—we crossed the Col de Forclaz and descended upon the Valley of the Rhone, the course of the river being traced as far onward as the castled heights of Sion. The obsequious count was ever at my side, and descanted eloquently on the sweet scenery through which we passed, whose rich luxuriance of cultivation, with its picturesque cottages overgrown with vines and shaded by secular chestnut and walnut-trees, with its bubbling founts, its teeming orchards, and perfume breathing meadows, might well tempt the wayfarer to cast aside his staff and wallet, and exclaim, 'Here will I set up my rest!' But Ferdinand, where was he, without whose presence Nature smiles in vain! A wanderer—I may almost say an outcast—concealing his very name—that noble name—beneath the vulgar mask of 'Jones.' At the base of this exquisite slope we crossed the foaming Dranse where it rushes from the Pennine Alps to join the mightier Rhone. 'What a splendid gorge!' I exclaimed to Adolphus, pointing to the opening of the Valley of the Fort St. Bernard. 'Very, Grace,' was his unfeeling reply,—'it's perfectly *gorgeous*.' I very nearly fell from my mule!

"At Martigny, after a brief halt to enable us to visit the glorious fall of Sallenches, our party of six divided. Papa and mamma, who suffered a good deal from the roughness of the roads and the nature of their

montures, decided upon going round by way of Berne and Thun, at which last place my brother and I, the count and Smith, who goes with us, but who it strikes me would fain have taken the other route, are to join them in a few days.

"It was a singular sensation travelling along that extensive plain which reaches from Martigny to Sierres, after having been accustomed for so many days to scale the loftiest elevations and look without shuddering over fathomless precipices. Adolphus, in his jocose way, declared that he could not find his level, and compared the effect to that which mariners feel when after a long voyage they first go ashore. He had not, he said, got his land legs. However, there was no occasion to use them, for one day's journey at least, as—having dismissed our muleteers—we now travelled in a carriage.

"After the excitement of mountain toil, this manner of journeying would have seemed as tame and uninteresting as a private concert in a friend's drawing-room after the crushing sensations evoked the night before by Garcia or Grisi—but for the constant presence of the lofty Alps on either hand, assuring us that adventure was there to reward whoever made the daring attempt to invade their solitary frontier. We had heard much of a wild valley which ascends towards the Col de Verbiers, not far from the small town of Riddes, where there exists a colony of those wretched and singular people, the Cretins, who occupy a whole village to themselves, called Isérable. Report says of them that they live and feed —in large families—in common; that they eat out of huge troughs like swine, which they afterwards clean out with their elbows; and that they are indeed little better than the brutes whose habits they emulate. Count Carambole, who is travelling—he says—in pursuit of knowledge, probably under difficulties, mentioned these facts, suggesting a visit; but I confess I had no desire to see human nature in so degraded a condition, and Adolphus fortunately came to the rescue, observing that the proper name for the village where these poor wretches lived ought to be *Misérable*, and that after we had passed through *Riddes* it was as well to get *rid* of the Cretins altogether. I pardoned the vileness of his puns, as they put an end to the question of paying a visit to the place. The Cretins, however, are not confined to the side valleys, but force themselves upon the eye in all the towns through which you pass in the Vallais, and market-day at Sion exhibited them by dozens.

"But if the market was a drawback in this respect, it afforded me an opportunity of sketching some of the picturesque dresses of the canton, though, I grieve to say, that very little costume was visible. Papa, who travelled through Switzerland twenty years ago, had prepared me for something characteristic in the dress of the peasantry at every turn; but it is everywhere on the wane. In my opinion, French bonnets have caused this revolution, as French opinions cause every other. The eagerness, indeed, to obtain any foreign novelty was strikingly exemplified in my own case this very morning, at the hotel in this remote valley where we are now staying.

"Yesterday, at dinner, I wore—you know it, my Isobel—*that* black satin polka trimmed with lace, which is so well adjusted to my shape, and descends below my waist. It has always been thought becoming—if I *must* dwell on these idle vanities—and, in addition to certain approving

glances on the part of Count Carambole, I noticed that a female attendant who waited at table continued to eye me with a very curious air. This, however, made no particular impression on me; and I should have forgotten the circumstance altogether, if I had not been startled from my slumbers this morning by a loud knocking at my chamber door, followed, when I replied to the summons, by an earnest inquiry to know if the lady who wore the black satin polka at dinner the day before did not sleep in that room. I answered in the affirmative, for the garment was hanging before me *en evidence*, reminding me of the fact; on which the voice at the door requested permission to enter, and the request being granted, in came the person I have already mentioned, who, it seems, besides waiting at table, is the principal *couturière* at the baths of Leuk.

" 'Ah, Madame!' she exclaimed, 'me sera-t-il permise de vous demander une grace? Vous avez porté un bien joli polka hier—et, le voilà. Non, jamais de ma vie je n'ai rien vu de si gracieux, de si charmant! Ca vous prend la taille comme la peau. J'ai remarqué tous les polkas de toutes les dames qui sont arrivées de Paris, mais pas une seule, je vous donne ma parole d'honneur, n'ait porté une robe qui allait si bien que la vôtre. Est-ce que j'ose, Madame, vous demander la permission d'en faire une copie? Je ferai le patron dans moins d'un quart d'heure; et je vous demanderai encore la permission de l'appeller, de le baptiser en effet, par votre nom!'

" I could not forbear smiling at the urgency of this solicitation, but its very urgency was a reason for my granting the permission required, and at this hour, it is most probable, my Isobel, that all the *belles* in the valley of the Dala attire themselves in a polka *à la Grace Griffin!*

" Here is fame enough for a Frenchwoman's whole existence; but I—I—have nothing to ask of Fame! Tears, my Isobel, unavailing tears are the sole portion of your faithful friend.

" Reverting for a moment to the costume of the Vallais, I must say I think it very picturesque. Black is the prevailing colour, very much *brodé en or* about the stomacher, which is *très serrée*, and the head-dress set out wide on pins, like the Italian *spille*, is very graceful, and from it falls a profusion of rich ribbons of every hue, which stream over the shoulders. I do not disguise from myself my impression respecting it—and so Count Carambole said, and, after all, he *has* taste—that I should look very well in it at a fancy ball.

" Our day's journey to Martigny terminated at Sierres, for the threatening appearance of the weather counselled us to halt, and we had scarcely entered our hostelry, the Sun—which, beneath the solar emblem, bears on the signboard the quaint inscription, in old German, 'Alle hier bei dem Sonnen'—before the storm came on. I was withdrawn from my chamber window, where I had placed myself to listen to its wild ravings, by a summons from my brother to descend to supper. Alas! that our frail condition should require such aids! but I am bound to admit that our pretty, neat, little hostess had done everything to render the viands agreeable, and the amber-coloured Malvoisie, which is grown here in great perfection, may be praised even by a lady.

" A night of calm and passive forgetfulness succeeded to many turbulent vigils, and I awoke on the following morning greatly refreshed by

the unusual rest. Adolphus came to my room and conducted me down stairs. I was about to enter the *salon* where we had supped, but my brother, in his peculiar phraseology, prevented me.

" 'No, no!' said he, 'don't go in there. I was going just this minute; but, bless you, it's full of *gals*. Just as I came up to the door, I saw a petticoat looking after a pair of boots, and there they were, six pairs of ladies' boots at the door, guarding the pass. After our supper last night a large family came in: they hadn't bedrooms enough, and so were obliged to toss up ever so many shake-downs in there. We had a *poulet au ris* for supper in that room last night, and now there are half a dozen *poulets au nid*. Not bad, Grace, hey—for an Englishman!'

"I chequer my own sombre pages with these trifles *to keep me from myself!*

"A more magical pen than mine must describe the sublimity of the scenery through which we passed, in mounting from the Rhone to this remarkable place. The elemental war which swept the valleys on the day before had now ascended to the mountains, and ere we reached the lofty bridge of a single arch which spans the torrent of the Dala, the air, which had become icy cold, was filled with snow-flakes, that as we proceeded fell thicker and faster, and by the time we had gained the village of Inden the aspect of the Leuker-Thal in July resembled what it wears in the depth of winter, save that here and there a solitary cherry-tree, scantily hung with fruit, silently attested the struggling existence of summer.

"The comparison between this dreary scene and my own desolate condition—with a heart like the meads that surrounded me, bearing flowers that bloom beneath a surface of snow—struck me so forcibly, that I raised my handkerchief to my face, and, leaning back in the carriage, wept in silence. I was roused from my dream of woe by the voice of Adolphus, exclaiming,

" 'I say, Count, look at those rocks! Regular chips of the old block, ain't they? What stunted trees! Everything pines here. They may well call this *All-pine* scenery!'

" 'Very good, Monsieur Griff,' returned Count Carambole; 'he shall be very stony. I was thinking ith Lamartine, Mademoiselle,' he added, turning to me, ' "Ce globe, fut-il fait pour la pierre ou pour moi?" '

" 'I would rather Pierre had this part of it than I,' jocularly remarked Adolphus.

"The Count laughed, and this badinage assisted in restoring my serenity.

"About half an hour after passing Inden the valley expanded into a basin or hollow of tolerable width, towards the upper end of which we saw the groups of baths that give their name to the locality, and beyond them we beheld the towering heights which form the gigantic barrier of the Gemmi. We now drove on quickly, and were none of us sorry to take refuge from the inclemency of the weather in the *Maison Blanche*, which is the name of the hotel where we are now staying, and a good fire in the *salon* was not the least acceptable of the welcomes that awaited us.

"Hark! what sounds are those? The pealing of the bell of the village church, to warn travellers caught in the blinding snow-storm which way to bend their steps. How mournful it sounds! and yet how sweetly it recals those exquisite lines in the 'Meditations!'—

De l'aurore à la nuit, de la nuit à l'aurore,
O cloche! tu pleuras comme je pleurs encore,
Imitant de nos cœurs le sanglot étouffant;
L'air, le ciel, résonnaient de ta complainte amère,
Comme si chaque étoile avait perdu sa mère,
Et chaque brise son enfant!

Chapter XI.

MISS SMITH CROSSES THE GEMMI.

"Bellview hotel tune july 22.

"O MRS LARKINS ive Bin and Gone And Dun it Now nevver no More will i frite myself About Triffles when sech Thins cums to Pass as These ies have witnist ive took and crost the gamey and how i Dun it and live to Say So is moor than yule credit. i thought the mountings was all dun With when we left marteeny for all day long till we got to a plays they call sears we Went upon weals a rode as Flatt as baker streat and pretty nigh as strate.

"nex day wee changed our carridge for a Shar which i thought when i mounted the Box of it beside the Driver a ignorant young germing boaded No Good and So it turned Out for when we got as far as the kivered bridge over the roan which its moor Like a Barn nor a Bridge and the roring river runnin beneath and the hawees Hoofs stampin on the tremblin planx till i was amost of my Seet with terrer up we goes into the mountings agen. After 2 or 3 sharp twisties the rode cum to a town called Look bilt sidewise on the ill with evver so manny tours like carsles and i arst the driver in frensh what they was cauled. Commong appelly voo? says i pinting to the old tours which he coodnt reply oanly in germing which its a crockerdill's langwidge mrs larkins and No Better rathouse says he and well he Mite for none but Rats cood live in sech places but the Switch peeple can Live aney wares wether its rox or wether its cololes.

"In and out of look we went like a cawkscrue oanly always Upperds till weed left the narrer streats Behind and the rode which it aint a Bad One being noo and no stoans to shake one out of His Skin persewin its Way into the forrists of the Upper Regium and what do you Think mrs larkins there was the old wooman Piking her gees by which meens youll understand snow which it Was falling as Fast as desember and Me on the box Facing the Pityless storm there bein no Room inside the Shar sept for Those as wisht to Keep thereselves Cumfitable pore servints not bein Headed and there sufrins not considderd.

"At last we got to lookerbad which it meens Baths and smokin hot they cums out of the Grownd like biling warter from a tee kittle irritatin the Medders and meltin the iseyculls as they Pass. My furst sirprize as we driv into This Queer plays was to Sea a Barber Rush from his shop and fetch a mug of Hot Warter from a founting to shave a custummer which his face i saw kivered with Suds nex minnit and the Barber a dippin his rayser in the biling Elliment betsy and jane would Like that founting mrs larkins no fires to lite nor no greats to Rub down on there Nees nor no missis grumblin becaws the Tee dont Draw.

"When peeple ses they lives in hot warter they dont meen to Say

there Appy but here evryboddy lives in Hot Warter and Likes it which they brekfasties dines and tees Reads bucks and does evrythin theyve a mind to. Me and miss grace and the 2 gents was shone into the prinsiple Bath which we worked Down the Middle and smelt like a washus steemin and smokin perpetly all the Wile and there was old and yung germings and frensh With long birds and ladeys with there Hares drest and Caps and ribbins if theyd Been Setting in there Own drorrin rooms they coodent have been finer which Sum was smokin pipes and Others Playin at dommynose and bag Gammon and all Manna of outlandish Games and Tabels floting about and remains emerst all day in long nite Gownds up to there Chins and does evrythin but sleap and Praps That. Count Cannon Ball which being frensh he loves novvletys was for takin a bath but mr dolfus deswaded him tellin Him that if a Rash cum out when he Went In there he must stay for a munth for it woodnt be Gone before and That Frited the count out of the Noshun. Peeple has there own ways of Pleesin thereselves but i dont think mrs larkins that ether me or you wood go for to Parbile our Limms in a publick stoopan while we was taking our tees.

"After that we all Set Of to Sea a villidge cauld The Shells which its percht on the tip of a pressypus and no Way to git At it but by climing of laders which hate or ten of them is Plantid agen the rox and Up you gose leastways them as Must and has oanly hobsons Chaws to go or stay behind. It was enuff for me and miss grace to look at the laders for no considerashn cood temt us to esend tho the switch Gals which they Ware trouseys like men and Dont Mind liftin There Skurts does it evry day. i was joaked about them Laders by a forrin currier at Super afterwads and he sed that when we past the gamey thats another mounting mrs larkins i shood Have Wuss to Do than That and Little did i think his werds was Trew.

"For to Days we was Snode Up in lookerbad not wishin to temt the Pars But on the third mr dolfus sed it was Slow and of we went on mewls agen the snow being Up to there stummix in Sum Parts with a wall of perpendicler rox on one side and thowsings of Feat strate down on the uther and ware to leaf the valey you Dont no till you git close to the pressypus which i shet my ies and scrunched my Teath all the Way to prevent me from fallin Over and Diddent Dare to look forrerd nor backerd nor nuthin mrs larkins i actilly cride with Feer.

"But evrythin has a nend and So Has the gamey and at Last we reecht the Top and cum to the dowben See which the gides had to hold the mewls by there Tales to keep them in the rite path for the Snow had Fell so deap the trax was on Viserble and Slip about they Did and we on there Bax expectin evry momint a melloncolly End leastways ime Shure i Did. i declare mrs larkins i thot i was friz Rite Threw when i was Lifted of my mewl at the Shally at swaring back and enuff to make aney Boddy sware such Dredfle jerneys which i dratted it with all my hart and prade i mite Nevver cum This way No Moor.

"But we Haddent Dun yet and on we went Flowndrin and Plungin and a wind fit to cut you in 2 as Fur as candystegg at the bottum of the gamey were Thank gudnes there was a nin cauld the Shovel blank ware hot brandey and warter afore the fire parshally restored our weered limms but there we diddent Stay Long the oastess bein a varagur which she

wanted Us to remane Wether or No but Push On was our motter and so we Left the mewls behind and Travled in a Shar to Fruit agen which there is a cumfatable hottel with good diners and Bedds, and slep without Rockin. Nex day was eesy werk in the shar Threw the valleys and past the Sneezing mounting and crived that same eavnin at tune ware master and missis had proseeded us from burn and brought my bocks with my Best Cap and Laylock Ribbings and miss graces things for tomorrer we go to Enter Larking ware we expex to be verry gay with Bawls at the Penshins which they is Filed with merrycuns and inglish But whats to Hapen is moor than i Can Tell count canning Ball bein verry Sweat on a seerting yung Ladey and Sumboddies nose Praps Put out of Jint and master not in the best of ewmers the table doat at this hottel not ekalling his expectashuns. mr. dolfus tawks of moor mountings and crossin over the Grims Hole and the Firker and Sent Goatherd and Gudness nose ware but all i hope is that heal go by Hisself. As This may be my last oppatunaty of Riting pleese give my effexionat regurds to all feller servints which j—— r—— is not For Gotten and am trewly mrs larkins

"your wel witcher

"ANNA MARIA SMITH."

CHAPTER XII.

THE BALL AT INTERLAKEN.

WHILE occupied in preparing for publication a few more extracts from Mr. Swymfen Griffin's "Notes on Swiss Cookery," which we understand is to form a division of his great work on "The Cookery of the Continent," the following communication was forwarded to us by Richard Bowlaway, Esq., formerly undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, and now of the Albany, W. No. 12, to whom it was originally addressed.

From the initials affixed to the sheet—though the internal evidence would have been sufficient—we perceive that the writer is Mr. Adolphus Griffin. The letter is written in that gentleman's usual off-hand style; but its contents—which, we confess, have surprised us slightly—will be found important in its relation to the proceedings of the Griffin family, and, without further preface, we hasten to lay it before our readers:

"Interlaken, July 25, 1851.

"DEAR DICK,—

"You've read my letter to the *Times*, of course—how I've put an extinguisher on Mont Blanc, and shut *him* up for some time to come—so there was no necessity for me to write to you about it. But, as I can't publish everything that happens to me in the *Times*, though I should like it well enough, I'll first clear off old scores with you. Besides, I've something to tell.

"You've never been in Switzerland, I think! That's a pity, for you'd like it, that is, the excitement, the 'get along,' and all that sort of thing; there's no walking that comes near it; then, the appetite you get, able to eat anything, which is lucky sometimes, though it wouldn't suit my governor altogether; and if you like to sleep in a strange bed every night,

you can be accommodated in that way too, after doing your five-and-forty miles, or so, of ground, mostly against the collar. I slept in a queer corner the other night, a cockloft, I fancy, from the music that went on, and if Keller didn't set the place down in the Vallais, I should have thought it had been in the canton of *Free-bug*. You take, I suppose! Such an inn, you'll say, was *in*-tolerable!

"I've pick'd up one or two facts that I don't find in Forbes or Murray. For instance: lions in Switzerland are evidently fond of beer. I've not seen any live ones yet; but suppose they abound somewhere hereabouts; for there's hardly an inn in the German cantons without a lion on the sign-post, and a bottle of beer going off at his elbow. *March* beer, of course. Besides, the people believe in lions. I ran over to Berne the other day, just to look at the bears in the ditch, outside the Aarburg gate, and, while I was feeding a fine specimen with honey-biscuit, half a dozen old women, who were looking on, declared to me he was a splendid lion. I can assure you this is a *bare* fact.

"However, I'm not going to *bore* you with an account of my travels. Here we are, having come with the intention of making this place our head-quarters for the summer, but there has been an awkward row, and we must cut. We came by the Gemmi down to Thun—that is my sister and I, and her maid, and the Frenchman I picked up at Chamouny, who made the ascent with me. My governor and the old lady, tired of being jolted about on pack-saddles, met us at Thun, at the Bellevue outside the town,—quite *out of tune*, as one may say,—and then we came on here, and put up at the Pension of the Hôtel des Alpes, Count Carambole keeping us company.

"You've not seen my sister Grace. A fine girl—like me, of course, 'in lineaments,' as Manfred says—everybody quotes Byron in this valley—'but soften'd all and tempered into beauty'—haven't forgot the old fellow, you see; but if there's a fault about Grace she's a trifle too sentimental. No likeness there, at any rate. Well, you recollect Morton, of 'Keys?' A good-looking fellow, first-rate wicket-keeper, capital stroke oar—regular brick, in fact. Morton and Grace met at parties in town last season—got thick, in short. I'd no objection, but when the governor came to find it out, he had. Morton had lived a little too fast—the old story—had his debts paid two or three times, no response to the last application to his uncle in Yorkshire—or, rather, a point-blank refusal, and a hint to shift for himself. He was thinking of getting Lord Palmerston to give him a consulate in California, when he met Grace, and fell in love. This didn't make him richer, and he came to ask me what he ought to do. I told him he had my best wishes; but as that wouldn't make the pot boil, I advised him to go to the governor and make a clean breast of it. 'The course of true love,' &c.—you know all about that. Governor got in a passion, put it to him why he should be expected to give his daughter to a man who hadn't got a dump, and walked him out of the premises.

"This was the principal reason why we came abroad—to take Grace out of Morton's way. But as chance would have it, he'd an aunt—not the Yorkshire uncle's wife—passing the summer at Interlaken, so he started too—to pay *her* a visit, of course. I managed to let Grace and him have a meeting *en route*, but what they settled between them I don't

exactly know. Meantime this Count Carambole turns up, a regular Paris lion, fond of 'le sport,' talks Lamartine, and—the *pendant* to that—très passionné pour les Anglaises. Grace fancied that I took no notice, but anybody could see with half an eye what it was made him hook on to our party. But it was nothing to me, as long as he made himself amusing and behaved like a gentleman. If a fellow falls in love and makes an ass of himself, that's his look out. I was quite sure Grace's heart was in the right place.

"One never knows how far a Frenchman really *is* touched in this particular; but all the way we came he stuck close to Grace's bridle-hand, no doubt wishing to make it a *bridal hand*—not bad that, for a sudden impulse—and did nothing but 'sigh like a furnace,' as Shakspeare says. If he could have behaved like a stove when we were in the *châlet* at Schwarenbach it might have been more to the purpose.

"To cut this part of the story short, the Count put up at this hotel when we did. There's nothing to prevent a man from doing that, whether you part company or no, and we hadn't then.

"The *pensions* at Interlaken are all in the monster line; they make up two hundred and fifty beds in every house, and as many people sit down to tea together. Few things are more touching than to see about twelve dozen *gals* pitching into bread and butter and honey at the same moment. You can't say to them—

Sic vos non vobis mellificates apes.

The clearing-house at Smith Payne's must be a fool to what goes on here. And as to Britannia-metal teapots, I'm told Rippon and Burton can't make 'em fast enough. But the gals are not content with tea; they must have dances, too; and once a week there is a ball at one or other of the *pensions*. They had one in the great saloon here last night; and this brings me home to my subject.

"The room is a capital one for the purpose—almost as big as the Crystal Palace. If I knew the address of the man who painted the paper for the walls I'd send it you, but most likely he lives at Rixheim, on the rail between Basle and Strasburg; that's where all these things come from. Fancy how appropriate! In the heart of Switzerland a series of frantic pictures of East Indian scenery and manners: the Taj Mahal at Agra, or something of that sort, with a group of Nautch girls dancing before the Duke of Wellington, dressed in the costume he wore as Colonel Wellesley, and everybody looking as fierce and fine as red and yellow ochre and indigo can make 'em! I suppose the artist thought colour was the thing wanted, and so he laid it on.

"People who dance the Polka, however, don't much care what's on the walls of a room, provided there's plenty of spring in the floor and lots of light from the ceiling. One's not long here in finding a partner: likely enough, you'll say, *àpropos* of the twelve dozen honeysuckles. Well, I'd got one; she'd crossed the Wengern Alp in the morning and wasn't a bit tired, and we were hopping down one side of the room like a couple of love-birds, when all of a sudden we heard a scuffling noise at the other side of the *salon*, and then there was a general rush in that direction, with loud cries of 'Oh, Mr. Jones! Oh, Mr. Jones! he'll strangle him

—take him off!' mingled with all sorts of maledictions and sputterings, English, French, and German.

"Of course I set my partner down and made a push for the row. 'Twasn't easy to get through the crowd, but I did it; and what do you think I saw when I hit the focus? Why, Grace fainting away on a sofa, the governor with his face on fire, mamma screaming like mad, and 'Jones,' that is Morton, with one hand in Count Carambole's neckcloth, shaking him like a sieve of corn, and doubling him up with the other. A pretty kettle of fish this was; but we separated the combatants, though you could hardly call 'em that, for Carambole made no fight of it, and when he was set free could only gasp out, 'A demain, monsieur—à demain, un duel à mort! Vous entendez,—à mort?' 'If I catch you here to-morrow,' said Morton, beside himself with anger, 'I'll put you under the town pump if there is one;' and as he spoke he made towards the unfortunate Carambole, but we got round him, and enabled the count to leave the room, which he then did in double-quick time.

"You'll want to know the cause of this scrimmage, so I'll tell you in three words. Morton—who has been staying here under the name of 'Jones,' that the governor mightn't see his real name in the Fremde Buch,—came into the ball-room just as Grace and Carambole whirled past him in a waltz. He had been disappointed at not finding some letters at the Post-office, and was out of humour with Grace, not knowing that she had arrived,—but what made it worse was seeing her dancing with the Frenchman, in whom he immediately recognised a blackleg who had swindled him out of five hundred pounds last year at Baden-Baden. We all know what French counts are, but Carambole was a billiard-marker into the bargain. Hinc illa lacrymæ! Of course, Morton's affair is blown with the governor, who is vexed enough at the business and the publicity of it; in consequence of which he vows he'll go home to-morrow. How it will end I can't say."

"9 P.M. July 26.

"Morton has just been to my room: he tells me that Count Carambole made himself 'safe' last night, but which road he took nobody knows. He found his letters at the Post-office this morning: Swiss stupidity, of course. There was one from Grace and another from his uncle's agent in Yorkshire. The old gentleman has died without a will and Morton comes in for all his property."

"12 A.M. Same day.

"It's all settled. Grace has made it up with Morton, and the governor has given his consent.

"We all go back together. Leisurely—by the Rhine."

FRENCH ALMANACS FOR 1852.

ONE year drives away another;—so the world has gone on since the first day. 1852 lies still in the womb of time; but let a few more weeks roll by, and it will start into life, and take the place of the year that is past—never to return again. Time, as pitiless as the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition, who have never lifted their voices to back the public wish to give permanency to the most beautiful and fairy-like structure this country ever boasted, and having boasted, must only enjoy for a brief season;—inexorable Time already holds out to the present year the map of the route which it must inevitably follow, to sink into the same abyss into which all preceding months, and years, and ages have been engulphed. There are many colourings that may be given to this suggestive fact. In this cold, gloomy country, they would all be of a strictly orthodox and very serious character; in France, however—and we have to do with France just now—with a fine clear sky, and a joyous, laughter-loving race of people, they view even the passing by of another year with complacency. "It would," says a writer in the "Almanach Comique," "be a great deal too monotonous if the same year lasted always. All that is done in Nature is well done." This philosophical reflection is not new, but it is consolatory, and that is the most important thing.

These receptacles of fun and wisdom, echoes of the feelings of the past year—the French Almanacs—have lost one great resource. Politics are tabooed under a Republic, and Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity have been so completely realised by never-ending revolutions, that it would be certain imprisonment, fine, or confiscation, to speak about any one of them. Happy, persevering French! tabooed at home by one another, by the republic, and by the executive, there still remained to men awaiting the events of 1852, the Great Exhibition in London, and that is the chief theme with the French Almanacs for 1852.

"The system of 'Expositions,'" says a writer in the "Almanach Prophetique," "is an idea especially of French origin. The honour of having originated it belongs to François de Neufchateau, minister of the interior under the Directory. It was in 1798, when the English government, not satisfied with expelling us from the seas, aspired also to drive our produce from out of the continent, and to deprive us of all that we wanted from without, that the minister convoked an 'Exposition' in the Champ de Mars, to show to England that France could suffice for herself by her own industrial resources."

"The system of a 'Universal Exposition,'" says the same writer, "is also a French idea, as well as that of 'National Expositions.'" A memorial, with a plan for such an exposition, was, it is said, submitted to Louis Philippe in 1843. Hence the idea passed into England.

A writer in the "Almanach de l'Illustration" gives the honour of the first conception to M. Buffet, minister of commerce, and adds, that Prince Albert took up at second hand the idea of the French minister, and first spoke about it to some members of the Athenæum Club, where we are led to suppose the prince sometimes sips his coffee, and discusses the news of the day. To all this it might be answered, that fairs have existed

in England since the time of Alfred, about 886; that the first public Exhibition of the Fine Arts in the British metropolis took place in 1760; that the British Museum was opened in 1753; that Exhibitions of Arts date as far back as the building in the Adelphi, in 1772; and that Expositions innumerable have preceded the grand and universal one of 1851. We feel, however, inclined to resign with good grace the honour of conception so generally claimed by France, to what we have the undeniable credit of having put first into practice. It is the same with steam: Papin's digester being generally assumed by all Frenchmen to supersede the Marquis of Worcester's "way to drive up water by fire." But to whom the honour of steam navigation—to whom the honour of first introducing locomotives? In all such cases as in the application of gas to purposes of illumination, or of electricity to purposes of communication (both of English origin), the magnitude of the results as much surpasses the original discovery of gas and of the electric power, as railway locomotion and steam navigation do the first observation of the evolution of steam. But the fact is that, according to another writer in the "Almanach Prophetique," our own great poet, Chaucer, predicted the Great Exhibition in his "House of Fame." In his dream, as there recorded, the poet describes himself as contemplating a palace of glass, in which were images of gold, rich tabernacles, stage upon stage of jewels, many sculptures, and a great quantity of gold and silver work! Innumerable columns arose up around, and men from all parts of the habitable globe crowded there, and of all ranks, both rich and poor. "Is not this," says the writer, who quotes the description at length, "an exact picture of the Crystal Palace?" Yet this was written some four hundred and sixty years ago. If a great event has been dreamt of, it has been conceived; if it has been prophesied, it has been anticipated; and by the Frenchman's own showing, François de Neufchateau and M. Buffet must yield the palm to the Father of English Poetry.*

The French, however, apart from the excusable wish to appropriate to themselves the conception of the thing, and a latent annoyance that M. Horeau's plan was not acted upon, can speak eloquently, and in terms of high admiration, of the Great Exhibition itself. The edifice is acknowledged on all hands to have admirably answered its destination, by the magnificence of its conception, and the fairy effect of its architecture. "There was far," says one, "from Waterloo to the ceremony at Hyde Park. Beneath the walls of that edifice the human language was heard in all its dialects: the olden dream of Babel was realised. Such a spectacle has never existed, and, perhaps, will never exist again."

With an essentially non-travelling and little maritime people like the Parisians, the difficulty was to get to the Exhibition Some idea may be formed of what many underwent on so adventurous a journey, by the narrative of his experiences, given to us by the *rédacteur* of the *Journal pour Rire.*

* The Juries, or we should suppose in this particular case, the "Council of Chairmen of the Juries of the Great Exhibition," have very properly decided the ticklish point of originating the Great Exhibition of 1851, by the award of a medal to his Royal Highness Prince Albert "for the original conception and successful prosecution of the idea of the Great Exhibition of 1851."

"May the heaviest tile fall on my head; may I be condemned to wear too large a hat and too small boots during the remainder of my existence; may my father-in-law that is to be, hear of my passion for Nini, *la jeune première des Délassments-Comiques*, at the moment of accepting me as his son, if ever I return to England by way of Dieppe to Brighton." Such is the apostrophe with which the veracious and witty editor opens his narrative. As the French troops spent the eve of Fontenoy at a theatre, so it was, on issuing from the play, that our hero embarked on board the *Culloden*. "*Mon Dieu!* shall not I be sick? I feel my head turn round already!" he exclaimed, and the boat was off. No end of advice and recommendations are, it appears, given as to the means of defeating the conspiracy of the briny ocean against the well-being of visitors to the Crystal Palace. Our adventurous traveller was recommended to keep his eye upon the horizon. "I could not have done anything else," he says, "for an empire."

We were a dozen grouped together on the poop. Some were blue, some white, some green, some yellow. Those who were green were smoking pipes or cigars. For my part, I kept looking steadily at the horizon. Suddenly an arm pushed rudely against me, and tumbled me over. I rose up, indignant at the outrage, to see to whom the arm belonged. The arm was the property of a gentleman, who appeared to be engaged in paying his addresses to the Channel. "Monsieur," I exclaimed, "you pushed me rudely just now." "Sir," answered the aggressor, "believe me that—ah, mon Dieu! you must be indulgent under the circumstances." Then, turning round, "What!" he said, "is it you?" "Precisely so; it is me; but what do you mean?" "What! not know your old friend Edward, College Charlemagne, pension Coutant, rue du Perche, No. 7?" "I do not remember you. My chum at college was named Matthew." "Well, call me Matthew, then. When we return to our country we can resume our respective rights as citizens." "Well, that's funny; let it be so."

"Matthew, my friend, we are arriving. Where do you go?" "To Chelsea." "And I also. What street?" "Hobury-street." (Ebury-street?) "And I also. What hotel?" "Hotel Very and Virgil, despatched by the pleasure train, rue Vivienne." "And I also. What a chance!" "Matthew, I am delighted at having met you." And the excursionists threw themselves into one another's arms, just as the *Culloden*, which had only one wheel that would act, was slowly making the harbour of Newhaven.

"Do you breakfast?" said Matthew to the travelling editor. "Certainly." "Well then, see that our luggage is conveyed into the traveller's room." "I will." "And, I say, give three shillings for me." "With pleasure." A good breakfast contributed much to restore the travellers from the fatigues of the sea journey. Price of the same, ten shillings, for Matthew and the editor.

From Newhaven to London.—Time for reflection on the part of the editor. "I do not know Monsieur Matthew. I think I've done wrong in connecting myself with him! He made me pay the baggage and the breakfast. I wish I could get rid of Matthew."

London.—"Father of Caoutchouc! Earl of Gin! Marquis of Porter! Prince of Shillings! all hail! But, Matthew again; and I have to pay the cab from London-bridge to Chelsea." The first thing that strikes the imagination in London are the omnibuses. They are running a perpetual steeple-chase along the streets. They carry only females inside, and from fifteen to eighteen men on the roof. A conductor stands on a little step behind, shouting, "Bink! Hay—Market! Ket! Ket! Strand! Waterloo!" (*Sic* in the original.)

"Let us get upon an omnibus," said Matthew. "Where are you going?" asked the driver.

"To the Exposition!" (*Quoique rédacteur du "Journal pour Rire," je baragouine un peu la langue de Shakspeare.*)

On and on we went, till we got down at the entrance of Hyde Park. But, at the moment of paying, Matthew got into a quarrel with the conductor about some pence that were given in change. Matthew, having struck the conductor, the latter returned the compliment with such vigour, that my companion was soon obliged to cry out, "Help, friend!" This was to me. I could not abandon my friend, the participator in my maritime sufferings, in such a perplexity; so I attacked his adversary in the rear with a vigorous kick. The fight ceased as if by enchantment. The conductor took off his hat to me, bowed to the very ground, and the omnibus started at redoubled speed. French people! travelling people! remember, that if ever you have a quarrel with an Englishman, your safety lies in the toe of your boot.

Matthew had received some very ugly blows. His face was all tatooed with arabesques. I wished him to go home and go to bed, but he took advantage of his wounds to represent himself at the office of the Exposition as chief of a Japanese tribe. So he was allowed to pass without his shilling. Matthew denied his country for twenty-five sous. And I had sworn to love Matthew. Oh, my oath!

Within the Crystal Palace, as on their way thither and their way thence, it is almost unnecessary to say the French saw things that few others have discovered; they have witnessed incidents that have escaped the vigilance of the police; and they have drawn deductions from all they have seen even more profound, and more philosophical, than what have been penned by the author of the "Lily and the Bee."

Apropos of the 500 pianos in the Exhibition, we are told, for example, that the piano is the torment of existence in England. Only lately a rich Englishman blew his brains out. On his table was found the following note, written with his own hand a few hours before committing the fatal act:

"Lay my death to no man's door. I myself committed the deed. I have not the 'spleen.' I have not speculated on 'Change. I have not written a tragedy. A woman to whom I was devotedly attached has deceived me! Her treachery has brought me to this. I pardon her! Yesterday, on entering unexpectedly into her house, I surprised her in criminal conversation with a piano. The traitress was playing a sonata, yet she had sworn to me that she did not know such an instrument. I loved her so much that I might have got over a harp; but a piano, never! The piano is a slow poison that kills husbands. The piano pursues you everywhere. I fly to the tomb to avoid it."

This suicide, we are told, caused no surprise, and yet the inventors of new pianos—constantly the occasion of family dissensions and premature deaths—are actually to receive prizes!

In the same category we find cigars, concocted of a most poisonous weed, whose alkaline extract (nicotine) is immediate death, whose very infusion and decoction are destructive of life, and the smoke of which blackens the teeth, spoils the breath, sullies the clothes, and all it comes in contact with; habituates to idleness, destroys digestion, enervates nervous and muscular power, and obscures the mind! Teas also! Vile concoctions of leaves and herbs coloured and pasted over with all kinds of noxious and abominable things—as sulphate of lime and prussiate of potash, and yet of which shameless compound, better than which the black currant, the sloe, or a hundred common plants of their own country would afford, the English are so devotedly fond, that they spend

as much in the annual consumption of the refuse of Chinese tea-cups as would pay off one-half of the national debt!

One of the most extraordinary discoveries effected by the French is, that the so-called crystal fountain is of glass—so they might have discovered was the so-called Crystal Palace, at least in part—and that the said glass fountain pours out floods of eau de Cologne, in which thousands dip their kerchiefs as they walk round the crystalline basin!

Speaking of the progress of steam, a Frenchman says that in England we no longer travel, we arrive; we no longer read a book, we look through it; we no longer sleep, we repose; we no longer dine, we eat; we no longer walk, we race; we no longer listen, we hear; we no longer converse, we speak. Everything demanding a little sentiment or reflection, everything requiring time, is suppressed in England.

Another complains also of prizes being given to palpable falsehoods. Among these he enumerates wigs, teeth, and crinoline.

Outside of the Exhibition, Frenchmen saw equally strange things. M. Edmond Texier, of the *Siècle*, saw at Northumberland House, occupying the place of honour, amidst masterpieces of art, a framed bank-note for 100,000*l.* sterling. "Deux millions cinq cent mille francs. O Molière!" exclaims the feuilletonist.

Another went to the Tower. It is as easy (he says) to penetrate into that famous Tower, which is the glory of old England, as it is to get admission to the cabinet of a minister. The very court-yard has to be besieged in due form; and even when the shilling is paid, each has to wait his turn. The invalids (beefeaters) of the Tower of London (he adds) closely resemble those of Paris! only that, instead of awaiting the return of Napoleon, they await the resurrection of Henry VIII. "From the first court," continues the narrator, "we passed to a second, upon the pavement of which is an impression of the foot of Queen Victoria. 'One shilling, sir, to walk in Queen Victoria's footsteps!' 'Va pour un schelling.' To the left is a doorway; it opens upon the armory. 'One shilling, only one shilling, sir, to go in.' We followed the crowd. 'Gentlemen,' said the guide, 'You shall now see the most wonderful thing that is to be seen in England—the crown diamonds.' We went in, once more following the crowd. Three shillings were demanded of us. 'What, three shillings to see twelve millions? Well, let it be so!' But they take my walking-stick, and charge me a shilling for holding it for three minutes, when I had only bought it for a shilling the day before in the Tunnel.

"There is only one step from the crown jewels to the dungeons where the royal children were buried alive. By way of experiencing a new sensation, I placed my head on the block on which so many illustrious heads had reposed for the last time. Oh, horror of horrors! If some one would only take me away! An india-rubber trap-door opens at my feet. I shout to be removed. Ten shillings is the only answer I can get. There is no time for bargaining; away I go, and arrive, fainting, in the third court. A glass of vinegar is brought to restore me for another shilling. At length, too happy to be delivered, I say farewell to the Tower of shillings. But a soldier of Henry VIIIth.'s stops me, to ask for another shilling. Who could refuse a shilling to these rem-

nants of history. Besides, one shilling more or less, after such wholesale disbursements!"

This is a good deal exaggerated; but still it is disgraceful that there should exist, contemporaneously with the cheap and magnificent display of the Crystal Palace, places where such practices could exist as to give the slightest foundation for such burlesques.

Some of our French visitors do not, in their anxiety to see our public institutions and places of entertainment, appear to have been guided to the most respectable or select. We find, for example, in the Almanacs, descriptions of a visit to the Argyll Rooms, where a policeman breaks a man's arm with his baton for the most trifling offence! Also, of dancing a *gigue* (jig) at Cremorne; also, of representations of forms of justice, given at the Coal Hole by one Nicholson, "a retired barrister of distinguished talents and merits!" and, lastly, of a saloon in Piccadilly, said to be much frequented by Frenchmen, Germans, and Austrians, where Bastringuette, *ex-bouquetière* of the Boulevard des Italiens, and the pretty Esther, *ancienne choriste du Théâtre Comte*, are queens of beauty.

And now for a scene in conclusion, in the French style. *Dramatis personæ*—the Editor of the Almanac; Matthew, picked up on the *Culloden*. SCENE—Terminus of Paris and Rouen Railway.

"Good-by, *Monsieur Mathieu.*"
"Monsieur, I have the honour to wish you the same."
"I am very sorry that I ever knew you."
"Monsieur, I do not understand you."
"Monsieur, you owe me no small amount of shillings. Here is my address."
"Monsieur, I never pay my friends. Here is my card."
"7, Rue de Bondy! It is astonishing! Your name?"
"Roussel!"
"The name of my porter!"
"I am his son, sir."
"Oh!"

To pass from the Parisian in England to the consideration of the same remarkable specimen of humanity in his own gilded cage, it would appear that the art of floating in the air, or aërostation as it is more learnedly called, has been the great and predominant passion of the past season. Not a week went by without two or three balloons going up from the Hippodrome or the Champ de Mars. The consequence is, that all the Almanacs have something to say upon the subject. The "Illustration" gives a history of balloons, and so does the "Almanach Prophetique." As usual, they start by asserting that the balloon is of French origin: the Montgolfier being a globe of paper, made to ascend by air rarefied within by heat, in 1783. But the balloon had been suggested by the Jesuit, Francis Lana, in a work published in 1670; and the chemist, Black, had suggested hydrogen for the purpose, as afterwards adopted by the Montgolfiers, in 1767. The Parisian appears to look forward with assurance to the day when aërial navigation will be perfected, and the power of direction given to balloons. May it only come in our time! But upon this point another Almanac says nothing has been done. "For now a year past, aërostation marches with the devil's own pace, while the science itself has not made a single step." In the mean time, the professors of the art have recruited all kinds of

animals, in order to initiate them into the equivocal pleasures of aërial ascensions. Not content with going up on foot, on horseback, or in a carriage, they have associated with themselves bulls, ostriches, camels, asses, and all kinds of animals, as little favoured as themselves in all that refers to the physique, the moral, or the intellectual. The feelings of the happy quadruped selected to be dragged by a balloon instead of itself dragging it through the air, are amusingly sketched by Taxile Delord.

It is now an hour since we are on our way. My rider begins to weary me. Suppose I should throw him down!

I think we are passing over Saint Denis. I recognise the spire. At the elevation at which I am, spire of cathedrals or signs of public-houses are all the same. The eye cannot tell which is which.

I thought I had been the first horse that had gone up in a balloon, but I read this morning another individual of my race had preceded me in the time of the Directory. What a pity that history has not preserved the name of that courageous horse. It is a sign of what awaits me. See what it is to soar for glory!

My rider is throwing away ballast; we are rising, rising. I have a fancy at such a sublime moment to take a retrospective view of my career.

I have been a race-horse.

A gig-horse. A cab-horse.

Now I am a balloon-horse. Which of the four professions is the best?

Near a Pearl-grey Cloud.—A race-horse only knows one moment of happiness.

A gig-horse resembles a woman of forty years of age, who begins to think of resignation.

A cab-horse is resigned.

My profession of a balloon-horse is too new to permit me to hazard an opinion as to its merits yet.

Besides, here is an enormous cloud that we have to get through. I hope I shall not catch cold!

By the Side of a Stork.—My rider is shivering. We are descending into the lower regions. A stork is flying by my side, and looks at me with a terrified air. It is, no doubt, the first time that that interesting animal sees a horse travelling by its side through the air. They say that the stork is a very intelligent bird, and that it converses freely. I feel inclined to ask it a question or two.

Crack! How fast we are going down. It is six o'clock. My rider is hungry, and so am I. I should like to browse a little. And we are precisely over a field of clover that has a most alluring aspect. It seems as if I had only to bend my neck to get a mouthful.

Oh, dear me! we are going up again. Perhaps the inhabitants of the district were not inclined to give us a favourable reception.

Two Hundred Feet above a Terrace.—Here we are now immediately above a country mansion. The inhabitants have ascended upon the roof to see us better. Several telescopes are turned upon us.

My master thinks that all this interest is taken in him, and, as there are some ladies, he shakes a white kerchief.

But I can see that it is me who excites their curiosity. Decidedly, I think that I have now attained the end that I sighed for in my earliest days when I arrived in Paris, fresh from the pasturages of Limousin!

I shall be a horse as well known as Bucephalus, Miss Annette, Arabian Godolphin, or Rognolet.

Once down again upon the ground, amateurs will dispute the possession of so much celebrity, and I shall finish my days in some rich prebend.

I saw, when we took our departure from the Hippodrome, that the interest of all was concentrated in me. The ladies threw their bouquets at me, and my rider acknowledged the homage with gracious smiles. How conceited and affected are men.

I was wrong in despairing just now. I shall be illustrious. In the mean time, I am very hungry.

History of Coco.—We are seeking for a convenient place to descend upon. It is time, for it is growing dark.

When I am hungry, I am thoughtful. The history of Coco comes to my mind. Coco is my crib companion.

"You are going up in a balloon to-night," said he to me; "you are going to cast yourself in the career of arts. May you never repent it!

"You do not know the lot that awaits us poor artists.

"Such as you see me, I have been one of a troop that was celebrated alike in the capital and in the provinces.

"I have, during my long career, danced every fashionable dance, from the gavotte to the polka.

"I was learning the Schottische when I was seized with rheumatism.

"I have been seen at Rouen, at Lyons, at Bordeaux, and at Marseilles, eating, seated with a napkin round my throat.

"Going through the drill. Firing a gun. Beating a drum.

"And a thousand other tricks, that it would be too long to enumerate.

"An idolising public has covered me with flowers a hundred times. The *feuilletons* have spoken of me.

"Look what I have become. I am forgotten, despised; and I have only avoided the slaughter-house by taking the rude task of teaching monkeys to ride.

"There is where the arts lead us!"

Over a great Marsh.—Coco is a misanthropist, like all old men. He does not know what he says. The profession of artist is the most delightful of all, only I am very hungry. The air is so sharp in the high regions that we have just been traversing!

Land! Land!

This time we are positively descending. The inhabitants have perceived us and are running with lanterns. They seem to me to be kindly-disposed people. Now we are landed. But where?

Heavens! in a great marsh!

I am up to the neck in the mud. Thanks to a rope that has been thrown to him, my rider has gained solid ground. No doubt they will seek for means to drag me out of here.

Every one is going away. I hear my master say to the peasants:

"Show me the way to the best inn. I am dying of hunger and thirst."

"And your horse, *not' bourgeois?*"

"It is too late to drag him out of that. You can go and fetch him in the morning!"

Nostradamus continues to be the source from whence past prophecies are made to refer to recent occurrences. The only political events of interest that occurred in France in 1851, were the dissolution of the ministry by the influence, mainly, of the commission of permanence; the proceedings of Louis Napoleon at Dijon, at the reviews of the 21st, 26th, and 28th of June, and at the opening of the Poitiers Railroad; the rejection of the petition of nearly 2,000,000 of persons in favour of a revision of the constitution by a parliamentary minority of 278 against 446 in favour of the same; and lastly, the institution of a new commission of permanence to watch over Louis Napoleon's acts during the recess. Happy France! The gendarme watches the Socialist, the prefet the municipalities, Louis

Napoleon the press, and the commission of permanence, Louis Napoleon. There was not much here to be worthy of prophecy, but it appears that Nostradamus has some *quatrains* which refer to present times. One of these is as follows:

> Un Dubieux ne viendra loin du règne
> La plus grande part le voudra soutenir
> Un capitale ne voudra point qu'il règne,
> Sa grande charge ne pourra maintenir.

Not very promising, if applied to the ruling powers. The "Almanach Prophetique"—we like to quote a precise authority for such a statement—says, that if a crisis occurs in 1852, "it is generally presumed that the most exaggerated party will triumph, and that this success of the more violent will lead to anarchy." The said Almanac is backed by Nostradamus, who records:

> A soustenir la grande Cappe troublée,
> Pour l'éclairer les rouges marcheront:
> De mort famille sera presqu'accablée;
> Les rouges-rouges le rouge assomeront.

Happily all these evils are to eventuate in the restoration of an antique and hereditary monarchy, whether by the bayonets of the allied powers, or by the free will of the French people, the prophet of Salons does not say:

> Nay (né) sous les ombres, et journée noctuine
> Sera en règne et bonté souveraine·
> Fera renaistre son sang de l'antique urne,
> Renouvellant siècle d'or pour l'airain.

It is not surprising that, from the inexhaustible resources of the same old, obscure, metrical rhapsodist, a *quatrain* has been obtained which appears to refer to recent discoveries of gold, which it unfortunately associates with evil to some country, and even to Christianity itself:

> Las! qu'on verra grand peuple tourmenté,
> Et la loy sainte en totale ruiné,
> Par autres loix toute la Chrestienté
> Quand d'or, d'argent trouve nouvelle mine!

A certain Abbé Petiot, who lived in the latter end of the last century, has left a prophecy, made by the play of numbers to apply to 1852, to the following effect:

In a great city of Europe there will arise a terrible noise, suddenly, in the night time. A chief will appear, asking for an asylum, for he shall be proscribed. The tocsin will be heard, trumpets will sound, the populace will be on foot. Some will say "Yes;" others, "No."

Discharges of musketry will resound through the streets, but an army will come from the country, and will give battle to the citizens. The chief will make himself master of the town; he will defend himself there against his enemies, and seven other chiefs will march against him, and will conquer him.

But, after a bloody battle, when the conquerors are preparing themselves to enjoy the fruits of the struggle, a new man, an unknown, will rise up to restore peace to society, crumbling into pieces, and the revolution will find its definite solution awaited for till 1852.

The cabalistic calculations, or numeral combinations, for 1852 are partly in favour of Louis Napoleon, partly against him—a safe line to follow in the land of prophecy. M. Lenrouf de Varennes says: "The

Constitution will be revised, that is the wish of the people; it will not have any other chief but Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, he whom it has, in its wisdom, chosen at the first elections!" Another says, "Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, named by six millions of electors President of the French Republic, will be, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Montagnards and the Whites, re-elected President for ten years, in 1852." But, there is a reverse to medal. A Parisian calculator gives as the result of his studies, that "The Constitution will not be revised; there will be in 1852 neither empire, nor royalty, for the Republic will triumph, and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte will re-enter private life." A Mr. L. P., of la Charité sur Loire, says: "The Constitution will not be revised, that is the will of the people; it will not have Louis Napoleon Bonaparte for an emperor, and the Republic will triumph in the year 1852." Another, again, predicts as follows: "A cataclysm, I mean to say a happy revolution, which will make old Europe young again, and impart to it a new life, by giving to it new institutions, is preparing for 1852."

This last prediction may be taken at about the same value as some communicated by a correspondent to the "Almanach Comique," to the effect that, in the year 1852, justice will be done to poor humpies, and that they shall no longer be excluded from the House of Assembly; that an electoral urn will be constructed, so short, that M. Thiers can drop in it his vote personally; that an English pharmaceutist will marry Queen Pomarè; that the directors of Californian societies will resume their old avocations as street conjurors; and that "those who frequent the *restaurants* of the Boulevards des Italiens, and who habitually indulge in the very best Bordeaux, will enjoy excellent health, and will continue to find that everything is for the best in the best possible of all worlds!"

Almost all the Almanacs unite in saying something upon the subject of *canards*, or ducks, a term used to designate false news propagated for the benefit of speculators upon 'Change. The honour of having first applied the name of a domestic palmipede to an absurdity, to which an amount of probability is conferred according to the inventive genius of the promulgator, is claimed by the Belgians. A certain Cornelissen, of Antwerp, with the view to shame the writers of ridiculous articles in the newspapers, announced one day that a curious experiment had been just tried, to prove the immense voracity of ducks. Twenty of these birds having been got together, one was chopped into small pieces, feathers and all, and served up to the remaining nineteen, who disposed of their comrade in no time. One of the remaining nineteen was then served in the same manner, and similarly disposed of; and so on, to the last, who in eating the nineteenth, could be fairly shown to have devoured nineteen other ducks within a given space of time. This story, as veracious as that of the interesting combat of the two Kilkenny cats—the conqueror having only a tail, like a fox-hunter, to boast of—after going the round of the newspapers, was brought back, after the lapse of a few years, as original from America. This is the account given in the "Annuaire" of the Royal Academy of Belgium for 1851.

The French, however, claim the creation of this honourable term of distinction. One Claude Duret, President of Moulins, in Bourbonnais,

published a work on natural history in the year 1605, in which he devoted a whole chapter to the consideration of certain trees in Scotland and Ireland, and the adjacent islands, which gave birth not only to ducks but to geese also.

Unfortunately for the validity of this claim, the legend recorded by President Duret is only the old story of the tree-goose of the Orkneys, related by Saxo Grammaticus in the twelfth century, and by many other writers, long before the time of the president. In more modern times, Boece, the Scottish historian, and Gerard, in his "Herbal," attributed the origin of the goose to the transformation of the barnacle (*Pentalasmis anatifera*), or the goose-bearing lepas or pentalasmis, so often found adhering to floating blocks of wood, to piles, and the hulls of vessels. Hence the bernicle or barnacle-goose (*Anser bernicla*) has received its name.

The president does not, indeed, claim the invention of this long propagated illusion, but alludes himself to Fulgosus, Scaliger, Van Botere, and a host of other writers, who had treated of the subject previously. It appears, however, from his narrative, that so much interest was excited by the story of the goose-bearing tree, that Francis I. sent to the Orkneys for seeds or cuttings; but he only, after much trouble and renewed applications, succeeded in getting a "certain shell, not very large, in which there was a little bird, the tips of the wings, of the beak, and feet, being almost perfect, and adhering to the extremities of the said shell. The learned men, to whom this king was a father and a 'magnificent amateur,' deduced from these appearances that this little bird had moulted in its shell." This was, no doubt, the barnacle, and the goose-tree was no other than the old wood on which that mollusk is so often found.

Be this as it may, it is from the goose or duck-tree of President Duret that a writer in the "Almanach Prophetique" avers that these ducks are detached which fly now-a-days in the newspapers. The "Almanach Comique" gives an amusing illustration of the speculators on 'Change swallowing the ducks that are daily let fly in the "Salle de la Bourse." A sorry meal they must make. The "Almanach de l'Illustration" gives also an illustrated example of the most exorbitant duck lately fledged,—a statement which appeared in the papers, to the effect that one of the lions of the collection in the Garden of Plants had been stolen away. The lion, they argue with the pencil rather than with the pen, must have been asleep, or in so amiable a mood that we may expect to hear of his appearance at the "Bourse," or that he has been sitting for his portrait to some adventurous daguerreotypist.

The types selected from the reports of the correctional police are, as usual, full of character. It has been said that there still exist persons in France who believe that Napoleon lives, but few have been found to contribute anything but a smile to such a statement. Here, however, is a positive illustration of the fact, not in some remote village of Auvergne, but in Paris itself.

Giboulard, an old soldier, who had seen forty years of service, was brought before the magistrate, or president, as such an official is designated on the other side of the Channel. Hurrying to the bar, he expressed himself as follows:

Giboulard.—You see, colonel.

President.—You are not before a council of war. Call me President.

Giboulard.—Yes, colonel. You see it was the 15th of August, the *fête* day of my emperor. "Giboulard," I said to myself, "my boy, you shall go and make little circles in the water." I must tell you, colonel, why I make little circles in the water.

President.—I have told you already, I am not a colonel.

Giboulard.—Chut! silence! all right! I shall conform to the countersign, colonel. It is as if some one said you had been to the canal of St. Martin, and thrown a pebble into it. For, you see, the emperor is not dead,—mere rumours that are spread about. So when I throw a pebble into the water, it makes little circles, and I see the emperor's face in them.

President.—To the fact!

A Voice.—Yes, to the fact. Was it to see the emperor's face that you threw pebbles into my fish-globe that stood at my shop-door?

Giboulard.—Certainly, the proof of it is that I had put on the uniform in which Napoleon and I won the battle of Austerlitz; and I was about to shout, "He will return! he will return!" when monsieur came forth, and said, "Here he is!" Colonel, I am ashamed to say what followed. I received monsieur's boot at the spot where rabbits have their tails. I could not bear it. I gave monsieur a slap in return.

The Voice.—Yes, and kicks innumerable, *Monsieur le Président;* and blows with the fist, *Monsieur le Président;* and blows with all kinds of things.

President.—So that, in fact, you fought on both sides.

Giboulard and the Voice.—Dame!

President.—I cannot see in that case——

Giboulard.—Why I complain, colonel? Here it is. While I was making little circles to see if the emperor would come back,—for the emperor is not dead, colonel,—mere rumours that are circulated.

President.—Get on.

Giboulard.—I had my costume of old guard, with my hat covered with hair, and monsieur has smashed my hat, and torn off the lappels of my coat, so that, if the emperor came back, he would not know me; and government pretends that there is no regiment in the army that wears that uniform now, so that I cannot get back my equipments. Monsieur ought to make good the damage done. I do not care if he gets the things from the Temple?

President.—Accused Loustalot, what have you to say?

The Voice.—Since M. Giboulard has made little circles in my globe, I have three fish that are ill. One of them has turned green.

President.—The complaint is dismissed.

Giboulard (going away).—Ah! if the emperor should come back!

There is a not a bad story of a fellow, who was in the habit of behaving himself with rudeness and insolence in public, and who, when asked for his card, attempted to terrify his adversary by giving the address of a noted master of the sword exercise; some one, however, more resolute than others, resolved to seek redress even from the adept in the art of self-defence, found him to be quite a different person, and the man of insolent manners to be a mere recreant cowardly barber!

It appears that the assumption of the character of a police-officer, not uncommon in the country, is also practised occasionally in the French capital. Moreau, who had received from his godfather the misnomers of Aimé and Modeste—charming names, but totally undeserved—was very fond of gingerbread. He did not even care if it had been exposed to the sun. That is a mere question of taste; there are some people who like barley-sugar that is well coated with dust. Moreau was walking in the market Lenoir, when he spied an old lady selling his favourite delicacy. His plan to partake of some was acted upon in a moment:

"Mother!" said he, strutting up to the gingerbread-dealer, with an air of official importance, "you must follow me!"

"Where to?"

"To *Monsieur le Commissaire.*"

"What for?"

"Because you are selling illegally."

"You are an informer, then?"

"I am an officer of police. Do not insult the authorities. I am an agent especially charged with the superintendence of gingerbread; the manufacturers whereof are suspected of using deleterious materials."

"Come, now! why, it has some slight medical effect, but such as is anything but unwholesome; why, just as well forbid the sale of grapes which produce the same relief. Will you please to taste them?"

"Not bad! but it is no use discussing the matter. You must follow me."

"My good sir, you will make me lose a whole day."

"My duty before everything. I will say a word in your favour to the commissary."

"Oh! do not take me, I beg of you; I have a husband and five children to feed."

"I pity you, but I must live also; I have 40 sous for every arrest. Listen; I am a good fellow, give me the 40 sous, I will let you go."

"What! 40 *ronds*, my little chap? You are a cheat; I'll answer for it."

Other tradespeople had overheard the conversation. Moreau was surrounded, and himself conveyed to the commissary's, and from thence before a magistrate, who sentenced him to six months' of durance vile.

A specimen of a Parisian begging-letter is not without interest. The imposter professes to be a great traveller; and here is the narrative of his journeyings:

TRAVELS OF THE SIEUR TOREAU, MECHANICIAN, NATIVE OF MEMBROLES (SAÔNE ET LOIRE), AGED FORTY YEARS.

I have visited the principal cities of France, and have always frequented the company of people that were respected and vaccinated.

I have travelled in Africa, where I saw many victims, on the side of the Arabs as well as on ours.

I arrived in Paris by the Dauphiné, Bourgogne, and La Chapelle.

I went to Havre to join in the whale fishery with the gallant Captain Mouton. *Mouton* by name, but a very lion for fishing. We caught a great many trouts, and then we went to China, more than 150 leagues from Vaugirard.

On our return to France we visited the islands of Bourbon and La Réunion in a tempest; we then took the correspondence to Brazil, where are manufactures of diamonds.

Another tempest cast us on the Cape Verd Islands, so called on account of the parrots by which they are infested, and where the Dutch—a people who invented herrings—were only able to save the lives of twenty-two of us. The rest perished—bodies, souls, and goods. The government of Senegal, a proud government, sent us home to France at its expense, deducting the moneys which we had preserved as religiously as the pupils of our eyes.

On my return to my country, the only one which gave me birth, I again bade farewell to its beautiful blue sky, and departed on a pilgrimage to that venerated isle which held prisoner for twenty long years the hero cherished by France and the terror of his enemies. His tomb lay in a deep and narrow valley, overshadowed by a few weeping willows, so called on account of the grief occasioned by the death of the hero. A clear spring, but without any water, caused by the heat, which is so great that eggs are laid there without the assistance of the smallest fowl; a muddy and limpid stream flowed at two paces' distance

from the hero's boots, and the cup which every one uses to drink from is still there. The visitor uses it with compunction, when he learns that it was in this cup that the monster Hudson Lowe poured the poisoned coffee which killed the great Napoleon in the flower of his fifty-two years of age.

His residence was called Longwood; just as any one would say *Rue Albony*, in Paris: it is a local name. The character of the English is well shown in this. The island of St. Helena is the more unhealthy, as it is inhabited by many English of both sexes; it is ten miles in circumference, and the Black Rock is seen from a distance of ten leagues at sea by any one who is there.

The navigation ended, I once more returned to my native country, where I wrought as a mechanist in various workshops. M. Guizot was about confiding to me a literary mission, when to my misfortune the tempest of February broke out.

I underwent many fatigues in my journeyings. I beg you will excuse me if I venture to tell you that I wish to live.

I have the honour to be,

TOREAU.

The author of this delectable piece of composition was sentenced to a month's imprisonment. Any schoolboy would have deserved as much. Cork pavings, electrical canons, electric lights, and the proposal of M. Valenciennes, actually being put into practice, of filling the Seine with the fish of other rivers, among which a carp, a perch (*Perca lucioperca*), and the great *Siluris glanis*, the only European species of the remarkable family of Siluridæ, are topics of the past year commented upon with good-natured ridicule by the lively Parisians.

There are three things that the Parisians, they say of themselves, throw out of the window—their time, their health, and their money. Some, however, grow careful in their old days, retire to some quiet *quartier*, where visitors are less numerous and temptations less flagrant. Others even go so far—but that is rare with the true Parisian—as to take a country-house, we should say a suburban residence, but with a Parisian a hundred yards beyond the city gates is country. But even here he is followed by that nuisance of every country and every clime—the family friend—who exhibits his peculiarities in a country-house, something in the same manner as he does in the town-house, when he complains that the family-plate is not after the latest fashion:

Happy the Parisian who does not possess a country-house—he can then devote himself to those of his friends.

A householder of Meudon or of Fontenay is the slave of his plants and his trees. The whole year round he weeds them, waters them, prunes them, disinvests them of caterpillars, and then, when his toil and attention is rewarded by a beautiful flower, the perfume of which he respectfully enjoys at a distance, in the fear of hurting its bloom by a rude approach; a Parisian, who has invited himself to dinner on Sunday, cuts it down without remorse! So it is with the apricots and peaches; if there are a few that excel in size and ripeness, depend upon it that the terrible Parisian will gather them without compunction; lucky, indeed, if he does not use the stone as a missile with which to attack the cucumber frame.

When the Parisian is a married man, he makes a bouquet of the most beautiful flowers in the garden, and when his razzia is over, he has the barbarity to display the result in triumph to the unfortunate proprietor. A trap for Parisians would be far more useful in a country-house than broken glass on the walls.

The Parisian Nimrod has a far more local type. If we are to believe

the reporter of his exploits in the "Almanach Comique," the result is an average destruction on the plain of St. Denis, every 1st of September, of 150 dogs killed or wounded. On the other hand, the few hares and rabbits that inhabit that said plain generally die of old age. There are some Parisian sportsmen who are such fanatics in the pursuit of game, that they even find comfort in having sent their whole charge into poor Azor's body, inasmuch as, on their return home, they can at least boast of having killed something.

And now, to conclude, with a story which belongs to the class of supernatural incidents, and that in one of its most curious phases, where there are two coincidences—coincidence of time, and coincidence of three witnesses. It has also the advantage, as far as we know, of being quite new:

At the time when the great revolution broke out in France, Count de Malet de Coupigny inhabited the château of Louverval, between Bapaume and Cambrai. There lived with him two sisters, one known as Mademoiselle de Lamotte; the other a nun of the Abbey of Guillenghien. An apartment was also reserved for their maternal uncle, Philip Charles Bernard de Briois, Abbé of the celebrated Abbey of St. Vaast; but the abbot had remained in the city of Arras, notwithstanding the danger of persecution, and it was very seldom that he came to the family mansion.

One evening, during the reign of terror, M. de Coupigny was seated at supper with his sisters in the dining-room of Louverval,—a great room which communicated by a door with glass-lights in it with an ante-chamber on the one side, and on the other with a saloon, beyond which, again, were the rooms occupied by the Abbé de Briois. Suddenly the nun of Guillenghien rose up, with an expression of the greatest surprise, exclaiming, at the same time, "Heavens, here is my uncle, the Abbé of St. Vaast!"

All looked round; the glass-door was open, and M. de Briois was seen, quite distinctly by all present, dressed in full canonicals, to cross the dining-room, to bow most politely, but with a grave and serious air, to the party, and then to pass out by the door of the saloon. The three, at first struck dumb with surprise, having recovered themselves, hastened to follow their uncle. They thought that, being obliged to fly from Arras, he had come to take refuge at Louverval, and they expected to find him in his own room, but no one was to be seen there. The château was explored, and the search was even carried into the garden and neighbouring woods, but no traces of the abbot having been there could be found. Night was passed in the greatest anxiety. The next morning an express arrived from Arras, bearing the sad tidings that M. de Briois had perished on the scaffold the previous evening, precisely at the hour of his marvellous appearance in the mansion of Louverval!

This anecdote is told as a family tradition, the portrait of the Abbé of St. Vaast being in the possession of one of his collateral descendants, the Baroness Auguste de la Grange.

YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

Chapter VIII.

Not having the Fleecyborough census-paper at hand, we are unable to say what age the lovely Angelena—Miss Blunt—returned herself at, but her mamma admitted she was out of her teens, while a rival mamma would very likely set her down at thirty or more. Be that, however, as it may, she had all the worldly experience of a woman of thirty. She had flirted with and jilted half the young men during their passage through the regiment; Cornets Cubley, Disher, Dazzler, Dibs, and Shaver; Lieutenants Dancewell, Wildblood, Bouquet, and Gape, courting as a soldier's daughter ought to court—by the word of command—making up to this man when told he was a "catch"—chopping over to that when advised he was "better." Her present *liaison* was with our little pig-eyed friend, Cornet Jug, a beardless boy, equally enamoured of his bottle and her. He would be an honourable when his grandpapa, old Lord Pitcher went to the "well." Invincible Tom was now coming to cut him out. Singularly enough, the band struck up "See the conquering hero comes" as Tom dashed up to the door of the colonel's barrack-house in a Fleecyborough fly on the day of the *thé dansante*, as Mrs. Colonel Blunt called it, or the "ear-ache and stomach-ache," as the old colonel christened it.

"Mr. Hall!" "Mr. Hoar!" "Mr. Horn!" announced three consecutive Heavysteed Dragoon footmen, as our fat friend elbowed his way up-stairs into the colonel's little rooms, now looking less by the profusion of hairy heavies simpering their vapid inanities over the perspiring, and therefore thoroughly happy, rank, beauty, and fashion of Fleecyborough. Dancing teas not being much in vogue in that neighbourhood, some of the beauties were attired in evening, some in morning, dresses—the choice most likely being a good deal influenced by the symmetry of their figures or the state of their wardrobes. Miss Blunt being of the slim, not to say scraggy order, capable of improvement by millinery, was in an elegant Turkish trouser-sleeved tarlatan double-skirted muslin dress, that seemed undecided whether it would be a morning or an evening one. It was made as a tunic, both skirts trimmed all round with plaited pink ribbon and very broad machinery lace. She also wore a black machinery lace jacket with most voluminous sleeves, showing her arms well up to the elbows. These were heavily laden with jewellery, for though her well-disciplined mind would not allow of her thinking for "one moment" of a man without her "beloved parents' approval," she nevertheless exercised a sound discretion of her own with regard to keeping their presents, and her hands and arms were perfect trophy-bearers of her eyes. There, in the shape of rings, and lockets, and chains, and bracelets, and armlets, glittered the spoils of war—the honours of many sieges. She could have furnished a conquest department in the Crystal Palace. One might almost read the characters of her lovers in their presents. In the mild, fairy-like web of that turquoise-studded Venetian chain breathes the soft languishing notes of Lieutenant Bouquet—that fiery-eyed serpent darts the despairing passion of Lieutenant Wildblood—in that plain gold armlet with the sparkling diamond heart we read the cruel case of Cornet Dibs—that showy, never-going armlet watch tells the deception that was practised

upon honest Gape—the bacchanalian-grouped cameo proclaims the taste of little Jug. But to our dashing Tom.

There was a general lull and stare, and nudging, and putting up of eye-glasses, as, red-faced and hot, our friend forced his way into the room, the officers eyeing him with pity as the next victim, the ladies feeling somewhat hurt at Mrs. Blunt trenching, as it were, on their preserve. "Not that they, &c.—*but*, &c.'

"HOW ARE YE, HALL?" roared the colonel, who was standing in full uniform, looking like a red hot globe in the centre of the little room, the perspiration standing on his bald, but still darkly-fringed head. "HOW ARE YE, HALL?" repeated he, extending an enormous fin of an arm. And drawing Tom towards him, he shot him forward with a force that cannon'd him against his wife and daughter.

"Let me introduce my darter," observed the former, on recovering her equilibrium. "Angelena, my love, Mr. Hall; Mr. Hall, my darter Angelena."

The happy couple then made their obeisances like combatants entering the arena, and again the surging roar of conversation rose and overwhelmed what followed. The small room was crammed to suffocation; and the gallant men were so intent on guarding the fair, that they seemed to have put on all their accoutrements, and brought everything, except their horses, into the room.

"Oh, my toe!" squeaked little Miss Smiley, as Captain Dash came down upon it with his spur. "That's my foot, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Benson, as Captain Pippin began to drum upon it with his sword. "Would you have the kindness to move a little that way?" asked Mrs. Makepiece, mildly; "the peak of your helmet is piercing my back." But we must leave these minor casualties in favour of the greater actors in this our drama.

Most regular flirts have a set form of attack, and Angelena's was of the most direct and positive order. She always advised young men to have their pictures taken. "Oh, dear! she thought it such a pity for men not to be 'pinted,'" as she called it, for she had an elegant way of making her 'a's' into 'i's,' and committing other extravagances with the English language. "She thought it such a pity for men not to be 'pinted' when they were young and handsome. Wouldn't he now—wouldn't he have his portrait 'pinted?'" and she would look in the goose's grinning face in the most winning, beseeching way possible. She had sent a dozen fools to the "pinter's," and was just advising little Jug to have his unmeaning mug taken when the new conquering hero arrived. She "at" Tom most vigorously—eyes, nose, mouth, ears, hands, and all. After an icebreaker about the weather, she diverged at once into the army. "So he was going into Lord Lavender's Hussars! Well!" continued she, clasping her hands, and turning her green eyes up to the dirty ceiling. "Ah! she had heard—she had hoped—but no matter—Lord Lavender's was a lovely corps—the finest out of the line. Such uniforms! Heavies in the morning, and Hussars at night. Wouldn't he now—wouldn't he have his portrait 'pinted?' In the hussar uniform, with his busby on? Nothing so becoming as a busby. It was such a pity for men not to be 'pinted' when they were young and handsome," dropping her voice as she uttered the word handsome, and looking at Tom as if she was utterly annihilated by his beauty.

"I say, Hall! I've made the match with old Hide," roared the colonel, at this interesting period. "You know what I mean, Griper and Holdfast! It's for Friday—ten sovs.—P.P.; so you come and see it, and dine with us after; and now Angelena, my dear," continued he, at a signal from his wife, "sing us 'Marble Halls,' 'The Soldier tired,' or something to keep us warm. *He—he—he! haw—haw—haw! ho—ho—ho!*" the colonel mopping the perspiration from his head with a great snuff-coloured bandana.

And Fibs, and Stalker, and Pippin, and all the jolly subs, "he—he—he'd" and "haw—haw—haw'd," as if he said the wittiest thing in the world. Wondrous are the pleasantries of the powerful!

"How tiresome!" muttered Angelena, aside, to our Tom; adding, in an under-tone, as the intelligent youth stood with his mouth open, "well, come, you must hand me to the piano, and turn over my music for me;" so saying, she ran her Turkish-trousered, highly-ornamented arm through Tom's, and went pushing, and pardoning, and excusing her way through the crowd, the lady making way for Tom, instead of Tom making way for her. Arrived at the piano, she ungloved her little white hands, the taper fingers of which glittered with further trophies of her eyes, and holding up her arms to shuffle her manacles into their places, she again cast an imploring glance at our hero, and whispered, "Now, *don't* forget about the 'pinting.'"

All this was done in full sight of little Jug, who stood biting his thick lips, his right hand clutching his sword while he kept thinking what a subject Tom would be to exercise it upon.

Then miss ran her taper fingers gaily along the accustomed notes of the old tingling instrument. Her mamma cried "*h—u—s—s—sh!*" the colonel tapped with his sword against the floor; Major Fibs clapped his red hands; Mrs. Makepiece whispered Mrs. Jenkinson, "What a bore!" Mrs. Jenkinson observed, it was "just a show off for themselves;" while Mrs. Loveington looked at her three charming daughters, and thought how much better any one of them would look at the piano: above all which envy, hatred, malice, and other uncharitableness, the rich, clear notes of the syren arose, gradually prevailing o'er the noise. The ladies then contented themselves with shrugging their shoulders, raising their eyebrows, and making signs expressive of contempt of the performance and their pity for poor Tom Hall, who stood pillorised before them, looking as sensible as young gentlemen in similar circumstances generally do. He was now on show like a "lively turtle" before dressing.

When the squall—an Italian one—was over, loud and vehement was the applause, the stamping, the clapping, and thumping. Captain Spillman, who wanted a month's leave of absence to go and have a turn with Sir Richard in Leicestershire, cried, "*Bravo, bravo, bravo, bravissimo!*" and clapped his hands till he burst the seams of his eighteenpenny kids. Jug, too, squeaked his best, though he couldn't but feel that Angelena was playing him false. Still he thought she would never take such a lout as Tom Hall in preference to him. It must just be because Hall was a stranger; and he doubted not all her former affection would return as soon as they were together again. So Jug squeaked a good squeak, and belaboured his hands as well. The ladies, too—dear, truthful creatures—

applauded, and some drew nigh, complimenting the corpulent colonel on his daughter's extraordinary execution, others flattering his wife; while Mrs. Makepiece, who had just passed it as her private opinion to Mr. Mackintosh that "the girl had no more voice than a peacock," rushed up to Angelena, and, seizing both her hands, swung them like pump-handles, declaring she reminded her of Catalani in her best days. The artless girl gave a deprecatory shake of her prettily-shaped head, now dressed in the Madonna style, and replied, "If she sang well enough to please her perhaps too partial friends, it was all she desired;" and our Tom, who was still hard by, thought he never heard a more angelic speech.

The band outside then struck up another tune, giving freedom of speech to the lately suppressed voices; and little Jug, having been primed by Captain Dazzler that he oughtn't to let that something (bad word) civilian cut him out, advanced, with a noisy, free-and-easy, arm-squaring air, and thrusting his little person before our fat Tom, exclaimed,

"Now, Angelena, give us 'Drops of Brandy!'"

Angelena, who had now resumed her seat at the piano, took no notice of him, but turning her die-away eyes up to our Tom, said,

"What's your fivorite tune, Mr. Hall?"

And, most fortunately for Tom's musical reputation, the lovely Jane Daisyfield had been much addicted to "Jim Crow," which enabled Tom to cap "Drops of Brandy" by asking for that lively air. Thereupon Angelina struck it up most vigorously, setting all the heads a bobbing, and even the ponderous colonel's feet a shuffling. Great applause followed the execution, and Tom felt that he had performed quite a feat in calling for it.

After this there was an evident signaling and sign-making going on in the room, and presently the band struck up "The Roast Beef of Old England;" whereupon two tawdrily-dressed dragoon footmen—much such looking gentlemen as we see rush upon a stage to clear it of chairs or other properties—commenced an assault upon the wooden partition at the back of the piano, and presently succeeded in exposing the colonel's bedroom, now fitted up with blue and white calico as a tent, with a table of refreshments in the centre. At one end of the table were tea and coffee—the *thé dansante* that the colonel spoke of when he called to ask the Halls—while the other was occupied with red and white wine negus-jugs, cut decanters, and glasses. On the centre of the table stood a thing like a glass dumb-waiter, surmounted by three tiers of calves'-foot jelly glasses, and flanked on either side by the mess epergnes, tastefully piled with fruits and flowers, the handiwork of the lovely Angelina. Between the epergnes and the silver trays at the ends of the table were wine-coolers, with nothing in them. Both Mrs. and Miss had tried hard for a few bottles of cheap champagne, but the colonel had most resolutely resisted any such extravagance, observing, that if they once began to give champagne, there was no saying how much a mob of that sort would mop up, and that they would abuse them far more, if they didn't get enough, than praise them for giving any. Indeed, the colonel had been bent upon giving as cheap an entertainment as possible, having first of all calculated that twenty or five-and-twenty shillings, judiciously expended in fruit and confectionary, aided by the great attractions of "our band"—"finest in the service," of course—would give such an ear-ache and stomach-ache as

would amply requite any attentions they had received at the hands of their Fleecyborough friends.

As usual, however, with such undertakings, the programme extended as the arrangements proceeded, and long before the appointed day the five-and-twenty shillings had grown into a five pound note. This was, perhaps, caused a good deal by the lithping major going about the town talking of the "great preparathons they were making for the ball at the barrackth—the e-*nor*-moth ecthpenth the old colonel wath going to;" darkly hinting that "it wathn't impothible the old Dook might be down." This had the desired effect, and many people who gave good dinners, but not to the military, began to think they would make an exception in favour of the Heavysteed Dragoons. They didn't say, point-blank, let's go and card the colonel, and see if we can get an invite, but Mrs. Freebody said casually to her husband, as he was smacking his lips after his fourth glass of port-wine, "F., my dear, don't you think you might as well (hem) call (hem) at the (hem) barracks."

"*Call at the barracks!*" retorted Freebody (a substantial brewer), firing up. "What the deuce should I call at the barracks for? Barracks indeed! Why these people get their beer at the Jerry-shop; what should I call at the barracks for?" he repeated, fixing his blood-shot eyes on his astonished wife.

"Oh, just to be civil to the military," replied his wife.

"*Civil to the military!*" exclaimed Freebody. "*Will they be civil to me?*—eat my dinners—drink my wine—and call me a base mechanic behind my back. Just as they do old Jack Gooseman. No—no—no barracks for me, I thank'e;" and thereupon he filled himself an overflowing bumper.

"Oh, that was those saucy hussars," replied his wife. "It was just like their impittance—thought there was nobody in the town good enough for them to sociate with; but these gents seem quite different sort of gents; amiable, agreeable young people: dance with all the girls at the balls—at least, all those whose houses they dine at; and the colonel's daughter seems a most genteel young person—quite a desirable quaintance for our girls. Besides, they're going to give a ball. The Busses are asked, and the Chinneys are asked, and the Plummeys are asked, and the Halls are asked, and it *would* be such a thing if our girls were not there."

And Freebody, who hated the Halls more than there is any occasion to describe, principally because old Hall had "sivin-and-four'd" one of his bills at a time when Freebody was not thought so "highly respectable" as he had since become; Freebody, we say, hating the Halls, and other considerations him thereunto moving, was at length induced to card the colonel. And many others being similarly instigated, the five-and-twenty shilling soon stood a very poor chance of satisfying all the requirements of the occasion. However, the colonel consoled himself under the increased expenditure, by thinking that he had good six months to eat his returns out in before the regiment was moved, and that it might not be impolitic to endeavour to enlist the townspeople in aid of his designs upon Hall. Accordingly, he saw the calves'-foot jelly, and porcupine sponge cakes, and finger cakes, and fruit—above all the job calico for the tent—arrive without kicking up any of those tremendous shindies that he was in the habit of doing when things went contrary to his wishes. And this

reminds us that, having got so far in the entertainment as the opening of the banqueting bed-room for the stomach-ache part of the *thé dansante*, it may be as well for the reader and guests to enter together.

Looking at the *coup d'œil*, it did not seem as if the colonel had misnamed the entertainment; for hard-featured apples, harder-featured pears, sour plums, and bunches of questionable-looking black things, that Angelena not inaptly called "gripes"—("Let me help you to some gripes—*do* take some gripes?")—formed the principal features of the feast. However, they were well set on, tastefully decorated with flowers and evergreens, and a pleasantly-disposed public accorded the usual indulgence granted to bachelor and barrack efforts. Old Miss Fozington, to be sure, with her accustomed curiosity, went prying about with her eye-glass, guessing that this was borrowed, that hired, the fruit a cheap bargain, pinching the table-cloth to test its quality, and even fishing for the mark to see that it was their own. But even she, with all her talent for detraction, could not but admit that the entertainment was not "so bad," and much better than anything that Mrs. Lovington, or even the Empress of Morocco—as they called Mrs. Halfhide, the tanner's wife, who essayed to lead the Fleecyborough fashion—ever gave. Indeed, the whole thing—the name, *thé dansante*—the unwonted hour—the mixed and uncertain dress, the tent-like room, the boisterous band—above all, the dear, delightful barracks, with sentries and real soldiers, and simpering officers in all the pomp and circumstance of war—led the imaginations of the excitable ones into the airy regions of romantic flight. From these pleasant excursions, just as the thing was in full swing—the band uproarious, and all hands settled to their game, Miss Spencer at Mr. Fielding, Miss Weathertit at Mr. White Brown, Miss Tinney at Mr. Thompson, and Angelena languishing at our Tom, as she offered him some more "gripes"—a loud tapping was heard at the top of the table, and presently Sir Thomas Thimbleton rose, and gave indications of eloquence. Sir Thomas, whose father was a great army tailor, was a Dublin Castle knight, but, like all truly great men, condescending withal—and no feast or *fête*, or wedding, or christening, in Fleecyborough, or within a radius of three miles, was considered perfect without Sir Thomas Thimbleton of Thimbleton Park's (as he called his cockney villa with twenty acres of land) presence. He always took the palavering department as of right, and, though a man of few words, he contrived to stretch them over an extraordinary space of time, always, if possible, making a mess of the thing. He was a terrible man for treading on peoples' corns. Anxious mammas trembled when they saw his vacant visage rise on its substantial star-bedecorated pedestal, lest he should nip a rising *liaison* in the bud, or connect a couple in a toast who hated the sight of each other. The most unimaginative listener knew what he was going to say long before his dwelling tongue came up to the words. On this occasion he began, as usual, with the words "Ladies and gentlemen," and having got so far on his journey, he placed his right hand in his richly-buttoned, velvet-collared blue coat, and pondered a little, as if he *was* going to say something original this time. Then, having raised the expectations of his audience, he gave a loud cough, and again said "Ladies and gentlemen," which produced renewed tapping and a dead pause.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, for the third time, "I consider it one of the proudest privileges of rank and station"—("Old story over

again," wispered Miss Tinney to Mr. Thompson. "Old fool! his father was a tailor," muttered Mr. White Brown to Mrs. White Brown that was to be)—"I consider it one of the proudest privileges of rank and station to be permitted on this occasion"—a pause, while he considered whether it was a birth, death, marriage, or meeting of the Conservative Club, where he had a lease of the toast, "The health of the Duchess of Fleecyborough," the lord-lieutenant's lady; finding it was none of these, he backed the train of his thoughts a little, repeating the words, "to be permitted, on this occasion—this festive occecasion"—applause from those who thought he had got himself into a fix—"this *most* festive occasion," repeated he, cheered by the encouragement, "to propose the health, of the distinguished—*illustrious*, I should say—givers—donors of this sumptuous—this most sumptuous—this most elegant and sumptuous——" (dead pause)—

"EAR-ACHE AND STOMACH-ACHE!" roared the old colonel, coming to the rescue.

The old knight, nothing disconcerted at the outburst of laughter that followed, stood, taking impressions of his inverted wine-glass on the table-cloth, till the noise had somewhat subsided, an interval that enabled him to consider how he should wind up his oration. Child's health there was none to propose; "married couple" were equally out of the question; but a quick-minded world often setting parties out for each other before they are aware of it themselves; it now occurred to Sir Thomas that he had heard something about Tom Hall and Miss Blunt, and seeing the interesting couple looking sweet at each other, with his usual propensity for blundering, he jumped to the conclusion that they were betrothed, and proceeded to announce it as follows, being his usual form of speech for wedding breakfasts:

"This sumptuous *entertainment*," continued he, with an emphasis on the word that had brought him up short, "an entertainment ushering an event that he hoped would be as conducive to the happiness of the interesting young couple," looking at Tom and Angelena, "as he was sure it would be pleasing to their respective parents and friends." Applause from the mischievous, with "Poohs!" "Pshaws!" "No, nos!" "Stuff and nonsense!" "What's the man about?" from the colonel and Mrs. Blunt.

Nothing daunted, the doughty knight turned up his glass, and filling it with hot elder wine, called on the company for an overflowing bumper to the healths of Colonel and Mrs. Blunt, Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and Mr. and Mrs. THOMAS HALL, the last names being received with the most uproarious laughter and applause. The knight was quite cock-a-hoop; he thought he had done it wonderfully well—everybody else thought he was mad. The fair Angelena blushed a real blush, and hung her head; Tom Hall gaped with astonishment; Jug looked as if he would eat Tom; and there was such a battering and clattering on the table, that three-and-sixpence worth of glass was demolished in no time; the dumb-waiter-looking jelly-stand quaked, the Ripstone pippins, pears, and grapes came rolling from their places, and great was the relief when the colonel, clapping his great mutton fists, announced that the late concert-room was ready for dancing.

"What a man it is!" (meaning Sir Thomas) exclaimed Angelena, running her arm through Tom's, clasping her hands like a bracelet on the

top of it, as she led him away to the head of the quadrille, already forming by the obsequious heavies, all anxious to do honour to the colonel's *fête*.

Now Tom's education had been neglected in the dancing as in other lines, but having no option given him, he just took his place, and went rolling and bumping about, getting in everybody's way, and getting smart tastes of the spurs of the soldiery. Angelena did her best to keep him right, but all her efforts were of little avail, and before the quadrille was over, the happy couple had monopolised the attention of the whole room. However, Angelena was not easily put out of her way—at least, when it was her interest not to be—though she could read the "riot act" as loudly as anybody when she had no interest in being amiable.

Having at length worked the fat and now profusely perspiring youth through the intricacies of the dance, she gladly led him back to the refreshment-room, where she began to make the most of her time in a series of pertinent questions, beginning with, "Was he going to 'stye' altogether at Fleecyborough? Was he going to dine at the Emperor of Morocco's on Monday? Would he be at Mrs. Moneytin's party on Tuesday? Was he acquainted with the Fergusons of Thorneyfield?—Well now he ought to know them—indeed he ought—most agreeable people—Sophy Fergey was a particular friend of hers—*such* a nice girl! *so* unaffected!" And as she was explaining how Sophy and she met every other Friday when Sophy's father was justice-ising at Fleecyborough, at the cottage by the Windmill on Heatherblow Heath, Mr. Mattyfat of the Heavysteeds, we are concerned to say, making the trio, to meet the fair Sophy, little Jug, nothing daunted by his former rebuff, again swaggered up and claimed Angelena's hand for a valtz. The fair lady pretended not to hear him, and flaunting her broad machinery lace-fringed handkerchief, went on expatiating on the merits of Sophy, who she was sure our Tom would like to know, suggesting that the heath was such a charming place to ride upon, asking if our Tom was fond of riding?—declaring, without waiting for an answer, that she *delighted* in it herself, asserting that she had the sweetest lady's horse in the world, that the Queen had sent to buy it, and her father wouldn't let her have it." When little Jug, tired of admiring her machinery lace-covered back, got round to the front, and said, in an angry tone, "Well, Angelena, are you going to dance with me or not?"

"To be sure I am!" replied the fair lady, starting as if she had never heard the previous question, and, looking most lovingly at our Tom, she suffered herself to be led away by the now triumphant Jug, who whisked her and twirled her, and twisted her and jumped her, till Tom, in his turn, was troubled with jealousy. As they every now and then swept past his nose, he determined, if he laboured all night, but he would learn to waltz. In the midst of this resolution, and certain imaginary arrangements for licking Jug, the band suddenly struck up "God save the Queen"—the *thé dansante* was over. Adieus, hunting for hats, shawls, and cloaks quickly followed, mingled with protestations that of all agreeable parties that was the most so; and when at length it came to our hero's turn to take leave, Angelena, looking archly in his face, as she held his fat hand, whispered,

"*Now, don't forget to be 'pinted.'*"

And Tom went home with a desperate heart-ache.

GOLD IN AUSTRALIA.

GEOLOGISTS have been aware for some time past that the Blue Mountains of Australia were auriferous, and held out promises of one day adding a considerable amount of gold to that already in circulation. In an article on the subject in the *New Monthly* (vol. xci., No. 364), we said, "Taking into view that the rocks composing the framework of Australia, as described by Count Strzelecki, are similar to what are met with in known auriferous regions, it was surmised some years back that gold would be found to prevail in certain portions of that great continent. Such has proved to be the case, and specimens of gold in quartz have reached this country from the Blue Mountains. In the ridges north of Adelaide, where so much fine copper has been worked out, gold has also been recently discovered to be plentiful in the detritus and gravel, over upwards of three hundred square miles."

It was not, however, till early this year, that a Mr. G. H. Hargreaves, who had visited the gold regions of California, actually commenced digging for gold in the Blue Mountains; a proceeding which led to the disclosure of unbounded wealth to his fellow-colonists. It is said that a shepherd, named M'Gregor, had some time previously been in the habit of bringing gold to Sydney for sale, but that he carefully preserved the secret of the spot whence he obtained it.*

Mr. Hargreaves commenced his search about the middle of January, 1851, and, after traversing the country for about three hundred miles, hit upon a productive spot, in the Summerville Creek, near its junction with the Macquarie River, and about thirty-five miles north-west of the inland town of Bathurst. To this place the discoverer gave the high-sounding name of the Ophir-diggings, which we believe has not been retained, but has been supplanted by the more humble original designation of Summerville Creek.

It does not appear when Mr. Hargreaves actually discovered the mineral deposit he had been in search of since January, but it was May before the fact became known to Bathurst, and produced general excitement.

The Bathurst *Free Press*, of Saturday, May 17th, speaking of the first spreading of the news, added:

For several days after our last publication the business of the town was utterly paralysed. A complete mental madness appears to have seized almost every member of the community, and, as a natural consequence, there has been an universal rush to the diggings Any attempt to describe the numberless scenes—grave, gay, and ludicrous—which have arisen out of this state of things, would require the graphic pen of a Dickens, and would exceed any limit which could be assigned to it in a newspaper. Groups of people were to be seen early on Monday morning at every corner of the streets, assembled in solemn conclave, debating both possibilities and impossibilities, and eager to

* The Rev. Mr. Clarke, of St. Leonard's Parsonage, Sydney, had also been, for some time previously, enforcing upon the local government, and his fellow-colonists, the probable existence of gold in the Blue Mountains, as deduced from their geological structure. The precise data of these deductions, we shall inquire into more strictly afterwards.

pounce upon any human being who was likely to give any information about the diggings. People of all trades, callings, and pursuits, were quickly transformed into miners, and many a hand which had been trained to kid gloves, or accustomed to wield nothing heavier than the grey goosequill, became nervous to clutch the pick and crowbar, or "rock the cradle" at our infant mines. The blacksmiths of the town could not turn off the picks fast enough, and the manufacture of cradles was the second briskest business of the place. A few left town on Monday equipped for the diggings; but on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, the roads to Summerville Creek became literally alive with new-made miners from every quarter, some armed with picks, others shouldering crowbars or shozels, and not a few strung round with washhand basins, tin pots and cullenders; garden and agricultural implements of every variety either hung from the saddle-bow or dangled about the persons of the pilgrims to Ophir. Now and then a respectable tradesman, who had just left his bench or counter, would heave in sight with a huge something in front of his horse, which he called a cradle, and with which he was about to rock himself into fortune. Scores have rushed from their homes, provided with a blanket, "a damper," and a pick or grubbing-hoe, full of hope that a day or two's labour would fill their pockets with the precious metal; and we have heard of a great number who have started without any provision but a blanket and some rude implement to dig with. Such is the intensity of the excitement that people appear almost regardless of their present comfort, and think of nothing but gold.

The return of a son of Mr. Neale, a Bathurst brewer, with a piece of pure metal weighing eleven ounces, assisted very materially to fan the excitement. This first pepite was purchased by Mr. Austin for 30*l.* The last-mentioned gentleman started to Sydney by the following day's mail with the news and the piece of gold to give it authenticity. Mr. Kennedy, the manager of the Bathurst Branch of the Union Bank of Australia, was the next qualified person to go in company with two other gentlemen of Bathurst to visit the diggings, and they were all gratified by picking up small pieces of pure metal. Mr. Kennedy also took away with him a few handfuls of loose earth from the bed of the creek, which were afterwards assayed by a Mr. Korff, of Sydney, who detected the presence of gold.

Soon after the arrival of the news at Sydney, Mr. Stutchbury, government geologist, was despatched to the diggings, and Mr. Hargreaves having in his presence washed several pans of earth, from which more or less fine gold was obtained, Mr. Stutchbury became satisfied of the reality of the thing, and, after furnishing Mr. Hargreaves with credentials to that effect, made his report for the information of her Majesty's and the colonial government.

By the end of May there were nearly 2000 persons at the mines, and hundreds scattered in other directions. Several parties who worked in company secured large returns at the onset. By the 2nd of June gold to the value of 20,000*l.* had been obtained, and 9000*l.* worth had been sold on the spot. Amongst the specimens transmitted to Sydney at this early period was a lump weighing forty-six ounces and a half. All were not equally fortunate, the greater number of diggers barely obtained wherewith to procure the necessaries of life. Provisions had, as a first consequence of the excitement, gone up immensely in price. Flour, which before ranged from 26s. to 28s. per 100 lbs., sold for 45s.; tea, sugar,

and almost every other eatable commodity advanced in equal proportion, in many cases 200 per cent.

There was nothing in this popular excitement to excite surprise. Had the leading geologists in our own country certified that scarcely below the surface of Snowdonia lumps of fine gold were to be had at no greater cost of labour than is involved in scratching the soil, what would have become, ere a week had elapsed, of a large per centage of the inhabitants of Birmingham, Shrewsbury, and other large towns?

But Australia was peculiarly circumstanced. The sheep, which had hitherto constituted the principal wealth, were divided into flocks varying from 400 to 1000 in number, each of which is entrusted to a single shepherd. The country being infested by wild dogs, it is absolutely necessary that some one should always be present with the sheep, in order to protect them from destruction. It was calculated that at least 14,000,000 sheep existed in the Australian colonies from day to day by virtue of the unceasing care and attention bestowed upon them by the shepherds, under a rigid system of central superintendance; without that care such flocks could not exist for a week. The apprehensions that were entertained in consequence of the evil and ruin that would ensue to pastoral pursuits and to the usual interests of the colony from the desertion of shepherds arose for a time to a perfect panic. "The information that a gold-field has been discovered," said one, "is certain to attract away every shepherd and hut-keeper in the employment of the proprietors of sheep." Then, again, the sheep-shearers were exactly the persons who, from their itinerant way of life and reckless habits, would be the first to swell the ranks of the gold-seekers. Time, however, and proper precautions that have been taken, has shown all these apprehensions to be unfounded, and that the anticipated evil has worked only to a very limited and almost unappreciable extent. No thanks, however, to a torpid home government, which had it, as it was so long and so fervently been urged to do, established a line of steam communication between this country and Australia, the account of these discoveries would have reached this country in ample time for a supply of labour to have been despatched under any conditions that might have been deemed proper, to arrive in October, so as to supply the exigencies of the shearing season. The chief part of any evils that may arise will thus infallibly be placed by the colonists at the door of the home government.

Another party of alarmists viewed with consternation the reckless and desperate characters who, having served their sentence of transportation, swarm throughout the Australian colonies and adjacent islands, and who, it was supposed, would flock to the gold-field as a common centre, not more with a view to labour as to profit by those opportunities of plunder which such a scene of confusion and excitement must necessarily afford. But Australia was differently circumstanced to California. The latter was a new country, where society was as yet rude and unformed, and there were neither government nor authorities at the onset. In Australia there were both; and although the first gold produce had to be protected in its way from the diggings to the coast, and gold awaited for some time at Bathurst a military escort to Sydney, still this state of things gradually wore away, and it is possible that by this time the gold-diggings in the

Blue Mountains are almost as safe as the stone-quarries of the Grampians.*

Others, more perspicuous in their views, wrote, as early as May 29—"The colony was never better prepared for so radical a change as must come over its commercial relations as at the present moment. Everything is on as sound a footing as can be well imagined, although many must suffer—some from over-speculation, some from the withdrawal of labour from pastoral pursuits, and many from being obliged to carry on their concerns at increased rates of expenditure. But all this, we are confident, will be remedied in time. Many will return disappointed, and will resume their usual avocations, and a large quantity of enterprising labour will flow in from the neighbouring colonies, and, we have no doubt, also from England." This from the letters of the firm of Smith, Campbell, and Co., of Sydney; and their opinion derived the more importance from Mr. Campbell having been one of a party to effect the first purchase of upwards of 800*l.* of gold brought to this country by the *Thomas Arbuthnot.*

By the middle of June, indeed, the intensity of the excitement brought on by the gold discovery had in a great measure subsided. Government had brought the gold-digging into some degree of system and control, by furnishing licenses at the small charge of 1*l.* 10s. per month, and which, in consequence, met with no opposition to their enforcement. Reckless speculation had also disappeared with the first frenzy. Goods could not be sold much beyond their ordinary quotations, and all classes were already acting with less precipitancy.

There is no doubt, however, circumstanced as Australia is, that for some time yet the relations between labour and capital will be completely upset, and the former being forced suddenly and impetuously into an

* Upon this subject the *Times* says—"It is only justice to our own El Dorado to point out that failure in the pursuit of gold in Australia is not attended with the same repulsive incidents which have too often waited upon it in California. Instead of the warlike and ferocious natives of the Sierra Nevada, the Australian miner will have to deal with a race of aborigines entirely subjugated, and, by virtue of some inscrutable law of Providence, verging to extinction. Fever, ague, dysentery, the scorching heat of summer, and the biting cold of winter, which scourge the Californian miner, are unknown to the Australian, and the unsuccessful gold-seeker will still find himself in the midst of a thoroughly English community, where a very moderate exertion will secure him the substantial comforts of life in the utmost abundance. It may be that the prizes are not so great; but there are no blanks. The labouring-man who goes to Australia in pursuit of gold may not obtain the object of his search, but he will at any rate acquire the means of competence and comfort in the cheapest and most abundant country in the world. The benefits Australia may reasonably expect to reap from her golden possessions are such as many of her inhabitants will value more highly than any increase of material wealth. The position of a labouring-man in the colonies is already so much superior to that which he occupies in the mother-country, that transportation has ceased to inspire dread, and a criminal gravely asked the judge the other day to increase the length of his sentence, in order to make his deportation certain. Let there be added to these inducements the prospect of picking up gold without diving into other people's pockets under the prying gaze of a policeman, and the temptation to crime will be perfectly irresistible; there will be a regular run on the minor class of offences, punishment will be turned into reward, and that which is meant to deter will be the inducement to crime. The discovery of gold-mines will arrest transportation to Australia far more certainly than the eloquence of Sir William Molesworth or the efforts of the Colonial League; and gold, which has been the corrupter of so many communities, will for once perform the duty of a purifier."

entirely new channel, it will leave the bed, which it before so scantily filled, almost completely dry. Never was the proportion between the demand and supply of labour so rudely and so suddenly disarranged. A civilised and artificial community is reduced to a state of nature; and Sydney, a town which, with its suburbs, contains no less than sixty-four thousand inhabitants, had at one time every prospect of being left to wait on itself. Pastoral industry, agriculture, public works, colonial coasting trade, and ordinary trade, were all alike threatened. Even communication with England can now only be kept up by adding a prime to seamen's wages.

But still, admitting the truth of all these temporary evils, the advantages of this great discovery cannot but be ultimately general and lasting. To a community circumstanced as that of Australia is, with a boundless interior, into which the flocks and herds of the colonist have been continually pushing further and further, constantly causing a demand for more hands than the colony can spare; with the large profits realised by farming, and the high rate of wages tempting many of the labouring classes to become themselves owners of land or proprietors of stock; with a labour-market constantly in rear of the demand—so much so, that ever since the colony has had a partially representative legislature they have been incessantly occupied in urging the home government to contract a large loan, on the security of the public lands, for the purpose of supplying the labour-market;—the discovery of a vast gold-field, while it for a time increases the very evil of a scantily-supplied labour, will ultimately, by the tide of emigration that it will send in from the mother-country and from other colonies, the disappointment that will ensue to many, the certain consequence of all mining operations, that science, skill, means, capital, and perseverence, can alone carry on such operations with permanent success, and the consequent reflux that will thus inevitably be cast upon the labour-market, more especially by the arrival of a vast body of new emigrants—the discovery of these riches, we say, can only be destined one day to raise such a community to a position of opulence and civilisation which it would have required ages under ordinary circumstances to attain.

Every post that has arrived from Australia, since the discovery of the gold deposit, has not only confirmed the anticipations first entertained as to their extent, but also as to their productiveness. Gold has been discovered in several other localities besides Summerville Creek, and in considerable quantities. The effects of these discoveries on the pastoral interests were found not to be so injurious as was at first apprehended. Few shepherds had deserted their flocks to go to the diggings, nor, indeed, was it known that the rural population had been affected to any extent by the gold-hunting mania. The class of persons who chiefly repaired to the mines were mechanics, small traders, idlers, and others, many of whom since returned, having soon found out that the occupation of gold digging and washing was not suited to their tastes or constitutions. It was, however, expected, that the whole of the mining population of South Australia would find its way to the gold deposits ; and it was generally felt that their habits and mode of living were more calculated to ensure success than those of any other portion of the working population. Any deficiency in

the labouring classes was fully expected to be made up by the transfer of large numbers of the population of the neighbouring ports. Hundreds were on their way or had arrived from Port Philip, and equally large numbers were expected from Tasmania, South Australia, and New Zealand.

It is further to be remarked, that the district of Australia, in which the gold deposit is met with, possesses other advantages, as promising almost to the colonist as those which may result from the presence of the precious metals. These latter advantages have, indeed, been called by some questionable, when compared with the former. We cannot, however, see with what justice. Gold has been precious as a metal from the earliest periods of history; and, if an abundance did not produce permanent wealth to certain portions of Central and Southern America, or to Spain, which reaped the advantages of the conquest of the gold mines of Mexico and Peru, such an untoward result must be traced to other causes, among which demoralisation, neglect of the industrial arts, erroneous ideas in political economy, and other circumstances which we have discussed at length on a previous occasion, played their part. We hold as of very little value the prophecies recently emitted, that "the decisive effect, which neither the treasures of the Ural Mountains, nor the costly yield of California has produced, seems to be reserved for the gold region of New South Wales. That it would seem impossible that even that metal, which has so long been the chosen representative of human wants and desires, can continue to maintain a value in exchange so enormously exceeding its present cost of production, and that we may therefore look forward to the probability of seeing realised at last, in some degree, those predictions of good and and evil, arising from a fall in the value of gold, with which we were familiar at the time of the Californian discovery." We conceive, on the contrary, that such has been in modern times the increase and the vast dispersion of the human race, and that more particularly of the Anglo-Saxon family, as witnessed in America, in Australia, in India, New Zealand, the Cape, and elsewhere; such, also, the increased consumption and dispersion of the precious metals, among nations brought within the pale of commerce and civilisation, by increased communication, by travel, and by free trade, as in China and the East generally; such, also, the consumption of a metal possessed of so many peculiar and admirable qualities as gold, more especially in those manufactures whose aim is beauty as well as utility, that we think that, had it not been for recent discoveries, the value of gold must soon have undergone an enormous increase. Witness Constantinople, where scarcely a sequin or a ducat is to be obtained that has not been sweated. The old Venetian ducats, once so valuable, are now commonly under weight. So rare is gold in Austria that comparatively valueless paper has to take its place.* Most European

* Since the above was written, we have seen a paragraph in the *Athenæum* upon the same subject, and referring to the almost total dearth of metallic circulation in Austria. We can only say in self-defence, that the sentence as above was penned previously to seeing the said paragraph. We are happy to observe that the fact, with the important bearings that it has upon the false alarm created by the promised increasing supplies of precious metals, has not escaped our able contemporary.

countries are more or less in the same category. The combined produce of the Ural and of California has scarcely been felt. Unless the produce of the Blue Mountains, then, far exceeds all rational anticipations, and turns out something wondrous, it may enrich some, it may facilitate commerce in the Pacific and give a spur to colonisation, but it will have no effect on the world's great exchange. No; it seems in Australia, as in California, that Providence has its gold store ready for a new population, and that by it it will tempt them to people new, yet long neglected lands. "It seems," as it has been said in a less philosophical spirit, "to be established as a law of modern development, that when it becomes necessary that a race of people must spread, the soil to which they should be tempted is baited with gold. The impulses that knit men to their native country are powerful, but they cannot resist the glitter of the actual gold thrown broadcast upon the surface of the earth." Be the purposes to be accomplished what they may, we entertain no fears or apprehensions of any evil being brought about by a glut of gold, a depreciation in currency, or a falling off in the value of gold in exchange, and we can therefore the more unfeignedly regard a discovery which tends rapidly and permanently to augment the amount of wealth possessed by the human race, as a fact which, due allowance being made for all drawbacks, cannot but be contemplated without feelings of deep thankfulness to an allwise and all bountiful Providence.

To return, however, to our theme—the advantages bestowed by nature, as a site for colonisation, on the gold regions of Australia. It must be understood that the coast rises gradually, but very slightly, towards the Blue Mountains, which hence start somewhat abruply from the littoral plains to a height of about three or four thousand feet. But once the mountains ascended, a table-land is met with, which falls gradually towards the south-west, but in a scarcely perceptible degree, towards the vast central regions of the unknown interior. Nothing, it is said, can be imagined more delightful than the climate of these high regions. The air is peculiarly clear and salubrious, and the summer possesses all the brightness without the sultriness of the coast line. The hills are often thickly wooded, and the plains and uplands are thinly dotted over with trees, like a park. The soil is at the same time rich, and well adapted for pasture and agriculture.

These advantages have already concentrated in the neighbourhood a larger population than is to be found elsewhere in Australia at so great a distance from the coast; and the town of Bathurst, which is the metropolis of the district, contains already between three and four thousand inhabitants, and many substantial and commodious buildings. From this place to Sydney a road has been carried over the Blue Mountains, by the skill of Sir Thomas Mitchell and the labour of convicts, by which difficulties of no ordinary magnitude have been surmounted, and the pass of Mount Victoria, in which a formidable chasm has been filled up by an enormous mass of masonry, may rival the feats of Swiss engineering.

It was the discovery of this district, and the opening of a practical communication with it, which gave the first great impulse to the pastoral industry of Australia, by relieving the colonists from those narrow limits

within which they had been previously confined. It must be admitted that, if nature has selected this spot, as the receptacle of her treasures, the colony has not been wanting in opening, with great labour and at much expense, the path by which those treasures may be obtained.

It has, however, been insisted, upon the other hand, by the whole press and the whole mercantile and colonial community, that the conduct of the home government in withholding the boon of steam communication between an infant community, which has been so severely taxed to overcome the obstacles that resisted its development, and the rest of the empire, has been neither paternal nor even just, but niggardly in the extreme. What has been done, even since the opening of the gold mines, has been so ridiculously inadequate to the occasion that it is to be hoped some great private company, like the Peninsula and Oriental, or the West India mail-packet service, may spring up, and still preserve the balance of the circumnavigation of the globe in favour of England; for our Anglo-Saxon brethren of the New World are not treading in our steps, but, from advantages of position, are marching with rapid strides a-head of us, and they will soon bind China, Australia, New Zealand, Oceania, and the great lands of the Indo-Chinese archipelago, to their western boundaries by bridges of steam.

In regard to the scientific part of the question, the Rev. Mr. Clarke, after urging his claim of priority over Mr. Hargreaves, and disposing of the notion said to be entertained by some (Australian aborigines, we suppose), that gold is still forming—two questions, which can only have a local interest, and are not precisely up to the intelligent calibre of Europe—he proceeds to discuss the twofold sources of gold, *in sitû* and *in detritus*, which latter he looks upon as the result of the breaking up and dispersion of the fragmentary ruins of the upper beds of rock over the surface of the flatter regions below, by the violent action of water. Mr. Clarke here entirely overlooks that which we have so much dwelt upon previously—the disintegration of rock and exposure of gold by running waters and causes actually in force; and the fact of which is incontestibly proved by numerous instances, none of which are more to the point than what we described as having been communicated by Professors Rogers and Johnson to the American Association for the Advancement of Science. There is nothing, we added, and we still hold, whatsoever in geological experience to lead us to admit as a "constant," that whenever gold is found in alluvial detritus, that must have belonged to any particular zoological or other epoch in the history of the world. The French geologists have only one opinion upon this point. M. Landrin, in his work, "De l'Or," &c., says, "Upon the western slope of the Sierra Nevada, in New California, the auriferous rock has been disintegrated by the action of rain, the sun, and the atmosphere; the quartz has detached itself, and the gold is exposed in its native place in little veins, crystals, grains," &c.

Under the circumstances where the gold-bearing detritus is the result of a known or determinable palæontological cataclysm, why also say gold is derived only from the upper beds of rock? Any tyro in geology knows that when sedimentary rocks are tilted up, and broken, by the protusion of rocks of igneous origin, that the lower beds may be exposed as well as the upper, and may, where they thus crop out, be broken

up and abraided as much as the upper beds. Certain it is, however, among Sir R. Impey Murchison's "constants," none seem less contestible than that, if the mountain rocks are purely primitive or of igneous origin, they will not be found to contain any notable quantity of gold; neither, also, will sedimentary rocks that have not been broken up, or altered, or infiltrated with foreign matters by igneous action, be found to contain it either.

Mr. Charles E. Austin remarks very ingeniously upon this theory of palæontological constants of auriferous deposits, as applied by Mr. Clarke to the Ural, the Sierra Nevada, and the Blue Mountains: "That it seems to him only to prove that in these localities the igneous strata have not been acted upon by powerful disintegrating causes before a very recent period. If they had been affected at an earlier epoch, it is more than probable that the gold would not have been discovered, as it would, in the following changes, have been again sublimed or absorbed." Admitting, at all events, "covered or buried," if not "sublimed or absorbed," this latter view of the case is well worthy of consideration among geologists of the philo-catyclysm school.

The gold detritus being there, rivers and rivulets flow in channels excavated through these deposits, and therefore expose in their banks the contents of the soil through which they flow. "In Australia," Mr. Clarke says, "where the creeks (rivulets) are narrow and the waters scanty, of course the difficulty is greater in washing the detritus. Hence, much gold that exists here will be lost." That is to say, we suppose if the detritus is not worth the labour of scientific exploration and digging.

The fact which we previously dwelt upon, when treating of the Californian gold mines, that the upper portions of gold veins are more prolific than the lower portions, Mr. Clarke applies to the consideration as to whether as much gold may be obtained where the mountains are of inconsiderable elevation, as in the case of the Australian range, as well as in more lofty ranges, as the Sierra Nevada; and he illustrates the fact by reference to the Ural, where some of the most prolific sources of gold are at an elevation under 1000 feet above the sea. This is more ingenious than satisfactory, for the richness of the detritus must obviously depend more or less on the quantity of rock and metal abraded. Thus, for example, suppose a Ural mountain now affording gold at an elevation of 1000 feet had been once 2000 feet high, it would be more prolific than an Australian mine at the same elevation which had never been above 1500 feet high, supposing the original source to have been of similar richness. Then again, supposing the detritus of the Ural to be 500 feet thick, and to have been once 1000 feet thick, it would be richer, other circumstances being the same, than the Australian detritus, if the latter preserved its original thickness of, say 1000 feet. The labours of the miner would not in the latter case have been assisted by the previous operations of nature. There are in questions of this kind many circumstances to take into consideration, and it is not simply because the original sources, or veins of gold, are most prolific at the upper portions, that low ranges of hills are to be expected to be as rich in produce as high ones, although under certain circumstances they may be so. Those circumstances above propounded must be substantiated

before a sound opinion can be given on the matter. The character of the detritus, and its relation to the protruded and to the uplifted metamorphic or sedimentary formations, have also to be taken into consideration.

We are quite ready to concede, with Mr. Clarke, that if the remainder of the Australian cordillera is similar in structure to where the gold is now being extracted from (quartzites and schists reposing on igneous rocks), that there is every reason to believe that there are numerous other localities in the same cordillera in which gold and gold alluvia will be found. But even with this the Sydney geologist mixes up a deal of loose reasoning. "As a geologist," he says, "fully aware of the risk which my reputation may run in all prospective statements, I declare it to be my belief that the axis and flanks of our Australian cordillera are of the same geological epoch, and have undergone similar transmuting influences, with the axis and flanks of the Ural; that in constituents, in changes produced by igneous action, in age, in almost every phenomenon, and in elevation above the sea, in standing as a wall between the sea and a desert, just as the Ural stands as a wall between what was long sea after our cordillera became dry land and the desert of Siberia, there is a most perfect analogy in all respects in these distant chains; and therefore it is not blind hypothesis, but careful analysis, which has brought me to predicate of Australia what is now geological history in Russia." What—it will strike the most superficial reader—has the fact of the Blue Mountains and the Ural standing as walls, one between an existing sea and the other what was once a sea, and a *desert*, to do with the matter?

Then, again, as to the direction of auriferous mountain chains. Mr. Clarke has here the high authority of Humboldt to fall back upon, that gold is a constant deposit in meridian-directed mountains, or in chains that run north and south. But we are not precisely sure that, because such is the case, the great physical geographer ever wished to intimate that gold was not produced in ranges or axes of elevation that course from east to west. It would have been against his own experience in Siberia and in the mountain regions of Central Asia. The Taurus produces gold, and runs from east to west, with a slight deflection. Mr. Austin has pointed out the same thing with regard to the Yenisayisk, the Altai, the Torbogotai, the Sayan, the Oblaketnoi, and the Yablonovuc. To these might also be added the Himmaleh.

But Mr. Clarke adds what he considers to be a striking fact, and one never mentioned before. It is, that "if we look at the globe, we shall find that in the longitude of about 149 degrees or 150 degrees east extends the middle or meridian chain of Australia, paralleled by similar chains, having similar axis in South and West Australia. Exactly 90 degrees from the main Australian chain occurs the auriferous Ural in 60 degrees east, and exactly 90 degrees from the same chain occur the north and south auriferous monntains of California in 120 degrees west. The fourth quarantal meridian falls along the Atlantic, between Brazil and Africa, both auriferous regions. "In three of these meridians the earth has been fissured, and igneous rocks pierced and transmuted elevated schistose beds."

It is quite sufficient to show that this hypothesis, however ingenious in itself, is of no practical use in determining the gold produce of Australia, to observe that the chains of mountains and their accompanying gold

fields, above alluded to, lie between two of Mr. Clarke's auriferous meridians.

Mr. Clarke adds that which is more interesting, that the gold alluvia of Australia are of the same epoch as that debacle which has filled the Australian caverns with the bones of extinct animals; that it is, therefore, comparatively a recent geological period. In Russia, the gold alluvium is found mingled with the bones of mammoths; so in California, gigantic bones occur in the auriferous detritus, and in Australia we have the unsepulchred relics of the gigantic diprotodon and nototherium. Mr. Austin observes, very justly, upon these facts, that "All metals, except gold and platina, will more or less readily combine in the form of salts with other mineral ingredients, and are found in this state always where igneous action has been followed by the disintegrating and consolidating effects of many succeeding epochs. In these localities gold will only be found in such quantities as is natural to suppose could have been deposited by the effects of sublimation in other parts not connected with the former by the influence of currents.

"The harder metals are only found pure when extensive igneous action is succeeded in order by some recent deposit, such as the Newer Pliocene. If I may hazard an opinion, I should say that in such a locality gold will generally be found, whatever be the course of the eruptive force, and it seems to me that these are more substantial data for the gold-seeker than either the longitude or direction of the volcanic action."

To conclude, the opinion of a scientific man upon the political part of the question, when there has been so much difference among quidnuncs and dilettanti of all kinds and characters, may not be without interest or utility:

"That such an event as the finding of gold in the banks of a stream should, like the magic words on the walls of Babylon, 'Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin,' strike consternation into the hitherto pastoral pursuits of the colonists, that the stroke of a pen, scrawling almost illegibly the announcement, '*There is gold in the Cordillera!*' should overturn the quietness and prosperity for a season of a whole population, is one of those wonderful phenomena to which states are subject. But looking calmly at the matter, as I have done for years past, and feeling no personal interest but on account of the value of scientific investigation, I can see beyond the present annoyances much to give hope of a better prospect. The momentary effect of the gold mania may be to upset existing relations; but the effect of the news at home will be the introducing of a rapid increase of population, and this, we may be sure, will be the result, whether exaggerated or simple statements be forwarded to Europe.

"Prepared as I am to admit, that in the excited state of the public mind there is much exaggeration, and that all we hear is not, and ought not, to be credited without examination, it is plain that the colony must prepare herself for an important growth in her influence on the destinies of the world, and for a revolution in many of those commercial relations which have hitherto prevailed. But with foresight, nerve, and wisdom, with discretion, firmness, and determination of will, the government may arm itself beforehand, and provide for the natural results of force, by the barter and more profitable employment of a sagacious policy."

Mining operations had, according to the last news, been retarded by cold and wet weather, but more discoveries of gold and precious stones had taken place in various places in the same neighbourhood; one of which at Turon, was said to be richer than Ophir, as also at Stony Creek, O'Connell Plains, thirty miles south of Bathurst. The most interesting fact, however, is, that gold had been found in the Australian Pyrenees, fifty to a hundred miles north of Port Phillip, Melbourne. There is now, therefore, no doubt of the gold deposits being, as before said, dispersed over an extensive tract of country, and that new discoveries will be made, so as to give a choice of operations to the thousands who will be attracted. Government has rewarded Mr. Hargreaves with 500*l.* and an appointment of 350*l.* a year, with an allowance for two horses, to continue his explorations. This is as it should be, and we have no doubt of further interesting discoveries being made very shortly.

DIRGE FOR THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

It is gone in its beauty and brightness,
  Ere dimm'd by the touch of decay;
Its forms, both of grandeur and lightness,
  Have now pass'd for ever away.

'Twas a hive fill'd with richness and sweetness,
  The triumphs of labour and art,
With nought to regret but the fleetness
  With which they were doom'd to depart.

No dream of Arabian romances
  E'er form'd such a structure on earth;
No poet, when wildest his fancies,
  To visions so lovely gave birth.

'Twas a congress where colour and nation
  Were gather'd from every clime;
Where the lowly and loftiest in station
  In brotherhood met for a time.

And tho' its mere forms may be scatter'd,
  Not soon will its influence have pass'd,
When its crystal in fragments lies shatter'd,
  Yet still shall that influence last.

The mind that gave birth to its glory,
  Nor paus'd till matur'd was its plan,
Shall live in the records of story,
  The friend and ennobler of man.

W. M. T.

24th Oct., 1851.

PICTURES OF MY BARRACK LIFE.

BY A GERMAN SOLDIER.

Chapter I.

MY EQUIPMENT.

When a youthful mind possesses some natural courage, a lively fancy, and an appetite for the marvellous, especially if that has been alimented by an indiscriminate devoration of the deluge of trumpery tales and hyper-romantic romances which now encumber the world, it is impossible for it to believe that those magnanimous and knightly ages, with the glittering armour, the waving plumes, and the fair ladies on ambling palfreys, have totally vanished from the earth. If fate has thrown a youth like myself in a moderately-sized town where there is no military to dispel his fair imaginings, he will probably cherish the same fond delusion that I did about "the dames and knights of antique days." To me a soldier's life was that of a knight-errant. Only the valley in which our city lay seemed to me unchivalrous and dull. The world, beyond the hills which bounded it, was filled by my infantine imagination with thick forests peopled by wicked dragons, who pounced out upon the passing traveller, and huge castles, where lovely ladies pined for their deliverance out of the hands of mighty giants who held them fettered in golden chains. Once in my boyhood I saw two officers, and after that all my ideas of the chivalry of the present day emanated from the impression left upon my mind by these two persons. I witnessed how one of them, with his waving plume, his clanking sabre, and his mighty spurs, conducted a young lady through a pack of yelping curs, saying to her, with the most graceful salute, "Rely on me, mademoiselle; do not be alarmed." This threw my imagination into a fever of excitement. I saw the terrible giant taking flight at the officer's fierce moustache and threatening mien, and the imprisoned lady freed by his brilliant prowess. Now my fantasy had a substantial starting-point: on this foundation I built up a brilliant futurity for myself, and with such a charming ideal world before me, began to grow discontented with my unknightly lot. Why was I fated to be a quill-driver in a counting-house, instead of the exterminator of oppressive giants, and the avenger of fair ladies' wrongs? The romances and military histories which I eagerly sought for and read, did no little towards the increase of this hankering after a military life. Rellstabs' "1812" had much influence upon my future fate. My mind was principally captivated by the wonders of artillery, and many were my speculations concerning it. I saw the cannons careering along, drawn by curveting steeds, guided by their skilful riders. I besieged a castle, and sent to my beloved, who was a prisoner in one of the towers, a rose-coloured billet-doux, by means of a large bomb, in which I had prudently placed it. I was constantly singing,

> Burgen mit hohen
> Mauern und Zinnen,
> Mädchen mit stolzen
> Höhnenden Sinnen,

Möcht' ich gewinnen;
Kühn ist das Mühen,
Herrlich der Lohn.*

So completely absorbed did I become in military ideas, that one day, when some street urchins had broken a window in our counting-house, I replied to my principal's interrogatories, with the utmost nonchalance, "The large battery at the corner of the wood threw the shot." At length my military mania was brought to a perfect climax by the passage of a division of artillery through our town. The inspiriting music, the consequential airs and the fierce appearance of the artillerymen, who surrounded their guns as though they were sacred persons, penetrated me with a conviction of my own nothingness, and I resolved to forsake the insipid career of commerce, and become a champion of justice and a defender of my country.

In the nearest garrison-town lived an old cousin of mine, a retired lieutenant-colonel, and with him I resolved to take counsel. Thither, therefore, I betook myself, and met with a kind reception. My cousin was a small, sharp-featured man, but his beetling eyebrows and imperious look gave him an air of some importance. In the action at Pirmasen he had commanded a regiment of infantry, and there an envious canister-shot had barred the way to his further promotion. He generally wore a large green frock coat, grey trousers with a broad red stripe, and round his neck hung the collar of the first class of the Russian order of St. Anna, and in his hand might generally be seen a large silver snuff-box, upon which his arms were emblazoned. He was a lively, talkative old soldier, and most in his element when sitting in his arm-chair and refighting his battles. The tables and chairs around him were generally covered with military works, plans of battles, &c., and on the walls around hung a number of sabres and pistols, to which he ever and anon referred when spinning his lengthened yarns: this sabre he had at such a skirmish, those pistols had done good service at such a battle, and so on. In the corner of his room stood the small model of a redoubt, in the original of which he had maintained himself for a few days against overwhelming odds, and the fateful canister-shot, which was preserved in a green morocco case, was also exhibited to visitors. To him, then, I unfolded my desires, and besought his aid and advice. Although my military predilections were highly pleasing to him—for in his eyes a soldier's life was the height of human felicity—yet he kindly set before me the difficulties I should find in the way of promotion in time of peace. But what can reason avail with a youthful heart which has conceived and eagerly embraced an alluring fancy? I ignored his objections, and conjured him to obtain my guardian's consent and the necessary papers. He promised, at last, to do his best, and I returned to my counting-house. A week later I received a letter from my guardian, which, in terms terse

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* Towns begirt with walls and moats,
Maids with proud and lofty thoughts,
Strong without and strong within,
These are what I love to win;
Bold is the attempt, and hard,
But as noble the reward.

GOETHE'S *Faust.*

and to the point, conveyed some cutting reproofs for my monstrous folly in forsaking the career in which I had embarked, but announcing the happy news that, as I had shown myself such a good-for-nothing fellow as to desire it, he was glad enough to get rid of me.

This letter was accompanied by the papers necessary for my promotion in the artillery, viz., his consent to my enlistment, my baptismal register, and an attestation that I had never been in any conflict with the police. This collection of documents I completed by getting a medical certificate, to testify my soundness of wind and limb, and then, packing up my effects, took leave of my colleagues, who regarded me with envious looks, and set off for Dolmar, where my cousin lived, under whose ægis I was to carve my way to the Temple of Fame. I was then sixteen years old. When I arrived there I found that my formal enlistment into the service could not take place till I had been inspected by the colonel of the brigade, who did not live at Dolmar, but only visited it now and then to inspect the division of artillery which was stationed there. About this colonel, Teschchenschech by name, I heard a number of strange anecdotes. He was of low birth, and had obtained his promotion in the last war by his skill and gallantry. He was a brave old man, but his rudeness and severity to all beneath him knew no bounds. He was a thorough martinet of the old school—a race now happily becoming extinct. His very presence infused terror into the hearts of the non-commissioned officers and privates, and when Colonel Teschchenschech was in the town, not the slightest imperfection could be found by the most determined fault-finder either in the dress or demeanour of the soldiers. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, sinewy man, possessed of immense muscular strength. Though not naturally bad-tempered, his face was always soured by a fierce scowl, which he seemed to think absolutely necessary for the maintenance of discipline. On manœuvring days he would punish the slightest fault with two, four, or even eight days' arrest; but when, at appell, the adjutant read out the list of punishments he had ordered in the morning, he would sometimes leap from his horse, and going towards the gunners, who rested on their pieces, bellow out, with his stentorian lungs, "Well, for this time, I will grant the dogs an amnesty." This good-natured bluffness won the affections of his soldiers, despite his ebullitions of rage, which were both fierce and frequent, and at such moments, the rigid rules of discipline being slightly relaxed, they would group round him, and patiently listen to the ponderous homilies with which he favoured them whilst gulping down his luncheon. *Apropos* to this last-mentioned matter, he was, on such occasions, accompanied by a servant, whose business it was to carry a bottle of aqua-vitæ, and a fowl or some cold meat in a saddle-bag. One morning, when his master called for luncheon, the unlucky servant let a fine roast partridge fall into the sand. This raised the colonel's ire, and a deluge of invectives was accompanied by a stroke upon the offender's schako, which knocked it completely over his eyes and ears. This done, he ended a long tirade with the words, "Now that bird is covered with sand, you may eat it yourself." After the man had stood blindfolded for some minutes, waiting for what was to come next, he ventured to raise his schako, and taking courage from the jibes of his comrades, began to blow the sand off the bird, preparatory to setting to work upon it. The

colonel stood near, sipping his liqueur, and throwing now and then a wistful glance at his unlucky luncheon; but when he saw the man seriously intending to devour it, he snatched it out of his hand, exclaiming, in his villanous *platt Deutsch*, "If it is really eatable, I will have it myself." To indemnify the fellow, however, for the loss of his anticipated feast, he ordered a sutler to give him a good luncheon. The more fastidious and aristocratic of the officers considered such scenes, as indeed they were, coarse and *infra dig.*, and not unfrequently testified their disgust by unmistakable looks; but this only served to make the testy old colonel more vigilant in guarding the men against any exaction on the part of their superiors.

The morning after my arrival in Dolmar, the colonel came over, and I was presented to him by my cousin. After scrutinising me closely from head to foot, he remarked:

"You certainly have good recommendations, but I must confess that for the artillery, and especially for the horse artillery, you are *verdammt* weak, and young too—eh?"

"Those are two faults, Mr. Colonel, which every day will help to remove."

He smiled, and replied, with a facetious air:

"Ah, but I am afraid, if they don't tie you to a gun, the wind will carry you off some day." Then, after reperusing my papers, he continued: "Well, we will try you; but, remember, there are three things which every one in my brigade must observe most strictly; the first is, 'Order'—the second, 'Order'—and the third, 'Order.' Everything is comprehended in that. Now go to Sergeant-Major Löffel, and tell him that the colonel sends him a small trifle. Adieu! Mr. Horse Artilleryman."

Enchanted at my success, I made my salute, and hastening to the barracks, reported myself to the sergeant, who, eyeing me discontentedly, and muttering something about beardless volunteers and whippersnapper weaklings, handed me over to a bombardier, who, in turn, delivered me to a quartermaster, who was to provide me with uniform, &c. For this purpose he conducted me into the magazine, where ample stores of uniforms, ammunition, arms, and all the muniments of war, were kept. I gazed with delight and veneration on the masses of glittering arms and gaudy accoutrements, but was disturbed in my contemplation by the gruff voice of the quartermaster calling me to be measured. As the *modus operandi* may not be known to every one, I will describe it. The measuree is placed with his back against a marked groove, down which slides a block of no inconsiderable weight; this is let down till it reaches his head, by which his exact height is discovered, and upon my poor pate the quartermaster let it come down so sharply, that I involuntarily uttered a yell of surprise and pain, and then starting away from the wall, rubbed my injured cranium in mute astonishment. The imperturbable old quartermaster merely smiled, and declared complacently it was only to get the right measure, as many young gentlemen made themselves taller than they really were. I was soon armed and equipped; but, notwithstanding the quartermaster's accurate admeasurement, he did not show himself a good judge of proportion, as the suit with which he furnished me might have suited the corporation of some paunchy young Titan, but was certainly not calculated for a slender youth like myself.

I therefore betook myself forthwith to the tailor, which worthy functionary was soon engaged in cutting down the habiliments to a more appropriate size.

As the rustiest arms are usually dealt out to novices, and no exception had been made in my case, I was considerably embarrassed at the prospect of having to clean them myself; but on my return from Snip's, I was happy to find that my comrades had relieved me from my perplexity by taking possession of my arms, and rubbing away at them with much vivacity and vigour. I thanked them for their kindness, and was proceeding to try my hand upon my spurs, when one of them interrupted me, and said, "Don't trouble yourself, we will do them all; but," he added, in a business-like tone, "they have given you some confounded dirty tools, and I am afraid they will never come clean without a little brandy." I of course declared my readiness to provide them with Schnapps, or any other requisite; and, pulling a dollar out of my pocket, despatched one of them to fetch all they wanted. I then left the room, the cannoneer promising that in a short time I should find everything in excellent order. When I returned, I found that he had been true to his word; and that it had not been found necessary to use *all* the Schnapps to brighten the arms, was patent from his and his comrades' uproarious condition.

The next morning I was to be introduced to my captain. As I must not give his real name, I will call him De Foe, for Heaven knows he has never been my *friend.* He was, like the colonel, of low extraction, and therefore could not endure volunteers, as they, when off duty, generally gave themselves airs, which put him into a state of the highest irritation. It vexed him amazingly to see us walking about in coats of cloth superior to the coarse uniform of the service; and it was quite fatal to his equanimity, if we, as we often did to vex him, tossed off a bottle of wine in a *café*, where he sat sipping his Zuckerwasser. For a weary hour I danced attendance in an ante-room, before the captain troubled himself to come and look at me. Just before he appeared, I glanced at a mirror in the room, and perceived that the state of high compression under which my throat was labouring, from the effects of my newly-donned military stock, which I had buckled on with supererogatory tightness, had induced a decided inclination of blood to the head, and given my face a colour resembling that of a full-blown red cabbage. This seemed to strike the captain when he entered, for after contemplating me for a moment with half-closed eyes and folded arms, he remarked:

"We seem to have made an uncommonly good breakfast this morning."

This was a pet phrase of his, and by it he meant to insinuate that the brandy-bottle had been used too liberally. I replied, that I had not yet had anything that morning. With an incredulous look, he retorted:

"I know better." So I bowed to his superior wisdom, and was silent.

"Sixteen years old, are you?"

"Yes, Mr. Captain."

"One commonly says, 'At your command, Mr. Captain.'"

"I beg pardon—at your command, Mr. Captain."

"You seem very weak?"

"At your command, I think not, Mr. Captain."

"I know better."

These three last words were also of frequent recurrence in the captain's conversation, and they had a magical power upon his subordinates, which at once silenced all objections, however valid, and refuted every argument, however logical or just. He then turned to the sergeant-major, and said:

"Let Sergeant Dose drill him."

Such was the first colloquy I had with Captain De Foe, with which, as may be supposed, I was not much edified or delighted.

Chapter II.

DRILL AND APPELL.

The sergeant-major then conducted me to the barrack-yard and surrendered me into the hands of Sergeant Dose, who was commissioned to instil into my mind the rudiments of a military education. This petty potentate was enormously tall, and had a figure as broad below as above, which singular conformation gave him, when viewed from a short distance, the appearance of a large painted clockcase, like those unwieldy machines which may be seen in every boor's kitchen. His face, too, generally wore as placid and unvarying an expression as the corresponding feature of a clock. Though he frequently made a spasmodic attempt to say a witty thing, even to the officers themselves, for which he as often got severely wigged, yet a smile was never seen to cross his lips; he ever preserved the same stern dignified demeanour which he thought comported well with the weight of public cares devolving upon him. Such was Mr. Sergeant Dose, to whose tutelage I was now confided. N.B. Let me advise any future pupil of his never to omit the Mr. when addressing him, as I know by experience the important difference it makes in his treatment of you: without it, he is harsh and exacting; with it, suave and polite.

I now stood before him, ready, as he said, to be made a man of. According to his *credenda*, a common recruit was at least three parts an ox, or some other animal equally stolid and ungainly. I being a *Freiwilliger*, or volunteer, had the good fortune to be ranked among those who possessed one-half of the *genus homo* in their composition; and I was even allowed some fraction more of humanity when I only took the sixth part of a bitter which we drank together and left him the rest. The exercise began, and I drew myself up.

"Attention."

I drew myself up still higher, and stood like a post. That was good.

"See," said Dose, "now, when I give the word 'Stand at ease,' the soldier must move his right foot a little forward and stand carelessly, but for God's sake not speak a word; but when I say 'Attention,' I expect to see a sudden start and a quick motion, which will show me that you understand the importance of the moment, so—Attention."

Another start, and I stood like an unfinished statue to which the statuary, viz., Sergeant Dose, proceeded to give the finishing touches. He examined me critically from my schako to my spurs, went a step back to

get a better view, walked round me, and remarked with due solemnity on the faults of my position, which he then with an artistic hand began to improve by bending me half an inch to the right and to the left, pushing in my shoulder-blades, chucking me under the chin, or what he seemed to think most indispensably necessary, placing my little fingers in exact juxtaposition with the red stripe of my trousers. My Pygmalion now proceeded to make me a rational being, as he phrased it, by advancing from the practice to the theory of the military art, and gave me a long preamble on "subordination," as an indispensable preparative for everything else. His style, however, was not very lucid or logical, but rather discursive and involved, partaking of that much-used figure of rhetoric styled "rigmarole."

"As the word 'Attention,'" said he, "forbids the soldier to make the smallest bodily movement, so the word 'Obedience' has exactly the same meaning with regard to the movements of the mind, and especially in the matter of speaking. The only words that a soldier under command may say, even if his officer calls him an ass, are, 'At your command, sir.' This, however, is generally the hardest task for you young gentlemen, who can never be silent or give a discreet answer. Not long ago we had a volunteer, Laufer was his name, a clever fellow, and one who would soon have been an officer if he hadn't had so much impertinence about him. One morning, soon after he came, he was standing in the rear to watch the exercise of the battery. What happened? Why, our adjutant chanced to go past, and asked him rather roughly, as he always does, though he's not a bad-tempered man at bottom, 'What is he?' What did Laufer do? Instead of saying, 'At your command, Mr. Lieutenant, I am here by the captain's orders to watch the exercise, and my name is Cannoneer Laufer,' young impudence must say, 'Mr. Lieutenant, "he" is a personal pronoun.' The adjutant thought he did not understand him, and repeated his question. What did he do then but answer him in French. 'Mr. Lieutenant, "he" est pronomen personalis.' You should have seen the spectacle then. The adjutant brought him before the captain, and there he had the impudence to say that he never meant to insult the lieutenant, as if a soldier could insult an officer. He thought the lieutenant wished to examine him in his grammar. The captain, who was in a good humour, turned away and laughed, so Laufer got off without any punishment; but it has prevented him from rising, as the adjutant has taken care that he shan't be summoned to another examination—so, Attention."

Despite the rules about immobility which had just been inculcated with so much circumambagiousness, I could not refrain from stealing a side-glance to discover the cause of this sudden recommencement. Aha! there it was. At a window close above our heads I caught sight of a flowered dressing-gown, in which the major was leisurely smoking his meerschaum and watching our movements. I was then put through two or three positions with far greater care and precision than before, and the sergeant, looking up to the major, ventured to assure him that I was making tolerably rapid progress in my education; upon which he ordered us to "dismiss" for the present.

We were now freed from the irksome restraint of discipline, and betook ourselves to Madame Linksen's, for whose restauration the sergeant could not find terms sufficiently laudatory, and who, he said, had borne

away the palm for cleanliness and order from all the other establishments in the vicinity.

In this *café militaire* we found most of the wealthier gourmands and fashionables among the non-commissioned and privates of the garrison, sitting round the room in little knots, laughing, chatting, and shooting with the long bow. One handsome young *Freiwillige* was amusing a select audience by reciting, very much in King Cambyses' vein, his adventures of the preceding night; how, when proceeding barrackwards, being at the same time rather deep in his cups, he had encountered an officer whom he disliked, and if we were to believe his cabalistical gestures, and were to fill up the ellipses of his tale by his insinuations, how he finished a short altercation by knocking his superior down. His tale, however, was thrown into the shade by the high-soaring hyperboles of a tiny warrior, a very bantam-cock in size and swagger, who next favoured the company with a full account of his romantic exploits, but only to be in his turn eclipsed by the supereminent deeds of a third, whose marvellous category of heroic actions contained many achievements that might have been fit subjects for an epic poem. So we passed the time, till about eleven o'clock a trumpet's blast aroused us from our ease and dragged us to appell—appell, the most anxious and tedious half hour in a soldier's diurnal life—the *bête noire* of every wild and careless youth. In that much-dreaded hour everything that is out of order is dragged to the light of day.

> Es ist nichts so klar gesponnen
> Es kommt doch Alles an's Licht der Sonnen.

The officers have then nothing to do but scrutinise and criticise the appearance of their men. Has any unfortunate wight replaced the loss of a button or the breakage of a bracer by some untidy or even tolerably tidy makeshift? At drill or parade he may conceal it, but at appell the peering eyes of his captain or lieutenant are sure to discover it, and he is speedily hauled over the coals to answer for his neglect. Our captain's face was the sure indicator of a calm or stormy appell. If he appeared with a self-satisfied and gracious air, everything would probably flow smoothly off in about a quarter of an hour; but if any untoward breeze had ruffled the surface of his temper, the waves of his ire would break heavily upon the head of the luckless man on whom he succeeded in discovering the smallest peccadillo.

"Sirrah, when were your boots cleaned last?"

"This morning, captain."

"Don't tell me that, sir. Don't let me catch you tripping; I know you."

"But, captain, I assure you——"

"Silence, sir, or it will be worse for you. Sergeant, let this man have a day's arrest for dirtiness and contempt of superiors."

Having thus given vent to a little of his overflowing bile he would stump away, somewhat relieved.

The appell, being merely a roll-call, does not take long of itself, but is generally protracted to an hour or so by *intermezzi* of the foregoing kind. My first appell went off pretty well. Captain De Foe examined my position, pressed in my shoulder-blades, ejaculated "Head up, head up," and passed on. To a comrade he remarked that he seemed to have made a good breakfast, but no ill consequences followed.

A TRIP TO KHARTUM.*

But a short time ago a journey to Khartum, at the junction of the renowned Bahr al Abiyad, or White Nile, and the Bahr al Azrak, or Blue Nile, was an adventurous undertaking, even for one or two enterprising travellers; such is the progress of communication on the Nile, that now a whole family of English make a mere trip to the capital of Sanaar, beyond Egypt, and beyond even the swarthy Nubian's land. Mr. George Melly's account of this remarkable journey, performed by himself, his brother, his sisters, his mother, and a deceased father, will have the further advantage of showing how, laying aside Nubia and Sanaar—by a visit to which, little, save the honour of the thing, is to be gained—the wonders of the Nile may be explored with every degree of security, and we may fairly add, according to the measures taken, with a very great degree of comfort and convenience. The Mellys, for example, spared themselves no luxuries that they were accustomed to in their own country. Witness a dinner at Khartum (not Khartoum; there is no "o" in the Arabic. *See* Werne's "Expedition to the White Nile.")

Our grand dinner was now about to come off. We had invited Latiffe Pacha, and Ali Bey Hassib; and already his excellency's head cook and servant had made his appearance, bearing his master's silver spoon and fork, and a curious tray, full of little dishes or saucers, containing condiments. There were sixteen of them, two of cucumbers, two of oranges divided, two of sugared pomegranate, two of parsley salad, two of radishes, two of onion salad, one of figs, one of eggs, and two little cups full of garlic and milk. This is a Turkish custom, and the little vessels looked elegant and pretty on the table.

In due time our distinguished guests arrived, and so did the dinner. The affair was rather heavy at first, but as the great men found the use of their appetites, they found also the use of their tongues. They ate of everything offered to them, but in small quantities, leaving much in their plates, frequently helping themselves, with a fork, to a taste of the small dishes. They particularly enjoyed the idea of eating English salmon at Khartum we had carried there in hermetically sealed boxes, purchased at Fortnum and Mason's, and which was excellent. They drank sparingly, Ali Bey Hassib taking nothing but lemonade; nevertheless, it was evident that they enjoyed themselves. The conversation was carried on with great vivacity, and immense fun was excited when Mahomed, while putting a dish on the table, set fire to his beard.

After dinner we became extremely social, exhibiting our purses, seals, ladies' work, and drawings, and they showing us their seals, which are signets, with their names cut on a stone. This they employ by way of signature, as they never sign their names.

The Pacha became at last very communicative about the state of the country. His accounts, however, were startling. He said that the province pays the whole of its expenses, and enables him besides to remit eighteen to twenty thousand bourses per annum to Cairo (about ninety to one hundred thousand pounds). He placed the population of Soudan at a figure too enormous to be credited, and spoke of naked Bedouins owning one hundred thousand oxen, not one of the vast stock ever been killed. We could not attempt to dispute such statements, and we passed a most pleasant evening, our friends not taking their departure till ten o'clock.

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* Khartoum, and the Blue and White Niles. By George Melly. 2 vols. Colburn and Co.

The visit to Khartum appears to have been altogether a very pleasant affair. The party arrived there on the 26th of December, and the previous day had, therefore, to be celebrated without town, and in an acacia grove:

To-day being Christmas-day, we determined on having a Christmas feast. It was certainly intolerably hot, the thermometer being at 93 deg. Yet, with this exception, we managed to enjoy ourselves very much after our good old English fashion. French champagne and Scotch ale, a plum pudding surmounted by an acacia branch, and dashed with a liberal supply of brandy; and "last, not least in our dear love," a bowl of excellent punch, manufactured by Abbasis, helped us to get through the evening very comfortably. Of course we did not forget absent friends.

Khartum was entered by a large open ground, in which two companies of troops, the best dressed and accoutred, Mr. Melly says, of any he had seen since he left Europe, were changing guard, each company led by a soldier with a *bedstead* on his bayonet, "he being the officer, and the only one allowed such a luxury, the rest always sleeping on the ground." Children of Anak! a soldier carrying a bedstead on his bayonet, and that soldier an officer! The reception given by the pasha was civil in the extreme.

We inquired where it would be agreeable to him that we should pitch our tents; he answered by presenting us with a capital house. On asking where we could find a boat, he replied that his own would be ready for us in three days. On mentioning camels, he promised to have thirty ready to meet us at Berber. At a hint respecting the forwarding of our letters, he volunteered to send them by a special messenger, from station to station on swift dromedaries to Assouan, whence men would run with them on foot to Cairo, and then they would proceed in the usual course. In short, he promised everything we wanted; gave us coffee and pipes, and then we took our leave.

They next made acquaintance with all the Europeans, who comprised "a very respectable circle" of Frenchmen and Italians, all extremely civil. Among them was his excellency's *confidential pipe-bearer*, a Frenchman, who had been in England with Ibrahim Pasha; also the apothecary and the head medical officer, the latter described as an agreeable and handsome man from the neighbourhood of Geneva. There was also a Monsieur R——, who had been twice up the White Nile, as far as 4° north latitude, and was enthusiastic in favour of colonising the tempting regions with which we have so lately been made intimate as lying in that direction.

After the visitors came presents innumerable of baskets of figs, bananas, pomegranates, cream fruit, lemons, sugar-canes, lettuce, radishes, and parsley. With one batch came a letter to the following effect:

"My Lord,—I hope you will accept a little fruits from the garden of your servants, minister of the Catholic church, or rather from your garden in this cyty.—Your servants,

"Emmanuel Pedernonte."

What pastoral simplicity and affectionate feeling is to be met with among people of different faiths, when far removed from the heart-burnings and rivalry of the crowd? Latiffe Pasha, general in the army, admiral of the fleet, and governor of Balad Sudan, or the country of Blacks, Ali Bey Hassib, governor of Berber, and all the other high

functionaries dwelling at Khartum, were in honourable exile. Among them was one Bayumi Effendi, a very distinguished man, who had lived in Paris thirteen years, and had translated two works into Arabic for many successive years. The reasons for the exile of such a man, Mr. Melly traces to anything but its right cause. It has most probably originated in doubts of his orthodoxy, entertained by some zealous and influential bigots. The result of these banishments, Mr. Melly tells us, is, that the provinces are very well governed: Khartum, Berber, Dongola, and Fazukl, being all under the direction of intelligent men, who have travelled much, and been careful observers. We should have liked to have had the evidence of a few merchants, tradesmen, and fellahs, upon this point. The position of the party in Khartum, according to Mr. Melly's own showing, was very adverse to hearing anything but one side of the question:

It is evident that we are considered somebodies in this good town of Khartum. We have astonished the natives more than can very well be conceived. What they think of us, we cannot exactly ascertain; but it is clear enough that they think a good deal of us. They are a little puzzled when they speculate upon what brought us to their remote corner of the world; and, to add to their mystification, they cannot, for certain reasons, avoid regarding us with a considerable amount of respect, mingled with a slight addition of awe. The fact is, it has got abroad that our firman contained denunciations unusually stringent against all and sundry who wanted to eat dirt by exhibiting the slightest degree of neglect or remissness in looking after our safety, comfort, and pleasure. Every one argues that such commands from such a source mean something, and the upshot is, that we were immediately set down as illustrious strangers of a most illustrious generation.

Long before our arrival, rumours were in circulation respecting us that increased in extravagance every hour. Among other veracious statements, it was affirmed that a gentleman, with his harem, was known to be on the road, who was a pasha with three tails; that he was adorned with three diamond stars on each breast and neck, and prodigious gold epaulettes on each shoulder. One of our friends, who knew something of us, was asked if the great man about to visit them really was greater than any pasha of their acquaintance. Our friend set the matter at rest, by assuring his eager questioner that all pashas were as nothing to the least of us, for they were obliged to do the bidding of their master—but that we were our own masters, and did exactly as we pleased. There was a fervent exclamation respecting the goodness of Allah, and the querist walked away, as an Irishman would phrase it, "bothered intirely."

In Berber our travellers saw that which rather called in question the government previously so extolled. The country they describe as full of villages, for all which the population is very small, and half the houses are uninhabited. "This is said to be caused by the immense taxation." Out of the small province of Berber, the government at Cairo receives annually six thousand purses. In this highly fertile district there are not more than five thousand persons who can pay anything, and they contribute 6*l*. a-piece annually on an average. The consequence is, that the river banks for miles and miles are left uncultivated, while the desert swarms with Arabs, who prefer a wretched subsistence in those obscure and arid plains to remaining by the fertile land near the river.

On reaching Gagee, on the way downwards, between the fourth and fifth cataract, a melancholy event took place in the death of the head of

the party, Mr. Melly, senior. His son does not say much about the cause of illness, whether fatigue, or heat, or climate. All he says is,

My father had for some days been indisposed, but not sufficiently so as to alarm any of us. On reaching Gagee, he was unable to proceed further, grew rapidly worse, and before we were fully aware of his danger, breathed his last. Private griefs shrink from publicity, and therefore I do not dwell upon them in these pages. Like Abraham, in similar circumstances, we sent to the chiefs of the village to request a place in their cemetery. Expressing their sympathy with our sorrow, they immediately desired us to take our choice, and then guided us to the spot, which was about two miles from the river.

It was, indeed, a dreary walk; the sky was dark, the wind blew the fine sand in clouds around us, and we could see only a few yards in advance. After selecting the ground, the inhabitants of the village prepared the tomb, and were found assembled near it, in crowds of all ages, when we again approached to lay the loved form in the deep grave they had dug. After reading the funeral service, according to our English customs, we distributed alms, out of respect to Arab custom.

The transaction was alike honourable to both parties, and the Arabs will respect the grave of the Christian wayfarer. The Mellys, indeed, appear to have been uniformly kind and considerate towards the natives, and, what is most rare with our countrymen, in uniform good humour with their reis and boatmen, although they had the trouble of two boats to look after. "Our crews," says the author in one place, "were a constant source of amusement to us, always merry and good-humoured." They took part in their amusements, excited them to sing, cheered them in their dances, and sympathised with them when contrary winds demanded extra labour. There seems, in consequence, to have been very few misunderstandings or quarrels. When, on their return, after crossing the desert, they reached their old Nile boats, Mr. Melly describes the crew as rushing on him as soon as he came in sight, embracing him, some even kissing him, so great was their satisfaction to behold him once more amongst them.

"'Cavaghi, mafisch' (Is master not here?), said they. 'Mafisch!' They burst into tears."

After conferring a similar embrace on the dragoman, they conducted the ladies on board, quietly and respectfully, and then the most known of the crew approached to kiss their hands. They showed how neatly the cabins had been prepared, and that all the things that had been left in their care were perfectly safe. This is pleasant to read. It shows how much may be done by kindness even with the notoriously obstinate boatmen of the Nile. The reis and pilot did not come on board till just above the cataracts, but they describe themselves as struck by the respect and sympathy which they expressed in their misfortune. Yet this reis was a true Muhammedan, and did not consider it consistent with a perfect submission to God's will to manifest outward grief, as the following instance will show:

The reis had brought his son away from home, preferring the corrupting influences of boat-life to the chance of his being turned from his mother's care by the hateful conscription; and I never saw a parent more affectionate, or a child more dutiful, than they two. Said—so the boy was named—was about ten years old, and of most engaging appearance, with fine bright eyes, and a

clear complexion, beautifully shaded. He was very intelligent, and, from the day we dressed him in bright chintz, always clean.

We promoted him from the office of do-nothing to the very important one of gun-cleaner and pipe-bearer; and he always accompanied us on our shooting excursions, proving himself a capital retriever. On one occasion he had broken some dinner-knives of ours, and, as far as I could learn, had not confessed with his usual veracity, as he was a very honest boy. For this he was most mercilessly punished,—a duty his father evidently disliked, and which clouded the harmony previously existing between them, as the son did not take the well-deserved chastisement in the way he probably would have done previously to the indulgence and independence he had enjoyed on board. The next night, as he was leaning over the prow of the boat, then darting forwards under a heavy gale, he fell overboard, and instantly disappeared in the foaming waters. I was standing by his father, who was at the helm, on the top of the high cabin, and had been a witness of the catastrophe. He would not, even to save his son, neglect his duty, which at that moment involved the safety of others, and it was left to strangers to rescue his only child from destruction. Quick as thought, however, three men dashed overboard, and the boat was lowered to pull them up; and in a few minutes the boy was restored to his father, though in a state of insensibility. He neither exhibited deep anxiety at his threatened loss, nor intense gratitude at his almost miraculous preservation; and we were much surprised at his apparently stern indifference and apathy. But in his desire to conceal feelings which nature had given him, he had overrated his strength, and the same night he was taken very ill, and was several days recovering his wonted energies.

According to Mr. Melly, what he calls Abbas Pasha's masonmania continues. Since they had seen him at the Kaisun palace, he had completed the Abbasiyah, the Suez palace, and was then commencing a similar structure opposite Rhoda Island. He has now about nine palaces in ten square miles, and uses each rather more than one month every year, having a complete establishment in all. Abbas Pasha has also encouraged his grandees to follow his example; and already the Suez road is becoming a street of bey's and pasha's palaces. Then, half-way to Suez, forty miles from any drinkable water, is the Desert palace, every stone of which had to be carried there on camels from Cairo, and every drop of water for the mortar or cement. Well may Mr. Melly say, "Had he the lamp of Aladdin he could scarcely have conquered greater difficulties." The pasha is said to have already expended 2,000,000*l.* in this extravagant love of palaces, and it is to be hoped that he will cease to indulge in this passion during the construction of the proposed railway, or the Turks will be justified in saying that he is draining the country, and that the industrious classes are unequal to the burden. But the fact is, that the Turks care nothing as to how much is extracted from the tax-paying community; the reason of their opposition to a railway lies deeper. They are jealous that Egypt should enjoy all the advantages of the overland transit and communication. They would fain have a part at all events pass through districts more immediately under their control. With this view, they have already ordered steam-boats for the Euphrates, and they will probably soon enter into arrangements with European engineers for a railway from the shores of the Mediterranean to that river. It would be well for this country that both lines of transit were opened, and that the opening of the last-mentioned river effected by British enterprise had never been abandoned.

Mr. Melly attributes the interference of the Sublime Porte in the construction of an Egyptian railway to the intrigues of France, probably with some degree of reason; although, as we have said above, such are not the sole, nor the uppermost causes of the opposition which the plan has met with has on the part of the Turkish authorities. On this subject he says:

Our estimable neighbours on the other side of the Channel do not regard our intimate relations with Egypt, and the facilities we there possess for expediting our communications with our Indian empire, with that amiability which distinguishes them on other occasions; it is presumed that they would very gladly put an end to them, and bring about a state of things as nearly as possible resembling what they have effected in Greece and Spain. This object was steadily held in view by the Marquis de Lavalette, while consul-general in Egypt, for he there made himself conspicuous by his opposition to everything that the Egyptian government contemplated which he thought in any way conducive to the interests of Great Britain. For these patriotic exertions he has since been appointed minister of France at Constantinople.

The Turkish government, it is now evident, have not turned a deaf ear to his representations, insinuations, and suggestions—the usual ambassadorial artillery. The Sultan has been prevailed upon to declare his opposition to the railway, which must be of such vast consequence to the future prosperity of Egypt and—of England; and the declaration has been made in language that does honour to French diplomacy.

This is a policy partly of tradition, partly of busy but unwise local intrigues, which cannot stand before the positive progress of things. The interests of France in Egypt are trifling compared with those of England, but they are upheld by swarms of military instructors, engineers, medical men, and adventurers of all descriptions, and still more so by young men of noble Oriental families, educated in the political atmosphere of Paris. On the other hand, we have our merchants, "men of fame," our active political agents, our liberal and educated travellers, our great commercial communication, and the transit to India, to balance the scale of empty words and political intrigue. Any educated Turk would be satisfied in a moment as to where his real interests lay, between two parties rivalling one another in supporting the real or supposed welfare of the country. The worst of all Orientals is that they never act decisively, they prefer playing national jealousies against one another for their own benefit, or reserving them to be used as occasion may require. This was what constituted the great secret and the whole strength of old Muhammed Ali's government.

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YOUNG TOM HALL'S HEART-ACHES AND HORSES.

CHAPTER IX.

MAJOR FIBS pretended to be thorry that Tom Hall had got a commithon in Lord Lavender's Hussars, observing, that the colonel had written to old Wellington to give him one in the Heavysteed Dragoons, and he was sure old Wellington would only be too happy to have it in his power to oblige their old boy.

The fat colonel, on his part, patronised our friend extensively, and when he read that Thomas Hall, gent., was appointed to a cornetcy in the Royal Lavender Dragoons and Hyacinth Hussars, *vice* Lord Shockingdog retired, he bethought him of mounting Tom becomingly. Now Captain Smallbeere of the Heavysteeds (then absent on leave) had a second charger, a horse that, without speaking too disparagingly of it, "might have been better," and the colonel's sagacity suggested some "good" might be done with it. Accordingly he bought him—a time bargain—forty pounds, with liberty to return him at the end of a week if he didn't like him—that is to say, if he couldn't make anything of him. He was a nice-looking horse; indeed, his looks were the best part about him. He had two good ends, as the horse-dealers say: a nice light, well set-on head, an arched neck with a flowing mane, and a full, well set-on life-guards tail. He was not deficient in middle-piece either, being round in the barrel, well ribbed up, and altogether a taking-looking animal. Indeed, he had taken many people in. He had taken young Mr. Simpkins in, he had taken middle-aged Mr. Gooseman in, and he had taken old Mr. Gammon in. He had been twice unsaddled for dead in the hunting-field, and only escaped repetition of the scene by knocking up before he got to the meet. He was a washy, weak, good-looking, good-for-nothing animal, that with coddling, and pampering, and linseed-teaing, and hand-rubbing, could come out of the stable a very fine showy creature. Colour, a dark brown, with tan muzzle, four black legs, and a star.

"I know a horse that would suit you to a T," observed the colonel, the first time he met our friend after the above-mentioned arrangement with Smallbeere. "Just the thing for the Yeomanry—used to troops—such a one to salute the general upon at a review;" the colonel performing the evolution with a great baggy, brown alpaca umbrella as he spoke.

"Sivin and four's elivin, and twenty-four's thirty-five—I don't know that soldiers are good folks to buy horses of," observed old Hall, filing away at his chin, when his son told him what the colonel said. "Should say, if they had a good 'un, they'd keep him among 'em—at least, I think—I take it so—I apprehend so."

"I think so too," replied our Tom, who had no more fancy for being "done" than his father, "only," added he, considering the instability of his seat—indeed, his utter inexperience in the saddle—"it might be as well, perhaps, to have a horse that knows his business, and that wouldn't unship me."

"True," replied old Hall, after a pause, and a little more mental arithmetic. "True, and therefore I'd look at him; but I'd be cautious about buyin'—buy in haste, repent at leisure—buy a good 'un when you do buy. A good horse costs no more keeping than a bad 'un; a bad 'un 'ill eat as much as a good 'un, perhaps more, because he's got more time."

Tom pondered all this in his mind, and having heard a good deal from dear Jane Daiseyfield's brother Tom, who was rather an adept at cheating in horses, how they tricked them up for the market, and how they gammoned the greenhorns (if ever there was such a thing as a self-admitted greenhorn in horse-dealing, which we very much doubt), Tom went to look at the horse by appointment, without much expectation of doing business.

Though he went, as we say, by appointment, the diplomatic old colonel, whom he found playing at quoits with the Vet at the back of the riding-school, pretended to have forgotten all about it, and assuming that Tom had come to see the ladies, he offered to show him his daughter's pad on his way—"a perfect lady's horse—one that he had been offered no end of money for—but, poor thing, he couldn't bear the idea of selling her. Angelena was so fond of her," continued he, as he shuffled himself into his frock coat, and adjusted his foraging-cap, for the day was warm, and he had been taking it coolly. He then waddled away on his heels to the stable, where, between two elephantine chargers, stood the model of perfection, an Arab-like cream colour, with a flowing silvery mane, and a tail reaching down to the heels.

"There!" roared the colonel, as the soldier-groom swept the clothes over its hind-quarters,—"there's (puff) shape for you!—there's an Arab-like head!—there are clean, well-shaped legs, and an elegantly set-on tail," continued he, as the mare began to flourish and switch it in return for the tickling of the groom. "That's the sort of thing now," continued he, in a lower tone, drawing across the line of scent, "that Lavender would give any money for to mount one of his band upon; indeed, the Dook's always at me for it for the Life Guards; but what's the use of parting with one's comforts, — one's child's comforts, — one's daughter's comforts. Couldn't do it!—couldn't bear the thought of it!—couldn't, by Jove!" added he, boiling up, and kicking out with his right fin. Then, after a pause, and passing sundry compliments on his other quadrupeds, and anathemising the soldier-groom for not having the scanty straw laid out to air, he suddenly pretended to remember that Tom had turned a soldier, and would be wanting something in their line. "Shouldn't wonder now," continued he, thoughtfully, as he held his chubby chin in his hand,—"shouldn't wonder now, if Smallbeere's horse would suit you. Does anybody know anything about Captain Smallbeere's horse?" continued he, staring around, an inquiry that failed to elicit an answer from the well-drilled stable-men. "Send the adjutant here!" roared he. "The adjutant will know all about it," continued he, addressing Tom; adding, "These noodles never know anything."

Adjutant Collop was a trusty man, and, having been in a good many robberies with the colonel, was extremely useful as well in forwarding the transactions as in keeping Major Fibs in order, who might have been more exorbitant in his "regulars" if he had had no one to compete with. So now to the deal.

The sentries had had orders to acquaint the adjutant the next time our friend Tom entered the barrack-ground; and, having got the information, he had been busy during the time the colonel was expatiating on the beauties of his stud in removing a sweating bandage from the brown horse's near fore-leg, and offering him sundry little attentions that the uninitiated are, perhaps, as well ignorant of. The colonel's summons found Collop in the act of biting a piece of ginger, which he handed hastily to the groom, and hurried away to obey the great commander.

"Ah! there he is!" observed the colonel, as the adjutant whipped round the canteen corner; "always at his desk,—always at his desk; greatest consumer of ink in the service,—sometimes tell him I think he must write the *Edinburgh Review*, or *Bell's Life in London*, or the '*Lives of the Chancellors*,' or some of those sort of fandangoes—he's always so full of employment."

The adjutant now approached with a pen in one hand, making a full deferential swing of salute with the other.

"Well, old inky fingers! how are ye?" roared the colonel. "Hope you find your cash all square, and don't cheat yourself out of any halfpence. 'Take care of the pence, and the pounds 'ill take care of themselves,' my grandmother used to teach me. Haw! haw! haw!—he! he! he!—ho! ho! ho!"

And Adjutant Collop *he, he, he'd! haw, haw, haw'd!* and *ho, ho, ho'd!* just as if he had never heard the saying before.

"Well, Col," resumed the colonel, as their risible faculties subsided,—"well, Col, you're the man! Wish I had a dozen such. This is my friend Hall; believe you know Mr. Hall; dined with us at the mess, you know. Now, can you tell us," continued he, still speaking at the top of his voice, though they were all close together,—"can you tell us anything about Smallbeere's horse?—the brown, you know; the one he rode with Jugginson's harriers."

"The brown," repeated the adjutant, thoughtfully,—"the brown, he's sold," added he, after a pause, "to Bartley."

"Sold!" exclaimed the colonel, throwing up his fins in well-feigned disgust,—"sold! That is a pity!—that is a pity!—very horse to have suited our friend Hall here; gone into the Yeomanry; wants a charger or two."

"Oh, you mean the *charger!*" exclaimed the adjutant, with an air of sudden enlightenment,—"you mean the charger!"

"To be sure," replied the colonel—"to be sure. You don't s'pose I meant that rotten devil Sampson? Wouldn't take him in a gift—dashed if I would!" added he, with a crack of his thigh with his right fin.

"Oh, the brown charger is in," observed the adjutant, deferentially.

"Ah, come, I thought so," replied the colonel, eyeing Tom encouragingly; adding, what he considered *sotto voce*, though quite loud enough for Collop to hear, "My adjutant isn't quite so bright as he might be this morning. Got muddled with his accounts, p'r'aps." Then,

turning to Collop, he roared out, "Well, now, does anybody know anything about the horse?—I mean, has anybody any instructions about him—about selling him, I mean?"

"Yes, I have," replied the adjutant, promptly.

"You have?" responded the colonel; adding, "That's business-like, now. Let's see him out."

"Certainly," replied the adjutant, leading the way to the stable.

The colonel then got himself on to his heels, and, accompanied by Tom, went wad, wad, waddling across the barrack-yard; the further he went the further he was left behind by the swift-footed adjutant, who hastened to see that all was right in the stable.

"You'll not be wanting to ride him far, p'r'aps?" observed the colonel, recollecting that a young gent at Norwich had once ridden one of his officer's horses to Ipswich and back on trial—"you'll not be wanting to ride him far, p'r'aps?" repeated he, as he puffed and laboured away on his heels.

"Oh no," replied Tom, glad of an excuse for not mounting at all. "Oh no," repeated he. "Indeed—in fact—to tell you the truth—I—I—I—only want to look at him."

"Oh, you can *ride* him," said the colonel—"you can ride him; only don't bucket him cross country, you know, or ram him at any impossible places. The horse can hunt, no doubt; but what I recommend him to you for is as a charger. There I think he'll excel. Colonel Peters himself couldn't have made him more perfect. Indeed, if I wasn't certain about it, I wouldn't recommend him to you, for who shall counsel a man in the choice of a wife or a horse, as Solomon, or some other gentleman of fortune, asked. Haw, haw, haw!—he, he, he!—ho, ho, ho!" the colonel inwardly hoping he might have to suit Tom with both.

Prudent people may think that the colonel would have done well to confine himself to one endeavour, but his rule was never to lose a chance; and he had seen the failure of so many of Angelena's bright prospects, that he thought the horse might be the best chance of the two.

The reader will now have the kindness to suppose our fat friends arriving at the stable-door just as the horse's tan muzzle pioneered his glossy body, radiant with grooming, and fresh from the operation of mane and tail combing and brushing, to say nothing of other figments. Whatever might have been Tom's misgivings and suspicions—whatever his previous determinations about buying or not buying, they entirely vanished under the influence of the colonel's honest interest and the pleasing appearance of the horse. He stepped out of the stable so lightly and quietly, and as Tom marked his blooming coat, clean, unblemished legs, and placid eye—above all, the flowing flourish of his well set-on tail—an appendage that has led more young ladies and gentlemen into mischief than the uncandid will care to acknowledge—Tom's only fear was that they would be asking an impossible price for him—two or three hundred, perhaps.

"There!" exclaimed the colonel, striking out his right fin towards the horse—"there! that's a neat horse! He's not a great horse, nor a grand horse, nor an overpowering horse; but he's a neat horse—a gentleman's horse—a horse that a man may ride down St. James's-street before all the bow-window beggars that ever were foaled, and snap his

fingers at the 'ole lot on 'em"—the colonel accompanying the declaration with a hearty snap of his own. And Tom stood mute, simply because he didn't know what to say, and didn't like to let out that this was his first deal. "Good shoulders—deep girth—fine, expressive, blood-like head," continued the colonel. "How old is he?" demanded he of the man.

"Seven off, sir," replied the groom, with a respectful touch of his forelock.

"Seven off," repeated the colonel—"seven off. Thought he'd been older. Devilish good age," whispered he to Tom. "Wasn't handled till he was four; did nothin' till he was five. Easin' 'em at one end puts a deal on at t'other. That horse'll be fresh at twenty." And Tom still stood mute, for the colonel's logic was all Greek to him. He was as ignorant as Pickwick in all that related to horses—didn't know whether they lived to twenty, fifty, or a hundred. He would have given anything for an idea.

"Get on him, Hall," at length roared the colonel, tired of Tom's staring. "Get on him," repeated he, "and give him a round in the riding-school."

"Thank'e—no," replied Tom, in an easy, indifferent sort of way, as if he didn't think the horse likely to suit, but in reality to avoid the chance of a spill.

"Well, as you please," responded the colonel, in a huff, with a kick out of his right fin—"as you please, as you please—only don't keep the horse starvin' there, or we shall be havin' his death at our door."

"Let me lay my leg over him," interposed the adjutant, anxious, if possible, to save the deal, though he feared things were going against him, he too suspecting Tom had been reading some of the mischievous books that recommend youngsters not to try horses they don't think likely to suit, lest they should afterwards be talked into buying them.

Adjutant Collop then approached the passive animal, and, mounting with a military stirrup, proceeded to point his toe and show off, turning right left about on the horse's centre, fore and hind-quarters, and so on, to the evident satisfaction of Tom, who fancied himself the equestrian, with his lady-love looking at him.

At the close of each well-performed evolution, Tom's fear increased that the price would be an impossible one.

The adjutant, having twisted and turned and tickled the horse about, at length drew up beside our friends, with the horse's head towards the rising ground, and, making him extend himself, he proceeded to dismount.

"How is he under you?" roared the colonel, as if the adjutant was a mile off.

"Sweet 'orse," replied the adjutant, who was a bit of a Cockney. "Sweet 'orse," repeated he.

"Now will you mount him?" demanded the colonel of Tom.

"Thank'e—no," replied Tom, in an easy, indifferent sort of tone—"thank'e—no," repeated he, turning away, as if he wasn't going to be tempted. The fact was, he saw little Jug and Mattyfat watching him from behind the red curtain of the mess-room window, and he didn't know how many more might be in the bush.

"Take him in, then," roared the colonel, disgusted at Tom's stupidity; and, wheeling round, he proceeded to retrace his steps to the quoit-

ground, thinking what an ass he had been to give himself so much trouble. Tom followed passively, fearing he had offended the opulent man.

"What's the price?" at length asked Tom, timidly, after walking for some time in silence by the side of the rolling man-mountain.

"Price!" exclaimed the colonel, brightening up. "Price!" repeated he, "faith I can hardly tell you about price—don't belong to me—belongs to one of my young people—Captain Smallbeere—you know him—ugly, conceited feller—great head, button nose—away on leave—old Collywobbles there (meaning Collop) has the selling of him. Should say—though mind, I don't know for certain," continued he, dropping his voice as he scrutinised Tom's vacant face—"should think that he might be had reasonable—say sixty, or p'r'aps se—ven—ty guineas—*sixty* p'r'aps," continued he, as he saw Tom's countenance fall.

And when Tom said, with a long-drawn *h—e—m*, that he would "consider," the colonel saw he had made a mistake, but his sagacity did not tell him where.

"Well," said he, "do as you like; buy in haste, repent at leisure's an old sayin', and not a bad 'un. But mind ye!" continued he, raising his voice, "the horse may be sold while you are considerin'." So saying, the gallant colonel lashed out with his right fin and struck across the barracks to seek consolation at the hand of his friend Major Fibs, bidding Tom good day, and leaving him to dispose of himself as he thought proper.

Chapter X.

"Ah! I thee how it ith, thir! I thee how it ith!" lisped Major Fibs, when the colonel told him what had taken place—"I thee how it ith—the fact ith, thir, you're too conthiderate—you don't do yourthelf juthtice—you should have asked him a hundred, or a hundred and fifty, and you'd have got it."

"D'ye think so?" exclaimed the colonel, in disgust.

"*Thure* of it," replied the major—"thure of it; never was a boy yet that wanted an orth under a hundred."

"But d'ye think that old griffin of a governor of his would have forked out the tin?" asked the colonel.

"No doubt about it, thir," replied the major—"no doubt about it. Bleth ye, that old buffer's rolling in money—has a hundred thouthand pounds in the funds—not a hundred thouthand stock, but stock that'll prodooth a hundred thouthand tholid, thubstanthal thovereigns."

"And lives like a mouse in a cheese!" exclaimed the old colonel, throwing up his hands in disgust. "Well, it's a pity," added he—"it's a *great* pity."

"It *is* a pity," replied the major, thoughtfully; "but, excuse me for thaying it, you really throw away the advantages of your high pothithon. What's the uth of being colonel of a crack cavalry corps if you don't improve your opportunities? You don't s'pothe Andrews throws chances away like you? Not he, by Jove! Two 'under'd and fifty, or three 'under'd, and not all the Mr. Watsons, Q.C., could indooth an honest

Britith joory to believe that it wasn't an upright transaction. It would be a Q.C., or queer concern, if, because a man's a colonel, he's not to sell an orth for as much as he can get."

"It *would* be a pretty go, indeed," assented the colonel. "I like these common councilmen thinking to teach us what's right and proper, as if the army isn't the real school for honour and morality."

"To be thure!" rejoined the major—"to be thure! Her Majesty's commithon wouldn't be worth holdin', if one mightn't turn an occathonal copper by orthes."

The two then sat mute for some time, the huge colonel contemplating his enormous feet, occasionally lifting one up, as if to see they were fellows, and the gaunt major stretching his legs to their utmost longitude, wetting his finger and thumb, and twiddling his truculent moustachios into points. No noise disturbed the scene, except the occasional tap, tap, tapping of his terrier dog's tail against the uncarpeted corner of the room where he lay.

"I think we might manage it yet, thir," at length observed the major.

"D'ye think so, Fibby!" exclaimed the colonel, starting up.

"*Think* tho, thir?" replied the major, cautiously, but deferentially.

"I wish you'd try, by Jove!" roared the colonel, "for I'm reg'larly in Short's-gardens—never was so hard up in my life. May call me *Blunt*, but I know I never have any. Don't know where to lay hands on a halfpenny; and there's that beastly Mrs. Bussleton's dunnin' me almost every post for her 'little bill,' as she calls it—eighteen pund odd."

"'Deed!" replied the major; "doesn't deserve the honour of the ladies' cuthtom. However, I'll tell you what, thir, if, as I thuspect, this young gentleman was put off buyin' the orth on account of the prithe, we can accommodate him either with this orth or another."

"You'll do the state great service!" exclaimed the colonel—"you'll do the state great service!" repeated he. "I always say her Majesty hasn't a more meritorious officer than yourself. The Duke's services are nothin' compared to yours. Well, now, tell me how you think it can be done?" continued he, dropping his voice, and leaning forward in his chair towards the major.

"Why," replied the major, "it must be done gingerly. I must endeavour to find out what his objecthon was to this orth; and if it was merely prithe, I'd try him on again with it; but if he has any tholid, thubthanthal dithlike to him, then we must look out for another. There are plenty of orthes in the world, and it wouldn't do to let such a promithin' young gentleman go on foot for want of one."

"Certainly not!" exclaimed the colonel—"certainly not! In my humble opinion, however," added he, in a lower tone, "this horse is the very one for him—quiet, tractable animal, used to troops, and all that sort of thing; no great constitution, p'r'aps, but that's matter of opinion —de gustibus not est somethin'—I forget the word," added he, with a shake of his head, "but you know what I mean?"

"Perfectly, thir," replied the major, who had all the colonel's sayings stereotyped in his mind.

"I wish I'd consulted you in the first instance," observed the colonel.

"Wish you had," rejoined the major. "I'm thure you know my best

thervices are always at your command, and it's better for me to move in these matters than you."

The major, as we said before, was jealous of Collop, and suspected he was trying to oust him of his high office of dirty-work doer to the colonel.

Another dead pause then ensued, broken only by the renewed tapping of the tail as before.

"He's no great horseman, I imagine," observed the colonel, at length breaking silence.

"Not a bit of one," replied the major—"doesn't set up for one indeed; but his money's just as good as if he was—indeed, better, for as it is he can't compare notes—thay this orth is not so good as my old bay, or so fast as my young grey; or this orth would have been better if he'd had four legs, or a thuffithenthy of wind; or make any unpleathant reflecthions of that sort."

"Very true," replied the colonel—"very true; and therefore, Fibby, I'll confide the whole of this delicate affair to your management. Do what you think best, only don't kill the goose, you know, that lays us the golden what d'ye call the thing-um-bobs—you twig, eh?" said the colonel, putting as much expression into his great red apple face as he could, meaning, "Don't forget Angelena's in the case."

"I underthand, thir," replied the major.

"And be quick about it," rejoined the colonel, "for Mrs. Bustleton's headed her last piece of impittence like a county court summons, and I've no manner of doubt she'll have me there if I don't fork out pretty quickly."

"Yeth; but we musn't be too prethipitate," observed the major, thoughtfully; "must let it come natural, you know."

"In course," replied the colonel—"in course. Take your own time about it. You could cross him accidentally as he comes up to hear Angelena sing, or fall in with him promiscuously at the pastrycook's, or the Salutation, or some of his haunts. All that I mean to say is, don't let the grass grow under your feet, you know. Haw, haw, haw!—he, he, he!—ho, ho, ho!"

"He, he, he!—haw, haw, haw!—ho, ho, ho!" chuckled the major, adding, "You'll be the death of me thum day, thir, with your jokes. You've the most marvellous flow of humour of any man I know."

"Laugh and get fat as I do," roared the colonel, taking his enormous paunch between his hands, or rather putting his hands on his enormous sides, as he rose from his seat to depart. "Well, now then, there we'll leave it," continued he. "You take your own time about it, and let me hear how you get on, and don't over-egg it puddin, you know, as they say in Yorkshire. He, he, he!—haw, haw, haw!—ho, ho, ho!"

"There you are again, thir!" exclaimed the obsequious major, throwing up his hands as if quite overcome with this last sally. "Greatest humoristh of the day, thir! The great Mr. Thackeray, that they make thuth a noise about, is nothin' compared to you."

"Ah, that's the man that wrote 'Fistiana; or, the Oracle of the Ring,'" observed the colonel, after a pause. "Devilish clever work it is—I have it. But, however, that's not the point. The point is, I want you to tickle this trout for me, and to land him like a workman."

"Of courthe, thir," replied the major; "but, in the mean time, p'r'aps you'd have the goodneth not to do anything more in the matter yourthelf, or mention it to any one," added he, drawing his long legs up to further the colonel's departure—meaning, "Don't let Collop have a further finger in the pie."

"Certainly not!" exclaimed the colonel—"certainly not! Too many cooks spoil the broth. Should never be more than two at a deal—that's to say, if you expect to deal. Besides," added he, as he waddled away on his heels, "it's no use keepin' a dog and barkin' oneself."

Chapter XI.

You did well not to buy that Thmallbeere orth, I think," observed the major confidentially to Tom, after having exhausted the usual topic of the weather, the dirtiness of the streets, the fewness of the foot people, and the number of horsemen, as he found our friend a few days after the misdeal sucking his cane-handle at Miss Isinglass's door, waiting for Padder and Proggy, and the young Emperor of Morocco, to join arms and polish the flags, and take up their usual stations at street corners. "You did well not to buy that Thmallbeere orth, I think," observed the major, after criticising two or three that passed along. "The fact ith, heth's a nice orth and a neat orth, but Beer—Thwipes as we call him—wouldn't have parted with him if he'd been quite the thing."

"Well now, that's what I thought!" exclaimed Tom—"that's what I thought! I was sure there was something wrong when I heard the price."

"You thowed your judgment," replied the major, brightening up—"you thowed your judgment; but please have the goodneth not to tell the colonel I thaid tho, for the besth of us are liable to be dethieved, and I'm thure the colonel's great regard for you would prevent his theeing you impothed upon knowingly."

"I'm sure of that too," replied Tom—"I'm sure of that too," and he thought of Angelena, and her singing, and her fifty thousand pounds, and how he would like to be pinning the heartsease and forget-me-not white cornelian brooch upon her beautiful make-believe point-lace chemisette. Then he thought he'd better get the brooch back before he appropriated it to another, and wondered whether he could safely entrust old Trueboy, the cashier, to negotiate the return of it, and the promise of marriage letter, the next time old Daiseyfield came to their bank to get a bill done.

These pleasant reflections were interrupted by the major resuming the subject of the orth.

"What you should have should be a nith, steady, well-trained orth, that's been used to troopths, and the firing of vollithes, and so on; much such an orth as Thwipes's, in fact—only a little gamer, higher couraged animal—*more* of an orth, in short. You are sthout—I don't mean to say *fat*," continued the major, looking down on Tom's great puffy figure, "but full-limbed, just what a man ought to be, and should have an orth to correthpond. It's a bore being under orthed, feeling that you should be carrying the orth instead of the orth carrying you."

"So I think," replied Hall—"so I think;" adding, "I liked the cut of Swipes's horse uncommonly."

"Did you?" replied the major—"did you?" adding, after a pause, "Well, then, do you know, I think I can tell you of one very like him, as like as Voltigeur to the Flying Dutchman; liker, indeed, for he's got never any white about him. He belonged to poor Charley Chucklehead, of the Bluths, who drank himself detheased. Thweetest snaffle-bridle orth I almost ever thaw; can canter round a hat, and throw the dirt in the faces of all those bragging Heartycheerites who think nobody can ride but themselves. It's no uth keepin' an orth that can only do one thing," continued the major, "ethpethially now that you've made up your mind to go into the Yeomanry instead of our corps. Bleth ye! why a mere charger would be no more uth to you than a thimney-piece ornament the greater part of the year. He'd be a deal worse than a thimney-piece ornament, for he'd be constantly having his pecker in the manger, and peckers in mangers cost money, as you and I know;" the major thinking it might be convenient to invest Tom with a little more equestrian knowledge than he really possessed.

"Well, but I could ride him on the road, and on the heath, and so on," observed Tom, who had been repeatedly reminded by Angelena of the projected excursions to Heatherblow Heath.

"Oh, in courth," replied the major—"in courth; only a twenty-pund 'ack would do all that; but when we talk about orthes, we mean valuable animals—'undred or 'undred and fifty guineas' worth, and so on—orthes that do a gentleman credit, and not cat-legged cripples, that look as if they'd ethcaped from a cothtermonger's cart."

"Well," mused Tom, "I should like to get a good 'un."

"Take my word for it, my dear feller," replied the major, "there's nothin' like a good one—there's nothin' makes a man feel so bumpthously conthequenthal as being cocked a top of a good 'un. So now, if you really feel inclined for a creditable animal, a good-looking animal, and don't mind prithe, why I would really advise you to send for this blue orth, and to be quick about it, for he'll soon be caught up. Good orthes don't hang fire in London."

"Well," mused Tom. "Well," repeated he, remembering what his father had said about not buying an officer's horse, "I should like to look at him—there'd be no harm in that, you know."

"True," replied he major, fearing that Tom was one of that numerous tribe, the looking sort—one of those weary fellows who are always wanting horses and never buy them; the major, we say, fearing Tom was one of the wrong sort, and that it was going to be all labour lost, at once pinned him by asking if he should write and have the orth down by the rail to look at; and after much hemming and hawing and hesitation, Tom at length gave his consent, induced, perhaps, not a little by the observation that it would *only* be the expense of the rail if Tom didn't buy him, that little word "only" being extremely useful in leading people astray.

And the major having enjoined our friend to secrecy, lest any of the "dealers" should be beforehand with them, took a most affectionate leave of our Tom, and went to report progress to the colonel, who he found half frantic with rage at the ear-ache and stomach-ache accounts that were pouring in upon him.

Chapter XII.

Two days after, Tom and the major were at the Fleecyborough station, waiting the arrival of the 2.30 train from town, which, coming with its usual punctuality, about three-quarters of an hour after time, the last joint of the tail, in the shape of a horse-box, was chopped off, and the snorting monster presently pursued its course, without appearing either better or worse for the operation.

The train having whisked out of sight, all eyes were turned to the amputated member, which, arriving so easily, now took half a dozen porters to coax to a siding. Having at length accomplished the undertaking, a side wing was let down, disclosing a horse, in a complete set of new clothing, attended by a melancholy-looking groom, with a band of crape puckered mournfully round his cockaded hat. He saluted the major with a sorrowful look, as if the meeting was productive of painful recollections; and the pent-up horse being released from confinement, came clattering over the boards, making as much noise as Timour the Tartar's at Astley's. Having reached *terra firma*, he stood shaking and stretching himself, and staring about at his leisure.

"What, you've clipped him, have you?" observed the major, eyeing his bright mouse-coloured coat.

"He was getting rather woolly," observed the man.

"And plaited his mane, too," added the major, as the groom stripped off the hood, and exhibited a racing mane.

"Didn't lie very well, sir," replied Joe, a complaint that could not be laid to his door.

"Captain 'All wants a charger, not a racer," observed the major.

"He'll get both if he gets this oss," replied Joe, with a sigh, sweeping the clothing over his tail.

"What! he's been raced, has he?" asked Tom, thinking of his nomination for the Warrior Stakes.

"Raced, yes!" replied the groom, as if surprised at the question. "Raced, and won, too. Won the Gammon Stakes at Stewpony—not in the 'Calendar,' and so much the better, for he won't have to carry hextry weight as a winner," added he.

He was very like what the major had described—very like Swipes's horse, only larger, and clipped, with a bang tail instead of a life-guard's one, and a leaded mane instead of a flowing one. His action, too, was much the same—"Easy as a chair," as the major said, on alighting, after a canter round Mr. Ploughharrow's pasture.

"Try him yourself, Hall," said the major, handing Tom the rein.

The coast being clear, and the elastic-seated saddle roomy, with raised padding for the knees, Tom screwed up his courage and mounted. After a very quiet walk down Soberton-lane, he ventured back into the field, and, with due caution, worked the horse from a trot into a canter, without eliciting any of those inconvenient ebullitions of spirit that sometimes attend the too sudden transition from highway to turf. And Tom tit-up-ed about very pleasantly. The major saw, by the self-satisfied grin on Tom's face, as he at length returned with the slack rein of confidence, that it was a "case," and was as fully prepared for his "tender

question" as Miss Blunt always was for hers, though she contrived to raise the blush of agitation and surprise.

"I'll tell you in two words," replied the major, in reply to Tom's tender question as to how much—"I'll tell you in two words. Chucklehead gave a 'under'd and sixty for this orth. The ecthecutors, to effect an immediate sale, will take a 'under'd and twenty; but you must be quick about it," added he, "for the groom tells me that Mr. Meyers has been to look at him for the Printh."

And Tom gaped and gasped as usual, for the money, he thought, was a vast, and he would have liked to have consulted his father, and Mr. Trueboy, and Padder, and Proggy, and the street swells of Fleecyborough, to say nothing of any chance opinion he might be able to pick up; it being a remarkable fact that, however deficient men may be in intelligence or general information, there are very few who are not equal to giving an opinion about a horse. The major, who had been in at as many deals, good, bad, and indifferent, as most people, knew there was nothing like clenching a bargain at the satisfied moment, and observing to the man "that he oughtn't to have let Mr. Meyers see the orth before they were done with him," whispered in Tom's ear, "that if Meyers thought him good enough for the Printh, Tom might, perhaps, path him as good enough for him"—a suggestion that had considerable weight with our friend, who stood staring and wishing to pick a hole if he could, but fearing to commit himself in the attempt.

"'I don't advithe,' as the City merchants write to their country correthpondents, nor do I wish to influence your dethithon," continued the cunning major, "but I really think he's very much the sort of orth you should have. He has all the temper and dothility of Swipes's orth, combined with higher courage and more strength—a gayer and better animal altogether—a fitter animal for a gentleman of your figure and thubstance; and, besides being a perfectly broke charger, is a very thuperior 'unter—isn't he, Joe?" continued he, appealing to the man.

"I believe ye," replied Joe, with a snatch of his hat. "If you'd seen him the day the Queen's Jelly-calf Staggers met at Maidenhead Thicket, how he throw'd the dirt in Davis's face, and Bartlett's face, and Cox's face, and in all the London hell-keepers and horse-dealers' faces, you'd have said he was an oss to go indeed. That's wot set Meyers arter him for the Prince," added he.

"No doubt," assented the major—"no doubt. An orth that distinguithes himself is soon thnapped up, at any prithe. Now," continued he, turning to Tom, "you'd better make up your mind, and remember, if a well-broke charger is desirable, a well-made hunter is equally so. It would never do for a gentleman of your fortin and accomplithments to be tumbled about in the dirt like an orth-breaker's man. Half the pleasure of hunting consists in being carried comfortably."

And Tom thought there was a good deal in that; for though he had never been out, on horseback at least, he had studied *Punch* attentively, and thought some of Mr. Briggs's predicaments anything but pleasant; and there were a series of "Alkens," in Grammar, the bookseller's window, representing red-coated gentlemen in every species of discomfiture, some on their nobs, some on their horses' nobs, some on their backs, some dashed into melon-frames, some hurried into rivers, some

into ditches, that made Tom think it was desirable to have a tractable horse.

"It's a vast of money," at length said he, after a good suck of his whip-handle.

"I'm afraid you won't get it for leth," replied the major; "at least, if what the man tells me is correct. But you had better talk to him yourthelf, and see."

Tom stood mute.

"The captain thinks the orth dear at the money," at length observed the major, turning spokesman.

"Does he?" replied the man, with the utmost indifference. "Won't get him for a copper less," added he, preparing to replace the clothing, muttering something about "fool for coming."

Tom still stood agape, not knowing what to do.

"You'd throw the clothin' and thaddle in, at all events?" observed the major.

"I've no instructions to do nothin' of the sort," replied the man, tartly but firmly.

"Ah! that's all Mr. Meyers's doing," whispered the major to Tom. "Made them independent."

"Humph!" mused Tom, staring vacantly.

"Well, you'd better thettle it one way or other," at length observed the major; "the man will be wanting to go back by the next train."

It then occurred to Tom that he would have to pay the railway expenses if he did not buy; and, like many people involved in one expense, he went on in hopes of retrieving it.

"Well, but I can't pay for him, now—at least—I mean—I haven't got the money in my pocket," stammered Tom.

"Oh! never mind that," replied the major; "give the man five shillings, and we'll arrange that together. Here, my man," continued the major, pulling out two half-crowns, and giving them to the groom, "Captain 'All will take the orth, and I'll write to your people by to-night's posth, and if they require the thaddle and things back, they thall be thent, but I don't expect they'll be thuch screws."

"Very good, sir," replied the man, pocketing his *douceur*, adding, "You'll be wanting him taken into town, won't you?"

"No," replied the major. "I'll get a man here," jerking his head towards the railway station, the major not thinking it prudent to let this man have the run of any of the town taps.

Having got the horse and a railway porter, they nodded their adieux in return to the groom's parting salute, and set off on the well-cindered white-posted footpath, with the horse led alongside them on the road.

"You've done a wise thing, I think," observed the major, squeezing Tom's fat arm, as they tramped along. "I'm sure the colonel will approve of it, and there's no man has your interest more warmly at heart than he has. You've got a very nith orth—a very neat orth—a very gentlemanlike orth."

"Yes, I think he is a nice horse," replied Tom, eyeing him as he stared and sauntered leisurely along. "Where shall I get him a bed, think ye?"

"Oh, haven't you a stable?" asked the major.

"Yes, we have a stable," replied Tom, "but it's full of coals and casks and empty bottles and things."

"Well, but they could be emptied out," observed the major; adding, "Is it damp?"

"Yes, I think it's damp," replied Tom; "at least, there's green upon the walls."

"Ah, that won't do," observed the major. "Orthes should be kept dry and warm."

"Do for one night, I suppose," replied Tom, with an off-hand sort of air.

"Do for your orth, if that's what you mean," rejoined the major. "Orthes don't take so much killing as some people suppose. No," continued he—"no; you'd better take him to the Thalutation, or some of the inns, till you get him a proper stable of his own."

So saying, he gave the word of command "to the Thalutation," and horse and groom and friends turned up Spooneypope-street accordingly; and as Tom chanced to look back, he saw heads popped out of windows and shop doors, and a general commotion on his track, so acceptable is a little excitement in the country. The news soon spread that Tom Hall had bought a horse. Young people said he was going it, old ones shook their heads, and said they wished he mightn't make the old man's money fly.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHILE the incidents of the last chapter were going on, the old colonel, eager and anxious at all times, was now doubly so, in consequence of having received a dunning letter from his accoutrement-maker, threatening an appeal to the Horse Guards, if his bill for 1849-50 was not immediately discharged, the writer, of course, having "to meet a large one himself the next week;" nay, so excitable had the colonel become, that he could not contain himself in barracks, but putting himself in mufti—to wit, in a tight brown Newmarket cut-away, with a voluminous bright-buttoned buff waistcoat, scanty tweed trousers, and high-lows, with a drab felt wide-awake, proceeded to carry his corporation in the direction of the railway station to make an observation, relying on the disguise for Tom not knowing him, as if there was any disguise that would effect the concealment of such a figure as his. However, off he set on his heels, and there is no saying but his impetuosity would have carried him to the field of action, had not a lofty pile of Birnam native oysters, in Grundsell, the greengrocer's window, attracted his attention, and caused a diversion. There, as he stood, with his great stomach resting on the counter, devouring bivalve after bivalve as fast as Mrs. Grundsell could open them, the light tramp of a horse's hoofs fell upon his ear, and, looking round, he saw the well-known steed stepping gaily along, followed by the gaunt major, with his long arm thrust through our Tom's.

The colonel saw by the radiance of the major's usually heavy brow, and the airy swagger of his walk, that it was a deal; and, nearly choking himself with the huge oyster he was in the act of swallowing, he clapped down half-a-crown on the counter, and was only prevented giving chase,

and most likely spoiling sport, by the time Mrs. Grundsell was fumbling for the change.

When he got rolled to the door the group had turned up Spooneypope-street, and feeling satisfied that it was a case of delivery (the road to the barracks being right up the town), he gave vent to his gratitude by ordering a gallon of rum, a Dutch cheese, and a dozen red herrings, to be sent [illegible]r's rooms directly. When, however, he fingered the *flimseys*, as he called them, though *greaseys* would have been a more accurate description of "Hall and Co.'s" dirty five-pound notes, his gratitude expanded; and besides chucking the major a fiver for his trouble, he ordered him two dozen of strong military port, exclaiming, as he gave the order, "Mind, let it have a good grip of the gob!"

He then went rolling about the town with a plethoric-looking tarnished-blue purse, paying his ear-ache and stomach-ache bills, and talking as if he was going to buy all the things in the shops. Mrs. Bustleton got her money, and wrote a most obsequious letter, "hoping to be honoured with their future orders." So the money was not altogether wasted, and the deal furnished abundant conversation for the town, the horse being made the representative of all sorts of imaginary sums.

There were such solemn consultations—such feelings—such handlings—such trottings out and sittings in judgment on the unfortunate animal. What with the postboys and flymen continually going in and out with their horses, and young gentlemen dropping in to pass their opinions, the door of the stable was continually on the swing. What a diversity of opinion the horse elicited! No two people thought the same of him. Buttons, the postboy, thought he'd done a deal of work with his legs, while Brick, the boots, thought he'd done a deal more with his teeth. Mr. Weathertit thought his body too large for his legs, while young Mr. Spoilwater, as they called Freebody, the brewer's son, thought his legs too large for his body. The young Emperor of Morocco thought the fetlocks too fine; Mr. Smiley took exception to the elbows; Mr. Fielding pronounced the hocks to be curbey; Mr. Clapgate suspected he had been at his prayers; while Mr. Bright thought he detected incipient cataract in the right eye. No one, however, hinted that he had seen the horse before, or suspected that it was only Captain Smallbeere's horse clipped, and his tail squared. To crown the whole, the old colonel waddled down from the barracks in a shell-jacket and high-lows to pass his opinion upon it. After making a most critical examination, beginning with the horse's head and ending with his heels, grasping his windpipe and punching his sides, he exclaimed, with admirable *naïveté*, after straddling with his great fin ends in the bottom of his dog-earey overall pockets, as if making his calculations between Swipes's horse and it, "Well! dash my sabretache, if there's tuppence to choose atween 'em!"

THE MOUNTAIN TRIBES OF TURKEY IN EUROPE.*

There are no countries so neglected by the European mind as the mountainous regions of Western Turkey. Unheeded and uncared for by those nations who were employing every energy to reclaim from the savage state the swarthy son of distant India and Africa, and make him a participator in the blessings of civilisation and revealed religion; crushed and degraded below the level of humanity; generation after generation of the unhappy Christians of these provinces of European Turkey have passed away like the leaves of the forest, leaving scarcely a vestige behind to tell that they existed.

Yet whether Muhammadan or Christian—Arnout or Rayah—the dwellers in these mountains have ever lived in a state of wild freedom, eternally at war with a government which they consider invades their just rights and privileges, deeming the imposition of taxes or tribute as an infringement of their independence; and however much they may differ in race and creed, or disagree among themselves, yet ever ready to throw down the gauntlet and set the government of the Sultan at defiance. "Let," says Mr. Edmund Spencer, referring to our own times, "but a single tactico of Omar Pasha invade the territory of the free mountaineers of Tchernegora, and we shall find the Haiduc and the Ouskok population of the defile and the mountain again in arms, marshalling the industrious Rayah of the valley and the plain to the encounter of the hereditary enemy of their race and creed."

A narrative of travel among such wild people, and equally wild scenes, cannot be void of interest. We expect incident and adventure, graphic descriptions, and pictures of domestic and political life, that remind us of the dark ages, rather than of present times; and Captain Spencer's work will not disappoint such expectations. Our traveller starts from Belgrade, a name that recals the memory of scenes of deadly strife between the chivalry of Christendom and the Mussulman host, and a fortress that is still the advance post of Muhammadan fanaticism and despotism in Europe. The reigning prince of Servia lives in a great villa, such as an English gentleman worth five or six hundred a year might erect for himself as an appropriate dwelling. "What a striking contrast," exclaims Captain Spencer, "to the palace of King Otho at Athens, built at the cost of 300,000*l.* sterling! whose subjects likewise do not exceed a million, and whose pecuniary resources have been equally exhausted by a protracted struggle for independence." And he afterwards justly adds—"There was a halo of classic associations about Greece, in her struggle with Turkey, that excited for her children the sympathy of all Christendom; but these poor Servians, also Christians, unknown to the great world, fought and bled unaided; and by their own firmness and bravery drove out the oppressor who had so long trampled in the dust all that is dear to man—his creed, nationality, and independence."

When Captain Spencer was at Belgrade, the war of caps, or, in other

* Travels in European Turkey, in 1850, through Bosnia, Servia, Bulgaria, Macedonia, Thrace, Albania, and Epirus; with a Visit to Greece and the Ionian Isles, and a Homeward Tour through Hungary and the Slavonian Provinces of Austria on the Lower Danube. By Edmund Spencer, Esq.

words, Russian Pan-slavism, was at its height. The fez or cap, indicating the party to which the wearer belonged—whether Russian or Servian. To judge from one assembly that Captain Spencer witnessed, he says the national party preponderated tenfold, notwithstanding the presence of the Russian consul, who, like some petty sovereign, moved from place to place, accompanied by his retinue of Russian caps.

Our traveller was accompanied by a lively Frenchman, whose first *début* it was in Oriental society, and an account of a formal visit made to the Pasha is very amusing:

The next day, our friend Mehmet introduced us to Selim Bey, the Pasha of Belgrade, whom I recognised as an old travelling companion the moment I entered the room; and, with the warm feelings of an Englishman, was about renewing our acquaintance, but the cold withering look he cast upon me, and which an Oriental knows so well how to assume, was absolutely petrifying. In vain I threw out a few hints respecting the late Sultan Mahmoud, and my former travels in Turkey; he still maintained the same imperturbable expression, as if we had never met before.

After partaking of coffee and the tchibouque, the usual entertainment of the traveller in Orient, we rose to take leave, which gave rise to a most amusing and characteristic scene of Turkish manners.

His Highness the Pasha, evidently apprised of our intended visit, had invited the dignitaries of his Church, together with the principal civil and military officers of his household, who now, with all the gravity peculiar to this people, were seated in profound silence on an elevated divan around the apartment, smoking their highly-ornamented tchibouques (chibuks), the bowls of which, resting on the carpet in every direction, rendered it a matter of no small difficulty for an unpractised stranger to thread his way across the room without crushing one at every step.

As an old traveller, having learned caution on former similar occasions, I succeeded in making my retreat without doing any injury; but my friend, this being his *début* into Oriental society, was somewhat over-anxious to exhibit that politeness for which his nation is justly celebrated; he, therefore, on rising to depart, bowed to the Pasha and the assembly with great ease and elegance, at the same time, stepping backwards, smash went one of the pipe-bowls. With a suppressed *sacré* at his own awkwardness, and turning quickly round to the owner, he exclaimed, "Oh! monsieur, je vous demande mille pardons!" when, alas! the crush of another bowl was echoed by another *sacre*, and stepping backward with still greater alacrity to reiterate the apology —must I confess that another and another bowl fell a sacrifice. Mortified and confused beyond measure at his *maladroit* evolutions, our bewildered friend completely lost his self-possession, and, reckless of consequences, made a hasty retreat, crushing bowl after bowl in his passage to the door.

However greatly my risibility might have been excited by the unsuccessful attempt of my friend to impress the grave Osmanli with an idea of Parisian elegance of manners, the most amusing part of the scene was the unbounded and even uproarious hilarity of those usually serious and reserved believers in the True Prophet. Countenances, whose chilling solemnity appeared incapable of being thawed even into a smile, were now convulsed with laughter. Turkish gravity seemed to have been completely demolished with the pipe-bowls; and while the shaking sides of the fat Moullah, and the tear-streaming eyes of his Highness the Pasha, proclaimed how thoroughly they enjoyed the drollery of the scene at one end of the apartment, the well-trained and statue-like ji's at the other caught the contagion, and joined in the merry chorus as loud as their superiors; and truly, the unwonted tempest of merriment which shook the walls of the reception-room appeared as if it would never have subsided.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the Pasha, at a private audience given to the Frank travellers, apologised for the cold haughtiness of his manner in public, and exhibited towards them all the courtesy of a well-bred man of the world. Provided with firmans and letters of introduction from Selim Pasha, our traveller started with a muleteer, or kiraidji, as he is called in Servia, each horse, including every expense, costing 20 piastres—about 4s. 2d. English money. After only a few days' journey through the forests and rocks of Servia, the Frenchman broke down at Jagodin; and yet travelling in European Turkey is not like travelling in Asia Minor. There was wine at almost every han, as Mr. Spencer calls the inns; and even the swineherds were ever ready to share their raki, which they carried in a gourd suspended from their girdle, with the travellers. Upon the subject of swine, the great produce of the acorn forests of Servia, Captain Spencer has the following suggestive remarks:

> One wealthy swineherd pointed out to me a drove of fat grunters, who were then most diligently turning up the earth in search of some root more dainty than the heaps of acorns that lay around them, and requested me to tell him how much he should be likely to obtain a head for them in the London markets. When I assured him that each animal would be worth at least 300 Turkish piastres, he cast upon me a look expressive at once of incredulity and anger, evidently regarding me as some mischief-loving Frank, who was amusing himself with his ignorance. Then, without even vouchsafing me a single "slougha" or a "phalabog," the usual salutation at parting, he spurred his steed, and, being well mounted, soon left us in the distance.
>
> I did not feel surprised at the conduct of the good Servian, or his disbelief in my assertions, since the Austrians, who are the sole purchasers here, never pay more than three or four florins (6s. to 8s.) a head for these animals, and then send them to every market in Germany. Might not this prove an advantageous speculation for some of our own wealthy traders? In the interior of the country they can be bought at even a lower rate; at the same time, their flavour being similar to that of the wild boar, which they somewhat resemble in form, renders them the more acceptable to the epicure. Now, as the Danube is equally open to the commercial speculation of an Englishman as an Austrian, I trust that some of my friends will profit by the hint, and make their fortunes.

At Alexinitz, in the Great Morava, and the frontier town of Bosnia, Bulgaria, and Upper Moesia, our traveller observed many indications of an approach to European usages. Among others, and not the most agreeable, was the quarantine. Alexinitz is also the principal station of her Majesty's corps of messengers; and one of them, Mr. Gutch, received Captain Spencer with true English hospitality. The station at Alexinitz is described as most agreeable. There is capital fishing in the Morawitz—the country abounds in game—and the vicinity of the vast mountain-range of the Balkan, and the romantic Bosnia and Upper Moesia, afford a variety of pleasant excursions.

On passing the Turkish border, the first thing that strikes the traveller are the kara-uls, or guard-horses, occupied by the kavaas, or Turkish police. The oak forests of Servia are also succeeded by an elevated steppe-like plain, out of which rises Nissa, with its gilded cupolas and minarets like a fairy city in the midst of a wilderness. Nissa, like almost all other cities in European Turkey, is divided into three parts—the kalah, castle or citadel, the shahir or city, and the palankin or suburb. The first, isolated and fortified, is almost invariably situated on the sum-

mit of some rock or eminence, and is the abode of the Turkish authorities. The city is inhabited by the merchants and artisans; in it are also the chief ecclesiastical edifices and the covered bazaars. It is protected by walls or a deep ditch with palisades and gates. The suburb or low town is the home of the poorer class of Rayahs, who have their own hans and coffee-houses. The three parts are more generally known by the Slavonian names of Grad, Varosh, and Palankin. A large space of ground also encircles the towns, devoted exclusively to the burial of the dead, and called by this poetic people "the city of their ancestors." While the villages and the country generally are very healthy, these cities are, from a variety of causes, very much the reverse. They are also uniformly in a state of decay, and their inhabitants a listless and indolent set, whether Mussulman or Rayah. "Dilapidated fortresses, crumbling towers, and decaying towns, with their emaciated inhabitants," says Captain Spencer, "are, unhappily, the most striking features noticed by the traveller who wanders over these provinces."

Near Nissa is the village of Tatar, where is "the famous (infamous?) Turkish castle," formed of human skulls—those of Servians—who fell in battle during the war of independence. The Pasha of Nissa provided our traveller with a Pandur or Kawass—a tall, grim-looking Arnout, with an immense moustache, the *beau ideal* of a warrior of a naturally bellicose nation; and thus protected, he commenced the ascent of the Balkan into Upper Moesia. We shall not follow our traveller in his experiences of mountain travel; suffice it that he says, that so trifling are the engineering difficulties, that a railroad could be laid down from the Great Morava to Salonica, and unite the Danube with the Grecian seas. At Arkup, in Upper Moesia, our traveller found a market supplied with all the necessaries of life, a lady-like intellectual Italian hostess, and an European bed. The greater number of inhabitants of Arkup were Arnouts; easily distinguishable, says Captain Spencer, from the Rayahs, by a dashing, soldier-like, dauntless manner.

A han, in the mountainous valley of the Toplitza, was divided into two parts; one kept by a Turk for the reception of the Mussulmans, and the other by a Rayah for Christians. Each of these innkeepers, of diverse faiths, disputed the possession of our traveller, who, tempted by the idea of a savoury pilaff, determined in favour of the True Believers. The lamb was well-flavoured, and roasted to perfection—the pilaff perhaps somewhat too highly seasoned for the taste of a western European, but the bread was perfection; yet still our traveller was not happy; he could not but remember that, on the Rayah's side of the han, some very passable wine might be had for a few paras. At length an effort was made to break through conventionalities; the Albanian was sent for this forbidden draught—the Hanji, a jolly-faced fellow, no stranger to the libations of the rosy god, joined in a bumper—as for the Albanian, his Mussulman virtue gave way like snow before the morning sun; poor Georgy, the muleteer, was also asked in. And the party were further joined by two gigantic Haiducs, while Captain Spencer soothed his conscience by witnessing how successful he had been in promoting friendly intercourse between such persons. The next morning the bill had to be paid. It was 20 piastres—not five shillings—"for a capital supper—oceans of wine—raki and coffee—including the keep of our horses!"

The ensuing night, our party had to bivouac in open air; but they had shot a fat buck on the road, and that, with a supply of the Hanji's nice wheaten cakes, coffee, wine, raki, and tobacco—a good fire and fine weather—made them all so comfortable, that the Albanian and the Servian became quite uproarious.

At Leskovatz, Captain Spencer—inspired possibly by the secluded mountainous character of Upper Moesia, where the inhabitants, with the exception of the Arnouts at Arkup, and the few thousand Turks located in the strong towns of Leskovatz and Vrania, are all tribes of the two great Slavon families, Bulgarians and Servians—gets into a long discussion upon the spirit of the Greek Church—the reforms of the Sultan—and the fanaticism alike of Turks and Rayahs. These discussions are characterised alike by moderation, intimacy with the subjects discussed, and sound judgment. The burden of them lies in a few words:

> We live in troublous times, and if the Sultan, influenced either by party prejudice, ignorance, or apathy, should continue to withhold from his Christian subjects the fundamental rights of man, he deserves to fall. He should be warned by the example of Servia, Tchernegora, and modern Greece; he must be aware of the agitation which is now secretly carried on in these provinces by a host of clever propagandists, under the name of Panslavists, Panhellenists, and Probatists; facts which a traveller becomes acquainted with in his intercourse with the inhabitants cannot be altogether unknown to the authorities, unless they are blinded by apathy and indolence. We have seen, only a few months since, a mighty sovereign hurled from his throne for stubbornly refusing to listen to the demands of his people on a simple question of reform, powerful empires shaken to the foundation, and yet the claims of the inhabitants of civilised Europe for the amelioration of their social condition were but trifling when compared with the grievances of the millions of Christians in these provinces.

After following so long the tortuous course of Turkish policy and Rayah grievances—having pryed into the secrets of the administration, and discussed its reforms and errors, it is quite refreshing once more to mount our steeds with the gallant author, and dash over mountain and valley—through the rugged defile, and across the foaming torrent; for on leaving Leskovatz, Upper Moesia, in itself a citadel, is visible in all its grandeur; vast mountains, here covered to the summit with fine forest trees, there bare and rugged, rear their lofty pinnacles above the lovely valley of the Morava, with the tiny villages of the Rayah tribes, and flocks and herds peacefully grazing on every shelving bank. Such was the interesting picture that met our traveller's view till he arrived at Vrania, the seat of government of a civil and military Pasha.

Vrania, lying at the foot of a fine range of hills, covered with vineyards, tobacco, maize and corn-fields, with the pretty kiosk of the Pasha, its numerous mosques with graceful minarets, looked picturesque and attractive enough; but the town was completely filled with armed men, Beys and Spahis, with their clans, who were preparing to take the field, the Pasha having received intelligence from Bosnia and Albania that the Mussulman insurgents of certain districts in those provinces were again in arms, and intended trying their fortune in another campaign against the government.

Here Captain Spencer made some acquaintances that were very useful to him in the further exploration of the country; and Hussain Pasha

having decided that his brother, Vali Bey, should proceed into the interior of Bosnia to obtain information of the designs and movements of the rebels, our traveller purchased a horse for about six pounds sterling, and started with the Bey and a guard of about 100 Arnouts, all picked men, well mounted, and fine warlike-looking fellows. It is not a little significant of the state of the country, that when thus travelling with the Turkish authorities, Captain Spencer says, not a human being—not a domestic animal—was anywhere to be seen; as to the Haiducs, who had given their name to the mountain, they took good care to conceal themselves, and also their flocks and herds. On the other hand, he declares that he never travelled with any people who knew better how to arrange a bivouac and cook a capital repast in the open air, than his Arnout friends. "And as I was now," he adds, "among a company of True Believers, it would not become a good Christian to record whether an ample supply of wine was provided for the use of the Inglez traveller, nor whether the Turkish Beys assisted him to lighten the load of the pack-horse that carried it."

At Pristina, the same preparations were making to arrest the progress of the mountaineers of Tchernegora (the Tcherkess, or Circassia of Turkey in Europe), who had already crossed the Turkish border on their *annual marauding expedition.* "Truly," says Captain Spencer, *àpropos* of Pristina, "a Turkish town, as we see it in this mountain district—with its mosques and minarets, situated, as it usually is, at the base of some hill, bathed by a river, and surmounted by a fortress—forms one of the most beautiful features in the landscape that can be conceived; the peculiar style of architecture imparts a light, airy elegance, and a cheerful aspect, unknown to our finest towns in Western Europe; but in order that future travellers may not be disappointed, I must add, that they are seen to the best advantage at a distance." So it is with everything Muhammadan; but it would be well worth while, considering that if, as all travellers and politicians seem to assume, the power of the Muhammadans must pass away from European Turkey as it has from Spain, whether their style of architecture might not to a certain extent be preserved. The Turks made no difficulty in converting the cathedral of St. Sophia into a mosque; the Greek Church need feel no greater compunction in preserving the more beautiful edifices of the moslems. It will always be pleasant to have some relief to the monotony of European towns.

Beyond Pristina was the plain of Cossova, the bed of a vast lake, nearly ten leagues in length, and celebrated as being the theatre on which all the great and decisive battles have been fought from time immemorial between the Servians and their invaders, and where they made their last desperate stand against the Turks, under Amurath II. Not many years since, this famous battle-field was again the scene of a severe conflict between 25,000 Mussulman Servians of Bosnia, under the Zmai od Bosna, or Dragon of Bosnia, and an army of Turks and Arnouts, under Rashid Muhammad Pasha.

At Novi-Bazar, the Arnouts were left with the Pasha to aid in defending the town, while Vali Bey, changing his military garb for that of a plain travelling Mussulman, and accompanied by Captain Spencer, and two or three others of the party, disguised like the Bey, proceeded to Bosna Serai. The journey took three days' hard riding, through a suc-

cession (says our traveller) of the most inaccessible mountains and dangerous defiles of any other district he had yet travelled over in European Turkey. There were no insurgents on the way, little population, but apparently plenty of wild beasts:

On leaving these savage wilds, with their annoyances, behind us, and emerging from the depths of the roaring Migliatzka, my delight was not greater than my astonishment when I caught the first view of Bosna-Serai and its beautiful plain—a very vision of fairy-land in a wilderness; so little, indeed, does the stranger expect to find a town so large, and evidently wealthy, in the centre of the ever-turbulent Bosnia. In truth, the old capital of Bosnia, although shorn of its ancient grandeur and commercial importance, when it was the depôt for the merchandise of Europe and Asia, and contained upwards of a hundred thousand inhabitants, is still one of the most beautiful and interesting towns in the Turkish Empire. Then its delightful environs, blooming gardens, with their pretty kiosks, the number of rivers and rivulets, transparent as crystal, winding through a plain unsurpassed for fertility, combined to form a landscape seldom equalled for picturesque effect; neither must we forget its gilded tower, the swelling dome, pointed minaret, and bazaars, roofed with tiles of every shade and colour, all glittering in the sun.

The Bosnians are so firm in their attachment to a democratic form of government, that the Turkish wuzir of Bosnia—the representative of the Sultan—is not permitted to remain within the walls of the capital three successive days, but is obliged to take up his residence at Travnik, distant about two days' ride. The Turks are, however, assisted in imposing their sway on the country by the perpetual hostility of the nobles with their clans and offendal institutions with the confederated and democratic municipalities of the towns. In Bosnia also, as throughout European Turkey, the Porte possesses another powerful ally in the religious dissensions of the people. Bosna-Serai, for example, is the stronghold of Islamism; and, out of 400,000 inhabitants, 30,000 are Slavonian Muhammadans. In the pashalik of Novi-Bazar and Svornik, the population are for the most part composed of members of the Greek Church—in Turkish Croatia they are followers of the Latin creed. Yet a Slavonian Muhammadan does not detest a Slavonian Christian half so heartily as a Slavonian Greek does a Slavonian Roman. Alas! poor human nature, everywhere the same! As Captain Spencer elsewhere remarks, Bosnia never could have been conquered by the Turks, or any other enemy, had the people been of the same religion.

At present, Austria monopolises the entire commerce of these inland provinces; whether disguised by the cowl of the monk or the pack of the pedlar, the country is filled with her political agents, who are gradually preparing the minds of the people for a change. And this leads our traveller into long details upon the subject of Slavonial politics and institutions, the *résumé* of which is in a few words, that—

"We may be solicitous to uphold an empire whose integral existence is so necessary to the balance of power, still we cannot close our eyes to the fact, that the rule of the Osmanli is rapidly approaching a termination in these provinces; indeed, the more we penetrate into the interior of the country, and become more intimately acquainted with the grievances of the inhabitants, whether Rayah or Muhammadan, the more we are convinced of the truth of this assertion; for how is it possible that any government, much less one so weak as Turkey, can maintain itself for

any length of time, that has lost the sympathy of every class and every denomination of religious creed among its subjects, and whose authority is based upon no firmer support, if we can term it such, than the religious dissensions of the people?"

Returning to Novi-Bazar, the Turkish commissioner, Vali Bey, and Captain Spencer, obtained a mounted escort to attend them into Upper Albania. Their route lay across the rocky mountainous range of Stara Planina, partly by the Rasca river, which gives its name to the Slavonians of the district, and partly by lake and upland scenery. At Plava, they saw the first signs of the land of annual insurrections, which they were about to enter upon—heads of unfortunate Montenegrians stuck upon poles, trophies of Arnout cruelty. Arrived at Ghusni, the Arnouts were found watching an encampment of the Kutschi (inhabitants of the mountains of the same name, and one of the most powerful of the confederated tribes of the free mountaineers of Tchernegora). This circumstance affords a good excuse for an historical and descriptive sketch of the country called Kara Tagh, or Black Mountains, by the Turks; Tchernegora, by the Slavonians; Mail Zéze, by the Albanians; and Montenegro, by the Italians; all signifying the same thing. It does not appear, however, that our author ventured personally among these redoubtable mountaineers, or even attempted to cross the formidable barrier of the Kutschi Mountains, but kept along their foot in a south-easterly direction, to Ipek—the seat of a pasha—in a district of Servian Rayahs, who would long since have allied themselves to their compatriots in race and creed, the mountaineers of Tchernegora, were they not held in subjection by the warlike Arnouts who reside among them. Between Ipek and Prizren our traveller skirted another rude mountain region, inhabited by the independent Christian tribes of Miriditi, Malasori, and Klementi, living, like the Tchernegori, under an hierarchical form of government.

At Prizren, a large town, seat of a pasha and a Greek archiepiscopate, Captain Spencer parted from his Turkish friend—who had been, to a certain extent, a security, but, in other respects, an impediment to an intimate acquaintanceship with the political or social condition of the country—and proceeded with his old muleteer, Georgy, in the direction of Uskiub, in Macedonia; Vali Bey having dissuaded him from venturing thence into the mountain districts of Upper Albania.

Kalkandel, with its luxuriant vineyards rising in terraces at the base of the stupendous Tchar, its groves and fruit-gardens, its fertile fields of grain, and its rich plantations of tobacco, and prairies covered with flocks and herds, formed an appropriate introduction to fertile Macedonia. At Uskiub, a post of great importance and emolument, our traveller found the renowned Omar Pasha drilling his nizam, preparatory to another campaign in Bosnia and Albania. This fortunate adventurer, as Captain Spencer calls him, is a native of Hungarian Croatia, and formerly served as a non-commissioned officer in the Austrian army. He has even now a host of enemies among the fanatic Muhammadans, who regard him as a Giaour at heart, and who, in such a land of intrigue, may ultimately succeed in procuring his dismissal from a post which he owes to his merit alone.

At Monastir, or Biltoglia, as Captain Spencer prefers to call it, he lost his muleteer, who would not venture across the mountains into

Albania. The loss was, however, more than made up for by a Greek merchant, with whom he proceeded to the more Greek than Turkish city of Ocrida. Situated at a height of at least 2000 feet above the level of the sea, the climate is highly salubrious; this, with its picturesque mountains, beautiful lake, and fertile plain, render it, according to Captain Spencer, one of the most desirable towns as a residence in European Turkey. "I have wandered in many lands," says the captain, "admired some of the most picturesque dictricts in the Old and the New World, yet I cannot recal to my recollection any that surpassed, in romantic beauty, Ocrida and its charming lake." Here, too, our traveller gave Ali the governor, the imam, the kadi, and a host of other Turkish officials, a lesson in the art of fly-fishing, to which no small amusement was imparted by the unskilful Turks occasionally hooking one another.

Instead of following the valley of the Drin, our traveller turned off, a little below Strouga, into the mountain retreat inhabited by those independent tribes of Albania called the Miriditi. In this rude country our author met with beautiful plateaus, neat villages, surrounded by cultivated fields and flocks of sheep and goats; little hamlets, with orchards and fields, in which maize and barley appeared the principal productions, every spot capable of culture being tilled with the most indefatigable industry; small white chapels, with Latin crosses, and a chief, Hamsa by name, "the very personification of a mountain-warrior," and who spoke a mixture of the English and Italian languages. The country was, however, neither pleasant nor safe to travel in, and our traveller appears to have been glad enough when he reached the town of El Bassan, albeit now falling into utter ruin and decay—a melancholy picture of castles, turrets, fortifications, fountains, public buildings, bazaars, and private houses, all crumbling to pieces. Previous to this he passed a night, for the first time in his travel, with an anti-Turkish party—real insurrectionists, of whom before all has been hearsay. The scene is a han, perched like an eagle's nest on the brow of a mountain, overhanging the rapid Scoumbi:

On entering the han we found it crowded with a band of fierce mountaineers, armed at all points, on their way to join the rebel chieftain Julika. The angry look they seemed to cast upon us was sufficient to shake the nerves of a stronger man than our kiraidji, whose ghastly features and trembling limbs indicated that his thoughts were wandering among the contents of his pedlar's packs. He wisely, however, made the best of his position; and having most respectfully saluted the party by placing his hand over his heart, and saying in Albanian, "Mir ouernata," accompanied by "aye-schindosh" (a good evening), and hoping he found his good friends all well, proceeded to place our various packages and saddle-bags under the care of the hanji. His mind being so far at rest, and having exchanged a word or two with the master of the han in an adjoining room, he ventured into the general reception-room, carrying a large bag filled with the best tutfun (tobacco), and a canister of genuine English powder. This he divided among the warriors, as priming for their guns and pistols, assuring them, with much grandiloquence of style, it was a present from his Serene Highness the Ingleski Bey, his master (what a bouncer!), at the same time hoping they would honour the humblest of their slaves by accepting from him a little tutun.

Whatever might have been the original intention of these warriors of the Phistan, Stefa's politic manœuvre won the good-will of all present; the best place in the room was assigned to us, chibuks and raki were pressed upon us

from every side, and we found ourselves as safe in the midst of these wild-looking insurrectionists as if we were under the safeguard of the police of the best-regulated country in Western Europe. In short, the only drawback to my amusement was my inability to hold converse with our warlike companions, except through the medium of two bad interpreters, Stefa and the hanji—a Zinzar, whose native tongue, the Roumaniski, somewhat resembled the Latin.

The chief, or leader of the band, who possessed a most intelligent countenance, strikingly resembled in form and feature a certain nobleman in England, and, like him, was a splendid specimen of man. He expressed himself much interested on finding that he had met a Frank, and told us that, according to tradition, his ancestors were Norman, and possessed vast estates in Upper and Central Albania previous to the Turkish conquest, the greater part of which they lost during the wars of Scanderbeg (Iskander Bey) and subsequent revolutions. Although Muhammadan, he held the Osmanli in great contempt, whom he denounced as a gluttonous race, without honour or faith; the phrase he used, and which I heard so frequently afterwards in the mouth of an Albanian, was, "Osmanlis cinai kales dia to tchorba!" Poor fellow! I fear he was engaged on a hazardous enterprise, which would probably end in the loss of his life, or at least the remnant of the lands bequeathed to him by his forefathers. On parting, he presented me with a beautiful poniard, the handle glittering with silver and precious stones; and, in return, I gave him the last pair of pistols but one out of half a dozen I had brought with me from England, to serve as presents on similar occasions. "Preserve this," said he, "as a talisman; for should you get into trouble, or meet with any of our bands, you have only to show it, and tell them that you have eaten out of the same dish, drunk out of the same cup, and smoked out of the same chibuk, with the Bey Manie of Croia, to find everywhere a friend and protector."

The lake of Scutari, Captain Spencer tells us, abounds in a little fish, called "ouklieva," resembling a sardine in size and shape, renowned for its delicious flavour, and cured, and sent to every part of European Turkey, the Ionian Islands, and Italy. These piscine delicacies abound in all the springs, mouths of rivers, and rivulets of the lake, in such prodigious quantities as often to require the strength of several men to haul in the net; nay, it is said they are frequently found in such dense masses as to be easily taken with a common pail.

On his way from Berat our traveller witnessed a skirmish between a party of insurgents and a small body of regular troops, backed by a pair of rusty cannon. The account of this little affair gives a good idea as to how these interminable affrays are carried on. After a deal of stealing about among rocks and hills, and a few harmless volleys on both sides, the tacticoes returned with lighted matches upon Berat. Then down came the insurgents in a rush. One gun would not go off, and the other did and burst! So the tacticoes fraternised with the rebels, and the bloodless combat was celebrated with shouts of triumph and firing of muskets.

From Berat, Captain Spencer journeyed to the little republic of Sagori, consisting of a commonwealth of forty-five villages, inhabited by Christians, and under the protection of the Sultan, to whom they pay an annual tribute. The captain speaks most highly of the admirable administration of these interesting mountaineers, so utterly unknown to the great world; of their virtues, morality, hospitality, mild and sociable manners, their quickness of intellect, and the utter absence of fanaticism in their religious opinions. Education is universally diffused among all

classes, every commune has its own schoolmaster and clergyman; the latter is elected by the people, as well as the bishop, who here, unlike those in other parts of European Turkey, are neither political agents of the government, nor of other interested foreign powers, but patterns of virtue and morality.

An interesting ride through this little-known commonwealth conducted our traveller to the plains of Jannina—the Elysian fields of the ancients. The said Elysian fields had, however, just suffered from an inopportune visit of locusts, who had imparted to them a sterile aspect. Jannina itself, also, which appears never to have raised its head since the times of Ali Pasha, was suffering from cholera, dysentery, and intermittent fever; and thus no wonder Captain Spencer was glad to leave such ill-fated districts, and travel onwards to Arta and Prevesa:

Arta, with its rapid river, its domes and minarets, its turreted castles, monasteries, and churches, the fine bridge thrown over the Arethon, the shelving banks glowing with the many-tinted foliage of the orchard, the stately cypress, the wide-spreading plane, cannot fail to arrest the attention of the traveller, and induce him to believe that he is about to enter a rich and populous city, possessing all that can minister to the wants of man. Alas! on a closer inspection, he finds it to be a duplicate of the other towns he has visited in European Turkey—here, a cluster of straggling huts; there, dirty, unpaved streets, surrounded by ruins. Even the vast plain, so beautiful a contrast to the rocky mountains, is, for the most part, a marsh, poisoning the atmosphere with its exhalations. Yet, however insalubrious this district may be to man during the great heat of summer, part of the plain lying at the base of the mountains cannot be exceeded in fertility, and in the varied and choice productions of the soil. The sunny slopes, covered with vines and olive-trees, produce the finest wine and oil in Epirus; the orchards are famous for their oranges, lemons, pomegranates, and figs. The tobacco grown in the rich alluvial soil of the plain is equal in aromatic flavour to Latakia; the cotton-plant also attains to the highest perfection, and the maize may be seen growing to a height of seven feet. Among the forest trees on the shelving sides of the mountains we find that rare tree, the white oak, and shrubberies of shumach, so valuable to the tanner. The population, however, is inconsiderable, and the climate so unhealthy, that, beyond the vicinity of the town, and the more elevated districts above the marsh, there is no cultivation.

A canal sunk in the centre of the marsh to the Ambrasian Gulf would at once deliver the inhabitants from a pestilential nuisance, bring into cultivation a district as large as a petty German kingdom, and repay the enterprise a thousandfold. But why allude to works of public utility in a country under a government so indolent and careless of its own interests as that of the Ottoman Porte?

There must be splendid sport on descending from the mountains of Albania and Epirus to the low coast line, where forests of reeds and bulrushes abound in wild boar and every species of aquatic bird, from the lordly pelican to the humble water-hen. Captain Spencer discharged his gun, to see what effect it would produce among these aquatic tribes, and the report, as it reverberated through the silent wilderness and neighbouring mountains, was startling, and caused such a screaming and fluttering among the frightened feathered population as, he says, he never witnessed before. The air was immediately filled with them, like dense masses of clouds, ever and anon bearing down upon the party with evident hostility, even approaching within pistol-shot. Hadji, the pilgrim muleteer, thought his last hour was come, and with a doleful "Amaan!

amaan !" (pardon! pardon!) he threw himself under the belly of his horse for protection. Another discharge again dispersed the feathered tribes, but they gallantly kept up the fight, and returned again and again, till our traveller was obliged to expend as much powder, he says, as would have sufficed to storm a Turkish garrison; and they never left them till they saw them fairly out of their domain. To a traveller of a philosophical mood, there is comfort to be found in apparently the most trifling event. "We, however," says Captain Spencer, "derived from their pugnacious disposition a most unexpected benefit: the fluttering around us of so many myriads of wings created a refreshing breeze; at the same time, the smell of gunpowder dispelled our tormentors the mosquitoes; consequently we managed to get to Salagora without suffering from malaria, or from the *ennui* likely to arise from travelling through so solitary a district.

There was only one boat at Salagora for the conveyance of passengers to Prevesa, and, as the owner was laid up with intermittent fever, no offer of money could induce any of the helps to tempt the dangers of the sea; and our traveller was obliged to make this miserable place his home till the boat of the English consul came to fetch him. He had one consolation—there was no fear of starving; the forests in the vicinity abounded in game, the sea with fish; he had only to return to the marsh to find a wild boar; and if he was disposed to vary his diet with a savoury stew, the whole face of the country was covered with the land-tortoise. If there was fever, there was also an antitode close by—a ship-load of sea-onions (squills), our traveller says, might be found within a few minutes' walk of the coast.

Prevesa, sacked by Ali Pasha when in the hands of the French, and again by the Turks, is even in its ruins a most agreeable town, with a noble and capacious bay, blooming orchards and olive plantations, with hedges of cactus, aloes, and bamboo, and, as a frequented port, it was to Captain Spencer the change of a life of barbarism to civilisation.

On his arrival at the Ionian Islands our traveller had to undergo the ordeal of quarantine in a cell of unplaned boards, plastered inside and out with pitch, five feet by seven in extent and six in height, and without any chair or seat of any kind whatever To add to these disagreeables, this odious prison was situated close to a pestilential marsh, the temperature being equal to that of a baker's oven, with a colony of croaking frogs for musicians, and swarms of mosquitoes and an occasional crawling scorpion for companions. The consequences were, as might be expected, that that which the traveller was confined to avoid, was begat by that very confinement, and he soon lay ill of a bad fever. Truly the men of their own generation are exceeding wise—in their own opinion. In the Ionian Islands the protectorate and the senate do not agree upon these little matters. The protectorate wishes for improvements; the senate, who control the revenues of the country, refuse on the score of expense. A black hole with fever heat, mosquitoes, and scorpions, awaiting the traveller, may have at least the effect of keeping some people away from the place.

Captain Spencer speaks well of Corfu, and recommends it, as most other travellers have done, as a cheap and pleasant place of residence. In respect to the occupation of these islands by the English, he asserts that they have profited infinitely thereby; "and should," he says, "by any for-

tuitous turn in the chapter of accidents these beautiful islands, now so prosperous, fall under the rule of the factious chiefs and turbulent demagogues of 'Young Greece,' whose political honesty and public virtue are empty sounds, they would speedily become the retreat of bandits—the home of pirates."

Our traveller took passage in a Greek sailing-boat from Zante to Patras, a city which now almost monopolises the commerce of that part of the world. Here are English men-of-war and English merchantmen; hotels, coffee-houses, and wine shops, nearly the whole of the commercial classes being composed of foreigners. One, a Manchester manufacturer, was taking orders as fast as he could write them down in his pocket-book. As to the natives, they are Asiatic in their manners, customs, and habits, indolent, and fond of dress. There was in consequence an utter state of demoralisation in the city, and the inhabitants were further kept in a constant state of alarm from bandits and insurrectionists without. Such was the state of disorganisation of this European state, that even the captain, who had traversed Bosnia and Albania in insurrection, could not cross the mountains to Athens, but was obliged to go round by steam.

The Austrian pyroschape carried a deck full of passengers, of motley origin, at the rate of three knots an hour to Corinth, now a miserable heap of ruins, and landing at Lutrachi, they were all stowed away in every species of vehicle, from a char-à-banc to a tatar two-wheeled car, and drawn over the Isthmus to Calamachi, exposed to the heat of a sun sufficient to have produced a *coup de soleil.* From Calamachi, the journey to the Piræus was completed by a steamer.

From the Piræus, Captain Spencer, after devoting some time to the sights of Athens, steamed to Smyrna, took a glance at Ephesus, and then sailed to Gallipoli, a town of some importance on the European side, by the Dardanelles, and where he resumed his more novel researches in European Turkey. Here his kiraidgi was converted into a suridji, who unfortunately proved to be a great scamp. The first stage was a two days' ride to Keshau, a neat little town of about a hundred houses, grouped together at the base of a picturesque ridge of hills. Beyond this the hills gradually swelled into mountains, in part well wooded, and at Ipsala a first view was obtained of the Maritza—the ancient Hebrus; a fine navigable river, and abounding in fish, that are rarely disturbed either by an oar or the sight of a sail. "Nothing," Captain Spencer says, "could be more beautiful than the park-like scenery of the lovely country that extended between Ipsala and Dimotika, with the snow-clad summit of the stupendous Despotodagh in the distance." Already the Bulgarian disputed possession of the soil with the Greek and the Turk, and romantic-looking villages and hamlets, at every turn of the river, seemed to multiply as they advanced, while shepherds with their flocks and herds imparted an arcadian aspect to the landscape. At one of the Bulgarian villages, the rascally muleteer, who had already received the full amount of the expenses to Adrianople, struck for further wages, and actually dragged his master before the village justice, who, however, by the ingenious trick of testing the muleteer's signature, a cross, which the scamp had disavowed having fixed to the agreement, decided in favour of the English traveller. Captain Spencer, however, got rid of this bad bargain, and purchased a wonderful horse, as affectionate and sagacious as a

spaniel dog, of gentle blood, of sure foot in mountain, trained to swim the swiftest stream, or gallop down almost perpendicular ravines full of loose stones, capable of enduring any toil, and living upon roast meat and whatever food man partakes of, except cheese and fish!

Mounted on such a priceless steed, and accompanied by a stout Bulgarian peasant as a guide, our traveller soon reached Dimotika, the prison of Charles XII. of Sweden, and one of those characteristic old Turkish towns where nothing has been changed, and probably not even a new house built, for centuries. "If we wanted," says the captain, "an illustration of the fatalism, indolence, and ignorance of the shepherd race of Othman, who have vegetated here from generation to generation since the days of Sultan Orchan, we have only to come and see Dimotika."

On leaving the banks of the Maritza and its tributaries, with their picturesque hills, romantic valleys, and defiles, we enter the vast plain of the ancient Thrace, something between an elevated steppe and a prairie, extending from Philippoli to the Dardanelles, the sea of Marmora, and Constantinople; not far short of eighty leagues in length, and inhabited for the most part by Nomad tribes—Turks, Turkomans, Tatars, and Bulgarians.

In the midst of the land of these wandering shepherds, the populous city of Adrianople—the Turkish Edréné (Adranah)—elevates itself in all its Oriental grandeur of mosque, minaret, and kiosk. To relieve the sameness of the landscape, we have tumuli instead of hills, tents and ozier huts for towns and cities. The tumuli, those mysterious monuments of the earliest inhabitants of the world, are frequently found rising to a considerable height. In one place we found them grouped together like gigantic mole-hills, and in another swelling into a little mountain.

In these vast prairies, the Osmanli is the dominant race; he here pursues his original occupation—a wandering shepherd, surrounded by his flocks and herds, with the bright blue heaven for his canopy, and the fragrant herb for his bed. Next comes the mercurial Greek, who eschews labour, and flies to seek a maintenance, by his superior intellect and shrewdness, in the towns and cities on the sea coast. The Bulgarians, who have already commenced disturbing this home of the dead, by using the plough, are fast advancing in point of numbers on the other two, and, thanks to their healthful occupation and sobriety, their families are more numerous and healthy. Another innovation on the customs of the old Osmanli is also visible here; you may travel from Constantinople to Adrianople in a char-à-banc, which perhaps in a little time may give way to the rail.

In Turkey, one town is a duplicate of another, but Adrianople boasts of the most beautiful mosque ever constructed by the Osmanlis, and its inhabitants are more than usually varied. Situated upon three rivers, it is also more than unusually dirty and unhealthy, and houseless dogs, vultures, and storks, ramble unmolested through the streets. At Usundji our traveller witnessed the novel scene of a great Oriental fair, and found his old muleteer Georgy, who threw away his bale of wool and cotton to follow his old gospodin. Captain Spencer justly enough remarks, that the existence of these fairs, like those of Asia Minor, at Yaprakli, and elsewhere, seem to be utterly unknown to the mercantile community of Western Europe.

Philippoli, or Philippi, is built on the summit and around the base of an isolated rock, in the midst of a wide and fertile valley, and is encircled by the waters of the Maritza. The Greeks and Slavon Greeks constitute the greater portion of the inhabitants, who amount to 40,000. A sect of Christians, by no means uncommon in Turkey in Europe, are strong

in this city, where they are said to be wealthy and educated. They profess to follow the true doctrine as preached by St. Paul, and hence Captain Spencer calls them Paulinists.

On leaving Tatarbazarjik, and the plains of Thrace—the home of the gloomy Turk—a ride of a few hours takes the traveller to Yenikoi, whence the Balkan opens before him like a vast wall of mountains covered with forests, shooting up here and there into an isolated peak, from 4000 to 5000 feet high. The pass of the mountains is, however, by no means difficult, presenting a succession of green plateaus with undulating, sunny slopes, tiny valleys, ravines and romantic dells, studded about with villages, and rather a numerous population, composed of shepherds and agriculturists, all Bulgarians—a fine healthy-looking race of mountaineers, who live under the safeguard of their more daring compatriots, the Haiducs, of the higher range of mountains, cultivate their fields in peace, and live, from father to son, in full enjoyment of their religion and communal liberties.

The next great city is Sophia, rising up in the centre of a vast basin, with its domes and minarets, picturing their fair forms in the horizon; over which we behold, in picturesque grandeur, the encircling chain of the Balkan, a view, our traveller says, of surprising beauty. Sophia is the capital of the mountain districts of Bulgaria, and was formerly the residence of its valiki krals, or great kings. The beauty and magnificence of the churches, and of one or two other public buildings, still attest to the wealth, industry, and civilisation, of the olden Bulgarians. Ternova was also a favourite residence of the krals of Bulgaria: of this latter city nothing remains save its narrow streets and miserable bazaar. "The Turks, on taking possession, destroyed every vestige of the king's palace, together with the fine cathedral, and spacious han for the accommodation of the traveller; in short, every building or souvenir that could remind a Bulgarian of his nationality; but the most bitter war of extermination seems to have been directed against the national emblem, the golden lion, for we find it everywhere defaced, whether on bridge, porch, gate, or fortress."

From Ternova, after giving some details respecting the last Bulgarian insurrection, full of horrors and atrocities, our traveller sped his way to Schumla, renowned in Russian warfare, a fortified camp, which, like Varna, requires 50,000 men to defend it. From hence, at the foot of the Balkan, an immense steppe extends to the Euxine on one side, and on the other through Besserabia to the great northern steppe, which leads to St. Petersburg, a singular configuration of country, rich with future results to mankind when railway communication shall have reached these half-reclaimed districts. From Schumla, Captain Spencer proceeded by Varna to the Danube, and by that river to Semlin, a line of route which he has described in a previous work. We may, then, be fairly allowed to leave our author at this point of his journey, as we do not wish to enter upon the troublous theme of Hungarian, Austrian, and Russian politics; suffice it that Captain Spencer is very laudatory towards Louis Kossuth. In respect to that which interests us as more genuine in the work, the fate of the mountain races of Turkey in Europe, Captain Spencer's idea is, that confusion of tongues, and, still more so, rivalry of tribes and profound hostility of creeds, precludes the prospect of any union of interests

in the present day; but as, at the same time, one of the most remarkable features in the character of these mountain tribes is their attachment to self-government, patriarchal in its form and customs—and whenever they are sufficiently strong, from combination or position, as with the Tchernegori, the Miriditi, the Sagori, and others, to extort this privilege from the weakened power of the Osmanli, their first object is to elect their own chiefs, and virtually establish a republic,—Captain Spencer concludes, that should any political convulsion overthrow the authority of the Crescent, these provinces (if the inhabitants were left to themselves) would become divided into a number of petty governments and confederacies of races and creeds, for which the mountainous nature of the country affords so many facilities. "This," argues the captain, "while it would pacify the country and gratify the self-love of the people, solves the question of 'What is to be done with European Turkey?'"—(a question proposed, we should say, by some very complacent personage)—"and in the event of such a convulsion, those Western powers interested in the fate of these provinces should be prepared to countenance and support this system of federal government."

A SEA-SONG.

BY J. E. CARPENTER.

When the wind is blowing free, boys,
What a jovial life is ours,
Who would care on the land to be, boys,
With its forest, fruit, and flowers?
When our forests of mast are sweeping past,
Such sights can the landsmen see?
As our sailing fleets with their swelling sheets,
When the winds are blowing free?

Our life is a life of freedom,
We're borne by the fresh'ning gale;
And for storms—we never heed 'em
If we've plenty of room to sail;
For we know that the Power above us
Our guide in the storm will be,
For the sake of the girls who love us,
When the winds are blowing free!

And then, when the sails are righted,
And night draws her gloaming screen,
We think of the vows we plighted
On the far-off village green;
We drink to our wives and sweethearts,
And fancy their forms we see,
As the vessel glides through the swelling tide,
And the winds are blowing free!

THE PUNISHMENT OF GINA MONTANI.

I.

There was much bustle and commotion in the Castle of Visinara. Servitors ran hither and thither, the tire-maidens stood in groups to gossip with each other, messengers were despatched in various directions, and skilful leeches and experienced nurses were brought in. Then came a long silence. Voices were hushed, and footsteps muffled; the apartments of the countess were darkened, and nought was heard save the issued whisper, or the stealthy tread of the sick chamber. The Lady Adelaide was ill.

Hours elapsed—hours of intolerable suspense to the Lord of Visinara; and then were heard deep, heartfelt congratulations; but they were spoken in a whisper, for the lady was still in danger, and had suffered almost unto death. There was born an heir to Visinara.

And as Giovanni, Count of Visinara, bent over his child, and embraced his young wife, he felt repaid for all he had suffered in voluntarily severing himself from Gina Montani; and from that time he forgot her, or something very like it. And for this he could not be condemned, for it was in the line of honour and of duty. Yet it was another proof, if one were wanting, of the fickle nature of man's love. It has been well compared to words written on the sands.

Many weeks elapsed ere the Lady Adelaide was convalescent; and some more before she ventured to join in the gaieties and festal meetings of the land. A two days' *fête*, given at the Capella Palace, was the signal for her reappearance in the world. It was to be of great magnificence, rumour ran, and the Lady Adelaide consented to attend it early on the morning of the second day.

She placed herself in front of the large mirror in her dressing-chamber whilst she was prepared for the visit, the same mirror before which she had sat on the evening of her wedding-day. The Signora Lucrezia and Gina were alone present. The former was arranging her rich tresses, whilst Gina handed the signora what things she required—combs, and the like. Whilst thus engaged, the count entered, dressed.

"Giovanni," exclaimed Adelaide, "Lucrezia thinks that I should wear something in my hair—a wreath, or my diamond coronet; but I feel tired already, and wish the dressing was over. Need I be teased with ornaments?"

"My sweet wife, wear what you best like. *You* need no superficial adorning."

"You hear, Lucrezia: make haste and finish my hair. Do not put it in curls to-day; braids are less trouble, and sooner done. You may put aside the diamond casket, Gina. Oh, there's my darling!" continued the countess, hearing the baby pass the door with its nurse. "Call him in."

The count himself advanced, opened the door, and took his infant.

"The precious, precious child!" exclaimed Adelaide, bending over the infant, which he placed on her knees. "Giovanni," she added, looking up eagerly to her husband's face, "do you think there ever was so lovely a babe sent on earth?"

He smiled at her earnestness—men are never so rapturously blind in

the worship of their first-born as women. But he stooped down, and fondly pressed his lips upon her forehead, while he played with the little hand of the infant; and she yielded to the temptation of suffering her face to rest close to his.

"But it grows late," resumed the young mother, "and I suppose we ought to be going. Take the baby to its nurse, Lucrezia," she continued, kissing it fifty times as she resigned it.

The count had drawn behind the Lady Adelaide, where stood Gina. As his eyes happened to fall upon her, he was struck by the pallid sorrow which sat in her countenance. Ill-fated Gina! and he had been so absorbed these last few weeks in his new happiness!

A rush of pity, mingled perhaps with self-reproach, flew to his heart. What compensation could he offer her? In that moment he remembered her last words at the interview in his wife's embroidery-room, and gave her *a look*.

It was not to be mistaken. Love—love, pure and tender—gleamed from his eyes, and she answered him with a smile which told of her thanks, and that he was perfectly understood. Had any one been looking on, they could scarcely fail to become aware of their existing passion, and that there was a secret understanding between them.

And one was looking on: The Lady Adelaide's back was towards them, but in the large glass before her she had distinctly seen the reflection of all that took place. Her countenance became white as death, and her anger was terrible.

"You may retire for the present," she said, in a calm, subdued tone, to the startled Gina, upon whose mind flashed somewhat of the truth; "and tell the Signora Lucrezia not to return until I call for her."

To describe the scene that ensued would be difficult. The shock to the young wife's feelings had been very great. That her husband was faithless to her, not only in deed but in heart, she doubted not. It was in vain he endeavoured to explain all; she listened to him not. She thought he was uttering falsehoods, which but increased his treachery. Gina had once spoken of her fierce jealousy, but what was hers compared with the Lady Adelaide's? In the midst of her explosions of passion, Lucrezia, who had either not received, or misunderstood, her lady's message by Gina, entered.

The maiden stood aghast, till, admonished by a haughty wave of the hand from the count, she hastened from the room. Later in the day, the Lord of Visinara quitted the castle to pay the promised visit. His wife refused to go.

"Mercy! mercy!" she exclaimed, in anguish, as she sat alone in her apartments, "to be thus requited by Giovanni—whom I so loved. My husband—my own husband! Is it possible that a man can be guilty of treachery so deep? Would that I had died ere I had known his faithlessness, or ever seen him! Shame—shame upon it! to introduce his paramour into my very presence; an attendant on my person! Holy Virgin, that I should be so degraded! Sure a wife, young and beautiful, was never treated as I have been. Lowered in the eyes of my own servants; insulted by him who ought to have guarded me from insult; laughed at—ridiculed by *her!* Oh! terrible! terrible!"

As she spoke the last words, she rose, and unlocking the bright green

cabinet, that of malachite marble already spoken of, took from thence a small bag of silver gilt. Touching the secret spring of this, she drew forth a letter, opened, and read it:

" 'TO THE LADY ADELAIDE, COUNTESS OF VISINARA.

" 'You fancy yourself the beloved of Giovanni, Count of Visinara; but retire not to your rest this night, lady, in any such vain imagining. The heart of the count has long been given to another; and you know, by your love for him, that such passion can never change its object. Had he met you in earlier life, it might have been otherwise. He marries you, for your lineage is a high one, and she, in the world's eye and in that of his own haughty race, was no fit mate for him.'

"Ay," she shuddered, "it is explained now. So, Gina Montani was this beloved one. I am his by sufferance—she, by love. Holy Mother, have mercy on my brain! I *know* they love—I see it all too plainly. And I could believe his deceitful explanation, and trust him. I *told* him I believed it on our wedding-night. *He did not know why he went to her house; habit, he supposed, or, want of occupation.* Oh, shame on his false words! Shame on my own credulity!"

None of us forget the stanzas in Collins's "Ode to the Passions:"

> Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed,
> Sad proof of thy distressful state:
> Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
> And now it courted love—now, raving, called on hate.

And calling, indeed, upon hate, as she strode her chamber in a frenzy near akin to madness, was the lady Adelaide, when her attendant, Lucrezia, entered.

"My dear lady," she exclaimed, bursting into tears, as any crocodile might do—"my dear, dear young lady, I cannot know that you are thus suffering, and keep away from your presence. Pardon me for intruding upon you against orders."

The Lady Adelaide smoothed her brow, and the lines of her face resumed their haughtiness, as she imperiously ordered Lucrezia to quit the room. The heart most awake to the miseries of life wears to the world the coldest surface; and it was not in the Lady Adelaide's nature to betray aught of her emotions to any living being, save, perhaps, her husband.

"Nay, my lady, suffer me to remain yet a moment: at least, while I disclose what I know of that viper."

The Lady Adelaide started; but she suppressed all excitement, and Lucrezia began her tale—an exaggerated account of the interview she had been a witness to between the Lord of Visinara and Gina Montani. The countess listened to its conclusion, and a low moan escaped her.

"What think you now, madam, she deserves?"

"*To die!*" burst from the pale lips of the unhappy lady.

"To die," acquiesced Lucrezia, calmly. "No other punishment would meet her guilt; and no other, that I am aware of, could be devised to prevent it for the future."

"Oh! tempt me not," cried the lady, wringing her hands. "I spoke hastily."

"Give but the orders, madam," resumed Lucrezia, "and they shall be put in practice."

"How can I?" demanded the Lady Adelaide, once more pacing the room in her anguish; "how could I ever rest afterwards, with the guilt of murder upon my soul?"

"It will be no guilt, lady."

"Lucrezia!"

"I have made it my business to inquire much about this girl—to ascertain her history. I thought it my duty, and very soon I should have laid the whole matter before you."

"Well?"

"You may destroy her, madam, as you would destroy that little bird there in its golden cage, without sin and without compunction."

"Oh, Lucrezia, Lucrezia! once more I say unto thee, tempt me not. Wicked and artful as she is, she is still one of God's creatures."

"Scarcely, my lady," answered Lucrezia, with a gesture which spoke of deep scorn for the culprit. "I have cause to believe—good cause," she repeated, lowering her voice, and looking round, as if she feared the very walls might hear the fearful words she was about to utter, "that she is one of those lost creatures who are enemies to the Universal Faith, a descendant of the Saxons, and an apostate; as too many of that race have become."

"*What* say you?" gasped the Lady Adelaide.

"That we have been harbouring a heretic, madam," continued Lucrezia, her passion rising; "a spy, it may be, upon our holy ceremonies. No wonder that evil has fallen upon this house."

"Go to the cell of Father Anselmo," shivered the Lady Adelaide, her teeth chattering with horror, "and pray his holiness to step hither: this fearful doubt shall at once be set at rest."

II.

Gina Montani, her head aching with suspense and anxiety, was shut up alone in her chamber when she received a summons to the apartments of her mistress. Obeying at once, she found the confessor, Father Anselmo, sitting there, by the side of the countess. The monk cast his eyes steadfastly upon Gina, as if examining her features.

"Never, my daughter, never!" he said, at length, turning to the countess. "I can take upon myself to assert that this damsel of thine has never once appeared before me to be shriven."

"Examine her," was the reply of the lady.

"Daughter," said the priest, turning to Gina, "for so I would fain call thee, until assured that thou canst have no claim to the title, what faith is it that thou professest?"

Gina raised her hand to her burning temples. She saw that all was discovered. But when she removed it, the perplexity in her face had cleared away, and her resolution was taken.

"The truth, the truth," she murmured; "for good, or for ill, I will tell it now."

"Hearest thou not?" inquired the priest, somewhat more sternly. "Art thou a child of the True Faith?"

"I am not a Roman Catholic," she answered, timidly, "if you call that faith the true one."

The Lady Adelaide and the priest crossed themselves simultaneously, whilst Gina grasped the arm of the chair against which she was standing. She was endeavouring to steel her heart to bravery; but in those days, and in that country, such a scene was a terrible ordeal.

"Dost thou not worship the One True God," continued the priest, "and acknowledge his Holiness, our Father at Rome, to be His sole representative here?"

"I worship the One True God," replied Gina, solemnly, joining her hands in a reverent attitude; "but for the Pope at Rome, I know him not."

The Lady Adelaide shrieked with aversion and terror, and the pale face of the monk became glowing with the crimson of indignation.

"Knowest thou not," thundered the monk, "that to the Pope it is given to mediate between earth and heaven?"

"I know," faltered Gina, shrinking at the monk's looks and tone, yet still courageous for the truth, "that there is One Mediator between God and man."

"And he——?"

"Our Saviour."

"Miserable heretic!" scowled the monk, "hast thou yet to learn that of all the living souls this world contains, not one can enter the fold of Heaven without the sanction of our Holy Father, the Pope?"

"I shall never learn it," whispered Gina, "and to me such doctrines savour of blasphemy. Therefore, I beseech you, dilate not on them."

"Lost, miserable wretch!" repeated the priest, lifting his hands in dismay. "Need I tell thee, that in the next world there is a place of torture kept for such as thee—a gulf of burning flames, to be extinguished never?"

"We are told there is such a place," she answered, struggling with her tears, for the interview was becoming too painful. "May the infinite love and mercy of God keep both you and me from it!"

"Thou art hopeless—hopeless!" ejaculated the monk, sternly. "Yet, another question ere I send thee forth. Where hast thou imbibed these deadly doctrines?"

"My mother wedded with an Italian," answered Gina, "but she was born on the free soil of England, and reared in its Reformed Faith."

"A benighted land—an accursed land!" screamed the priest, vehemently; "the time will come when it shall be deluged from one end to the other with its apostates' blood."

"It is an enlightened land—a free, blessed land!" retorted Gina, in agitation; "and God's mercy will rest upon it, and keep it powerful amongst nations, so long as its sons remain true to their Reformed Faith."

"Insanity has fallen upon them," raved the monk, endeavouring to drown the bold words of Gina,—"nothing but insanity. But," he added, dropping his voice, "let them beware. Quod Deus vult perdere, prius dementat."

Gina understood not the tongue; but the Lady Adelaide did, and crossed herself.

"And this mother of thine," sneered the monk, turning again to Gina, "where may she be?"

"She is dead," gasped Gina, bursting into tears.

"Good!" assented the monk; "then she is meeting with her deserts."

"God grant she may be!" asperated the maiden, "for she died in the faith of Christ."

"And who have been thy worthy instructors since?" proceeded the priest.

"I have had but one guide since," answered Gina.

"Disclose the name."

"My Bible."

The monk uttered what seemed very like a scream of passion, and the Lady Adelaide, as she heard the words, half rose from her chair.

"Be calm, my daughter," interrupted the monk, waving his hand towards the countess; "I will guard thee from the harm caused by contact with this heretical being. Desire her, I pray thee, to fetch this Book hither, that I may glance at it."

"Go," cried the Lady Adelaide, imperiously, to Gina; "bring this Bible instantly!"

Gina obeyed, and the sacred volume was placed in the hands of the monk. The Lady Adelaide shrank from touching it.

"Ha!" cried the monk, perceiving it to be printed in the English tongue, "dost thou speak this language, then?"

"It is familiar to me as my own," replied Gina.

"I will summons thy attendants for a light, my daughter," he remarked to the Lady Adelaide. And when one was brought, the priest advanced to a part of the room where the marble floor was uncovered by tapestry, and tearing the leaves from the Book, he set light to them, till all, both the Old and New Testament, were consumed, and the ashes scattered on the ground. "It is the most dangerous instructor that can be placed in the hands of the people," he observed, complacently watching the black mass smouldering there. And Gina Montani pressed her hands upon her chest, which was throbbing with agitation, but she did not dare to utter a word of remonstrance.

"Oh, father, father!" cried the Lady Adelaide, sinking at his feet, after Gina had been conducted to her chamber, and giving vent involuntarily to sobs of agony, "she has dared to come between me and my husband—he has known her long, it seems. If she should have tainted him with this black heresy?"

The monk turned as white as the lady's dress at the suggestion. It was enough to make him. That that docile and faithful servant of the Church, the powerful Chief of Visinara, who was ever ready, at only half a hint, to endow it with valuable offerings and presents—entire robes of point lace for the Virgin Mary, and flounces and tuckers for all the female saints in the calendar, not to speak of his donations in hard cash, and his frequent offerings of paintings, most of them representing the popes working miracles, particularly that very pious one, Alexander VI.—that *he* should have had dissent instilled into him, perhaps even been made familiar with the principles of this upstart creed! Had his reverence swooned outright, it would have only been what might be expected.

"It will not be a crime to remove her, father," faltered the Lady Adelaide.

"*Crime!*" cried the ruffled priest; "canst thou connect the word—in that sense—with so degraded a being?"

"To remove her in *any way*," persisted the lady, in a whisper. "Yet the world might call it MURDER."

"No punishment in this world is adequate to her sin," answered the monk. "And she must not be suffered to remain in it."

"Thou wilt then grant me absolution beforehand, holy father," implored the Lady Adelaide.

"And what canst thou do, my child?" resumed the monk, smiling upon the countess. "Thou hast not been used to such work, and wouldst prove a sad novice at it."

"Too true," she uttered; "my heart is trembling now. Indeed, I could think but of one way—the moat. And though the order seems easy enough to give, I fear I should, when the moment came, shrink from issuing it."

"And who hast thou in this castle that will do thy bidding in secret and in silence? It were better that this deed were not known: and thou canst not stop tongues, my daughter."

"There are many bound to my interests, who would, I believe, lay down their lives for me," deliberated the Lady Adelaide; "yet, alas! the tongue is an unruly member, and is apt to give utterance in unguarded moments to words against the will."

"Thou hast reason, my child. I but put the question to try thee. I will undertake this business for thee. That evil one's sin has been committed against the Church, and it is fitting that the Church should inflict the punishment."

"Thou wilt cause her to be flung into the moat?" shuddered the Lady Adelaide.

"The moat!" echoed the priest. "Thinkest thou, my daughter, that the Church is wont to carry out her dealings by ordinary means? Signal as this woman's sin has been, signal must be her expiation."

"*Can* it be expiated?"

"Never, either in this world or the next. And every moment of delay that we voluntarily make in hurling her to her doom, must draw down wrath on our own heads from the saints on high."

The Lady Adelaide meekly bowed *her* head, as if to deprecate any wrath that might just then be falling.

"Thy lady in waiting, Lucrezia, is true, I have reason to deem," continued the monk.

"I believe her to be true as steel," answered the Lady Adelaide.

"We may want her co-operation," he concluded, "for I opine that thou, my daughter, wilt not deign to aid in this; neither do I think thou art fitted for it."

III.

THE castle was wrapped in silence, it being past the hour at which the household retired to repose. Gina Montani was in her night-dress, though as yet she had not touched her hair, which remained in long curls, as she had worn it in the day. Suspense and agitation caused her to linger, and she sat at her dressing-table in a musing attitude, her head resting on her hand, wondering what would be the ending to all that the day had brought forth. She had dismissed her attendant some time before. With a deep sigh she rose to continue her preparations for rest, when the door softly opened, and the Signora Lucrezia appeared.

"You need not prepare yourself for bed," she observed, in a low, distinct whisper; "another sort of bed is preparing for you."

"What do you mean?" demanded the startled girl.

"That you are this night to die."

Gina shrieked.

"I may tell you," interrupted the lady, "that screams and resistance will be wholly useless. Your doom is irrevocable, therefore it may save you trouble to be silent."

"You are speaking falsely to me. I have done nothing to deserve death."

"Equivocation will be alike unavailing," repeated Lucrezia. "And if you ask what you have done—you have dared to step with your ill-placed passion between my lord and the Lady Adelaide: you have brought discredit upon the long-upheld religion of this house."

"I have disturbed no one's faith," returned Gina. "I wish to disturb none. It is true that I love Giovanni, Count di Visinara, but I loved him long ere he saw the Lady Adelaide."

"What!" cried the signora, her cheeks inflamed, and her brow darkening, "do you dare to avow your shame to my face?"

"It is no shame," answered Gina, sadly; "there is nothing of guilt in such a love as mine."

"Follow me," repeated Lucrezia. "You have no time to waste in lamentations."

"By whose orders do I die?" demanded the indignant girl. "Not by *his;* and no one else has a right to condemn me."

Lucrezia expected this, and was prepared. Alas, that the Lord of Visinara should that day have left his signet ring behind him!

"Do you know this ring?" demanded Lucrezia, holding out the jewel.

"Too well. It is the Count of Visinara's."

"You may then know who has condemned you."

"Oh, Giovanni!" wailed Gina, as she sank prostrate on the floor in her anguish, "this from you!" All idea of resistance vanished with the thought that it was him she so loved who doomed her to destruction. "I thought he was still at the Capella Palace," she inquired, looking up at Lucrezia, a doubt possibly finding its way to her heart. "When did he return?"

"I came not to waste the moments in idle words," returned Lucrezia, as she prepared to utter the falsehood; "it is sufficient for you to know that he *has* returned, and has given the orders that you seem inclined to resist."

"Implore him to come to me for one moment, for a last farewell."

"I may not ask it. He is with the Lady Adelaide."

"First, my happiness, then, my life, sacrificed to appease the Lady Adelaide! Oh, Giovanni! false, but dear Giovanni——"

"I have no orders to call those who will use violence," interrupted the signora, "but I must do so if you delay to follow me."

"I am about to dress myself," returned Gina.

"The dress you have on will serve as well as another—and better, for a night-gown bears some resemblance to a shroud."

"One moment for prayer," was the next imploring petition.

"Prayer for you!" broke contemptuously from the signora.

"A single moment for prayer," reiterated the victim. "If I am, in-

deed, about to meet my Maker, I stand awfully in need of it; for I have of late worshipped but one, but it has not been Him."

"Prayer for *you*, a *heretic!*" repeated Lucrezia; "you may as well offer it up to blocks of wood or stone. The creed you profess forfeits all inheritance for you in heaven."

Yet still Gina repeated it—"A few moments for prayer, in mercy!"

"Then pray away where you are going," returned Lucrezia, impatiently. "You will have time enough, and to spare—minutes, and hours, and days, perhaps."

The signora evidently took a savage pleasure in urging on the death of Gina Montani. What could be the reason? Women in general are not so frightfully cruel. The motive was, that she herself loved the count. As Bianca had said, when watching the bridal cavalcade, could any be brought into daily contact with one so attractive and not learn to love him? so it had proved with Lucrezia. Being the favourite attendant of her mistress, she was much with her, and consequently daily and frequently in the company of Giovanni. He had many a gay word and passing jest for her, for he was by nature a gallant, free-spoken man; and this had its effect. Whilst he never glanced a thought towards her but as one necessary to wait upon his wife, he became to her heart dangerously dear; and excessively jealous had she been of Gina ever since she had heard the conversation in the embroidery-room.

Pushing the unfortunate girl on before her, Lucrezia silently passed from Gina's bed-chamber to the secret passages, plenty of which might be found in the castle. She bore a lantern in her hand, which emitted a dim, uncertain light. At length they came to a passage, a little beyond the chapel, far removed from the habited apartments; and in the middle of this were two male forms, busily occupied at work of some description. A lantern, similar to the one Lucrezia carried, was hanging high up against the opposite wall; another stood on the ground. Gina stopped and shivered, but Lucrezia touched her arm, and she walked on.

They were nearing the men, who were habited as monks, and their faces shielded beneath their cowls, when the signora halted and pressed her hand upon her brow, as if in thought Presently she turned to Gina. A second lie was in her mouth; but how was the ill-fated young lady to know it?

"*He* sent you a message," she whispered. "It is his last request to you. Will you receive it?" The unhappy victim looked up eagerly.

"He requests, then, by his love for you—by the remembrance of the happy moments you once spent together, that you neither resist nor scream."

Her heart was too full to speak; but she bowed her head in acquiescence. Lucrezia moved to go on.

"How is my life to be taken? By the dagger? By blows?"

"By neither—by nothing. Not a hair of your head will be touched."

"Ah! I might have guessed. It is by poison."

"It will be taken by *nothing*, I tell you. Why do you not listen to me?"

"You speak in riddles," said Gina, faintly. "But I will bear my fate, whatever it may be."

"And in silence? *He* asks it by your mutual love."

"All, all, for his sake," she answered. "Tell him, as I have loved, so will I obey him to the last."

Lucrezia walked on, and Gina followed. She saw and understood the manner of her death, but, faithful to the imagined wish of her lover, she uttered neither remonstrance nor cry. The clock was upon the stroke of one, when smothered groans of fear and anguish told that her punishment had begun; but no louder sound broke the midnight silence, or carried the appalling deed to the inhabitants of the castle. An hour passed before all was completed; they were long in doing their deed of vengeance; and, when it was over, Gina Montani had been removed from the world for ever.

"Madame, she is gone!" was the salutation of Lucrezia, her teeth chattering, and her face the hue of a corpse, when she entered the chamber of her mistress.

The Lady Adelaide had not retired to rest. She was pacing her apartment in unutterable misery. The social conditions of life, its forms and objects, were to her as nothing since her terrible awaking to reality.

Morning had dawned before the return of the Lord of Visinara. He was fatigued both in body and mind, and, throwing himself upon a couch, slept for some hours. And he probably would have rested longer, had not an unusual disturbance and commotion in his household aroused him. They were telling a strange tale: one that, for the moment, drove the life-blood away from his heart. It was, that the wicked dealings of Gina Montani with Satan had been brought to light on the previous day. The holy Father Anselmo had taxed her with her guilt, and she had openly confessed all without reserve; and that the Evil One had appeared in the night, and had run away with her—a just reward.

In those times, a reputed visit of his Satanic Majesty in *propriâ personâ* would have been likely to obtain more credence than it could in these; but it would probably be going too far to say that the Lord of Visinara participated in the belief of his horror-stricken household. Certain it is, he caused minute inquiries to be made, although at the express disapprobation of the spiritual directors of the neighbouring monastery, some of whom were attached to the services of his chapel, who pointed out to him the grievous sin it was thus to be solicitous about the fate of an avowed heretic. But nothing could he learn. And, to say the least of it, Satan or no Satan, her disappearance was mysterious in the extreme. The maid who waited on her testified that she assisted Gina to undress on the previous night. In proof of which, the garments she had taken off were found in the chamber. The remainder of her clothes were also in their places undisturbed; the only article missing being a night-dress, which the attendant in question said she saw her put on; and her bed had not been slept in. Giovanni spoke to his wife, but she observed a cold, haughty silence, and it was useless to question her. He had the moat dragged, and the neighbourhood for miles round scoured, but no tidings could be obtained of her. Yet, strange to say, in passing on that first morning through the remote corridors, he fancied he heard her voice pronounce his name in a tone of imploring agony. He searched in every nook and corner, but found nothing, and soon thought no more of it, except to marvel how his imagination could so have deceived him.

After a time, peace was once more restored between the count and the Lady Adelaide; but all bliss for her, all mutual confidence, had ceased for ever.

IV.

It was the hour of midnight. In the nursery at the castle sat the head nurse, and on her lap was the dying heir of Visinara, now some eight or ten months old. Until about nine days previous, he had been a fine, healthy child, but, from that time, a wasting fever had attacked him, and now he was ill unto death.

The Lady Adelaide, her eyes blinded with tears, knelt beside him, gazing on his colourless face. The count himself was gently rubbing his little hands to try and excite some warmth in them.

"Do you not think he looks a little, a *very* little better?" demanded the lady, anxiously.

The nurse hesitated. She did not think so, but she was unwilling to say what she thought.

"His hands—are they any warmer, Giovanni?"

The count shook his head, and the nurse spoke. "There will be hope, madam, if this last medicine should take effect."

The Lady Adelaide pressed her lips upon the infant's damp forehead, and burst into renewed tears.

"You will be ill, Adelaide," said her husband. "This incessant watching is bad for you. Let me persuade you to take an hour's rest."

She motioned in the negative.

"Indeed, madam, but you ought to do so," interposed Lucrezia, who was present: "these many nights you have passed without sl p; and your health so delicate!"

"Lie down—lie down, my love," interpose he. husband. "if only for a short time."

Again she refused; but at length they induced her to comply, her husband promising to watch over the child, and to let her know if there should be the slightest change in him. He passed his arm round his wife to lead her from the chamber, for she was painfully weak; but they had scarcely gone ten steps from the door, when a prolonged, shrill scream, as of one in unutterable terror, reached their ears. They rushed back again.

The nurse sat, still supporting the child, but with her eyes dilating and fixed on one corner of the room, and her face rigid with horror. It was she who had screamed.

"My child! my child!" groaned the Lady Adelaide.

"Nurse, what in the name of the Holy Virgin is the matter?" exclaimed the count, perceiving no alteration in the infant. "You look as if you had seen a spectre!"

"I have seen one," shuddered the nurse.

"What *have* you been dreaming of?" he returned, angrily.

"As true as that we are all assembled here, my lord," continued the nurse, solemnly, "I saw the spirit of Gina Montani!"

A change came over the Lord of Visinara's countenance, but he spoke not; whilst the Lady Adelaide clung to her husband in fear, and Lucrezia darted into the midst of the group, and laid hold of the nurse's chair.

"What absurdity!" uttered the count, recovering himself. "How could such an idea enter your head?"

"Were it the last word I had to speak, my lord," continued the woman, "and to my dying day, I will maintain what I assert. I saw but now

the ghost of Gina Montani. It was in a night-dress, and stood *there*, far away, where the lamp casts its shade."

"Nonsense!" said the count, abstractedly. "Pray did you see anything?" he continued, banteringly, to Lucrezia, and to another attendant who was in the room.

They answered in the negative: but Lucrezia was white, and shook convulsively.

At this moment, a wild, frantic sob burst from the Lady Adelaide. The child was dead!

V.

MANY months again slipped by, with little to distinguish them save the decreasing strength of the Lady Adelaide. She had been wasting slowly away ever since the shock given to her heart at discovering her husband's love for Gina Montani. She loved him passionately, and she *knew* it was unrequited; for the affections once bestowed, as his had been, can never be recalled and given to another. The illness of the mind had its effect upon the body; she became worse and worse, and, after the birth of a second child, it was evident that she was sinking rapidly.

She lay upon the stately bed in her magnificent chamber, about which were scattered many articles consecrated to her girlhood, or to her happy bridal, and, as such, precious. Seated by the bedside was her husband; one hand clasping hers, in the other he held a cambric handkerchief, with which he occasionally wiped her languid brow.

"Bear with me a little longer, my husband—but a short time."

"Bear with you, Adelaide!" he repeated; "would to the Blessed Virgin you might be spared to me!"

"It is impossible," she sighed, pressing his hand upon her wasted bosom.

"Adelaide"—he hesitated; after awhile—"I would ask you a question—a question which, if you can, I entreat that you will answer."

She looked at him inquiringly, and he resumed, in a low voice:

"What became of Gina Montani?"

Even amidst the pallid hue of death, a hectic flush appeared in her cheeks at the words. She gasped once or twice with agitation before she could speak.

"Bring not up that subject now; the only one that came between us to disturb our peace—the one to which I am indebted for my death. I am lying dying before you, Giovanni, and you can think but of her."

"My love, why will you so misunderstand me?"

"These thoughts excite me dreadfully," she continued. "Let us banish them, if you would have peace visit me in dying."

"May your death be far away yet," he sighed.

"Ah! I trust so—a little longer—a few days with you and my dear child!" And the count clasped his hands together as he silently echoed her prayer.

"Will you reach me my small casket?" she continued. "I put a few trinkets in it yesterday, to leave as tokens of remembrance. I must show you how I wish them bestowed."

He rose from his seat, and looked about the room; but he could not find the jewel-case.

"The small one, Giovanni," she said; "not my diamond casket.

I thought it was in the mosaic cabinet. Or, perhaps, they may have taken it into my dressing-room."

He went into the adjoining apartment, and had found the missing casket, when a wild shriek of horror from the lips of the Lady Adelaide smote upon his ear. He was in an instant at the bedside, supporting her in his arms; the attendants also came running in.

"My dearest Adelaide," he uttered, "what is it that excites you thus?"

But his inquiries were in vain. She lay in his arms, sobbing convulsively, and clinging to him as if in deep fear. Broken words came from her at length:

"I looked up—when you were away—and saw—there, in that darkened recess—*her*. I did—I did, Giovanni!"

"Whom?" he said, becoming very pale.

"Her—Gina Montani. She was in white—a long dress it seemed. Oh! Giovanni, leave me not again."

"I will never leave you, Adelaide. But, this—it must have been a fancy—an illusion of the imagination. We had just been speaking of her."

"You remember," she sobbed, "the night our child died—nurse saw the same spectre. It may——"

The lady's voice failed her, and her husband started, for a rapid change was taking place in her countenance.

"I am dying, Giovanni," she uttered, clinging to him, and trembling to the utmost extent of nervous terror. "Oh, support me! A doctor—a priest—Father Anselmo—where are they? He gave me absolution, he said. Then why does the remembrance of the deed come back again now? They would not have done it without my sanction. Giovanni, my husband—protect and love our child—desert him never. Giovanni, I say, can they indeed forgive—or does it rest above? If so, oh! why did I have her killed? Giovanni, who is it—Father Anselmo?—God?—*who* is to forgive me? It *was* murder! Giovanni, where are you? My sight is going—Giovanni——" Her voice died away, and the count bowed his head down in his anguish, whilst the attendants pressed forwards to look at her countenance. The Lady Adelaide had passed from amongst the living.

VI.

It was many years after the death of the Lady Adelaide, that several workmen were engaged making some extensive alterations in the Castle of Visinara, preparatory to the second marriage of its lord, who was about to espouse the lovely Elena di Capella. They were taking down the walls of a secret passage, or corridor, leading out of the chapel to the neighbouring monastery.

Standing, looking on, was the count, still, to all appearance, youthful, though he was, in reality, some years past thirty, but his features were of a cast that does not quickly age. By his side stood a fair boy of seven years old. It was the heir of Visinara. He was an open-hearted, engaging child, with a smiling countenance, on which might be traced his father's features, whilst he had inherited his mother's soft blue eyes and her sunny hair.

"What a while you are!" exclaimed the child, looking on, with

boyish impatience, to see the walls come down. "You should hit harder."

"The walls are very thick, Alberto," observed his father. "All these niches, which have been blocked up, and in the olden time contained statues, have to come down also."

"They are taking down a niche now, are they not, papa?"

"Not yet. They are removing the wall which has been built before it. It appears fresher, too, than the rest; of more recent date."

"It seems extraordinarily fresh, my lord," observed one of the workmen. "The materials are old, but it has certainly been rebuilt within a few years—within ten, I should say."

"Not it," laughed the count. "These corridors have not been touched during my lifetime."

"This portion of them has, my lord, you may rely upon it."

As the workman spoke, the remainder came down with a tremendous crash, leaving the niche exposed to view. There was no statue there—but the corpse of the unfortunate Gina Montani, standing upright in her night-dress, was revealed to their sight. It was nearly as fresh as if she had departed but yesterday, having been excluded from the air. The features, it is true, were scarcely to be recognised, but the hair—the long brown curls falling on her neck—was the same as ever.

This was her horrible death then—to be walled up alive.

The Count di Visinara grew sick and faint as he gazed. Before he had time to collect his startled thoughts, the child pulled at and clung to his arm.

"Papa, take me away. What is that dreadful thing there? You look white and cold too, not as you always do. Oh, what is it? Dear, dear papa, take me from here."

The workmen were affrighted and shook with fear—perhaps more frightened though less shocked than the count. But one of them, partially recovering himself, touched the corpse with an implement he had been using for his work, and down it came, a heap of dust.

The Lord of Visinara turned, and with steps that tottered under him, bore his child back to the castle.

VII.

You may hear in Italy, unto this day, various versions of this tradition. One will tell you that the Lord of Visinara offered moneys and treasures, even to the half of his possessions, unto the monks, if they would lay the troubled spirit of Gina Montani, but that, although they tried hard, they could not do it. Another version goes, that the friars would not try, for that no heretic's soul may be prayed for in the Roman Catholic Church. But, however the monks may have settled it amongst themselves, all versions of the history hold together in one particular, and that is, that the ghost *was not* laid; that it never would be, and never could, but still wanders upon the earth. And I can tell you that you had better profess faith in it too, if you go amongst the Italians, unless you like to be looked upon as a good-for-nothing unbeliever, not a degree better than she was.

Several descendants of Giovanni, the Lord, and Adelaide, the Lady of Visinara, are still scattered about Italy, though greatly reduced in station. And the accredited belief is, that whenever death is going to remove one of these, the spirit of the ill-fated Gina Montani appears and shows itself to them in dying.

MR. HOSKINS'S SPAIN.*

The things that seem uniformly to strike the stranger on first entering Spain from France, are the pine forests and corkwoods, towns with stone walls and ramparts, and streets of Oriental narrowness,—and dishes made unpalatable with garlic, strong oil, and saffron. Then again, with the Catalonians, every patch of land, good or bad, is made the most of, and guarded often with its picturesque hedge of aloes, and sometimes the prickly pears. The background to these views consists of a line of hills, studded with villages, picturesque churches, little chapels, and other buildings.

"The villages and little towns we passed through," says Mr. Hoskins, "seemed well built; the windows of some of the houses were adorned with architectural ornaments, which were curious and often elegant; and the fronts of the houses were frequently decorated with frescoes, in a pleasing and tasteful manner. The roads, however, in the country are rarely good, and in the towns and villages execrable." Every town has its principal street or thoroughfare. Barcelona has its Rambla, a noble and very wide street, nearly one thousand yards long, with a broad promenade in the centre, planted with trees. "The Rambla," says our traveller, "is everything at Barcelona." In the Rambla are the best hotels—the Orient and the Quatre Nations. In the Rambla are the best theatres, open day and night to gratify the tastes of a pleasure-loving people. In the Rambla are the diligence-offices, the post-office, and the consular residences. None should visit Barcelona without also making an excursion to the convent of Montserrat. Here is a miraculous image of the Virgin, concerning which Mr. Hoskins relates quaint legends from "Ford," adding that he was surprised to see that the Virgin was black in the face. Mr. Hoskins saw a pilgrim to the shrine of this negro-Virgin, with his hands full of wild flowers, as if he thought it better to make such an offering than appear empty-handed.

Tarragona has its Rambla, a Roman aqueduct in a wild and desolate situation, and its tutelar saint Tecla, whose history impugns the morality of Saint Paul. Crossing the Cenia, the red or brown long cap is changed for the gay handkerchief, tied like a turban round the head. Instead of the dark trousers of the Catalonians, the Valencians have a kind of wide loose drawers, which reach to about the knee, exactly similar to what many of the Arab tribes wear. A portion of the stocking fits tight on the leg from the knee to the ankle, and a picturesque sandal, with its cord, is the only shoe used by the Valencian peasant. When their gay, picturesque blanket of many colours is gracefully thrown around their shoulders, a more Oriental dress, to set off their light figures and Moorish features, cannot well be conceived.

Valencia owes everything to the Moors, and Oriental blood no doubt still flows in the veins of the people. If Barcelona and Tarragona have their Ramblas, the City of Mirth, as the Arabs called Valencia, has its Alameda, and its tower Del Miguelete, from whence a most varied,

* Spain as It Is. By G. A. Hoskins, Esq. 2 vols., with Illustrations. Colburn and Co.

sparkling, and novel scene is descried. Indeed, it is only from thence that the city of the Cid can be duly appreciated.

It was truly a splendid view. The blue Mediterranean, bounded by the horizon, was sprinkled with vessels ploughing their way to distant lands, and the large lake of Albufera stretches in the distance along the coast, apparently placid and without a ripple on its waters, her angry mood having calmed down more rapidly than her neighbour, the still ruffled sea.

The magnificent Huerta, which surrounds the city, is bounded almost on all sides, except towards the sea, by picturesque ranges of mountains, and studded with villages, with their churches and towers; such a number of farms and thatched cottages, white and glittering in the sun, that the whole plain seems one vast village, planted with carrob-trees, poplars, mulberries, prickly pears, olives, and some few palm-trees. Sometimes more imposing edifices are distinguishable, such as Il Convento de los Reyes; but generally the buildings are cottages, myriads of little white specks in a field of verdure, as countless in number as the stars, which in these cloudless skies are visible at night.

The foreground to this splendid view is the city of the Cid, glittering with its numerous towers, as picturesque as the Italian campaniles, domes of various coloured tiles, and the magnificent Moorish-looking gates, the splendid building, now the tobacco manufactory, the immense faubourgs of the city, and houses which, from the extreme narrowness of the streets, seem to be one mighty conglomerated mass of habitations. The towers appear to be generally of the same style of architecture, square or octagonal, with flat balconies on the summits, surrounded by balustrades; beneath the latter are arched windows, lighting the chambers where the bells are suspended, and on the flat balconies there are generally lanterns.

The domes of the Escuela Pia, and of the governor's house, formerly a convent, with its gay roof, are very conspicuous. The two splendid lofty towers, Puerta de Cuale and the Puerta de Serromo, with their battlements, appear to be Moorish.

The lantern of the tower of the church of San Nicolas rests on arches erected on the balcony, and is very elegant; and the tower of St. Louis is also good. The unfinished centre tower of the cathedral is best seen from here. The whole of the exterior is decorated with pointed arches, filled with tracery. The houses with their flat roofs, the Flora and the agriculture, and, still more, the swarthy peasants of Valencia, with their Oriental costumes, reminded us continually of the dominion of the Moors, the most fascinating period of Spanish history.

The scene before us was one immense hive of industry; the roads and fields were crowded with labourers, carts, and oxen. The hydraulic art of the East is the useful legacy which the Moors left to the Valencians, and this mighty plain is covered with a network of canals and acqueducts. The Arab shaduf is there, and my old friends (foes?), the Egyptian Sakiyas, creek on the plain as the oxen drag round the stiff wheels which raise the strings of water-jars from the wells.

It was at Valencia that Mr. Hoskins's artistic researches may be said to have commenced in earnest. These researches were evidently the prominent object of his journey. He has had his predecessors in the investigation of these treasures of the Peninsula, none of whom are more deserving of eulogy than Ford. Mr. Sterling and Sir Francis Head have also published admirable works on the Spanish artists, and Mr. Hoskins has availed himself of the materials collected by these gentlemen, and has added to them, as introductory to the exploration of cathedrals, churches, museums, and private galleries, biographical notices of which he appears to have compiled beforehand, a little dictionary, more convenient, he says,

for the pocket than that of Bermudez, which is not to be bought in London.

Valencia boasts of a distinguished school of painters, and no wonder they were splendid colourists. Among these was Vicente Joanes, justly, it is said, called the Spanish Raphael, and who, like Fra Angelico, never undertook any sacred subject without confessing and praying for assistance; hence his Christs are said to appear almost the results of inspiration. Francisco de Ribalta, to whose genius, as in many other well known instances, love supplied the stimulus. Spagnoletto, who caused the death of Domenichino, and who himself died of distress at the seduction of his daughter by Don Juan of Austria. Spagnoletto, or, more properly, Josef de Ribera, is better known in England than any other Spanish painter, except, perhaps, Murillo. Esteban March, famous for his battle scenes, and who used to excite his imagination to the proper pitch by beating a drum or blowing a trumpet, and then, like Don Quixote, fighting the walls with his sword. Jacinte Geronimo de Espinosa, the Spanish Michael Angelo, and others of considerable merit. It is to be observed, however, that all the masters of the Valencia school, with such few exceptions as not disprove the rule, studied and were formed in the Italian school, and that in its most palmy days. What we have said, however, will serve to show how much there is to interest the heart and the imagination in these little biographies of the Spanish masters; the records of their works—valuable in an artistic point of view—scarcely possess the same interest. There is frequent repetition in a school so pre-eminently Roman—beautiful "Madonnas," expressive "Ecce Homos," Raphaelesque "Holy Families," "Last Suppers," the "Nativity," the "Descent from the Cross," "Virgin and Child," and other pictures illustrative of the Old and the New Testament, meet one at every angle of a church or gallery, intermixed with the usual proportion of pictured legends of the saints. To say that some of these are exquisite, some harsh, some wanting in dignity or grandeur, others in colouring, cannot possess much interest, except to those who are going to see the pictures themselves, or are in hopes one day of doing so.

Some of the churches of Valencia are *churrigueresque* in their ornaments. This is a term used in Spain for all tasteless rococo monstrosities. We wonder how many churches so ornamented are to be found throughout those countries where the Roman, Greek, and Armenian forms of worship prevail. It is remarkable, that when an artist indulges in the churriguercsque, he almost always has a prediliction for the diabolesque. The lower regions, purgatory and Satan, being favourite subjects with such geniuses.

One day Mr. Hoskins, when in Valencia, observed erected in several of the little squares and places, wooden pedestals six or twelve feet square, covered with linen or cloth, and on these pedestals groups of figures, sometimes whole familes, only one instance of a single figure representing a countryman. There was no fun, says our author in the compositions, except in one well-dressed group, representing a cavalier fanning a lady who was seated in a chair, and by some mechanism the fan was always at work. At the close of the day, a bonfire was made of each of these representations. They were the Valencian Falce, erected by the carpenters of Valencia in honour of their saint, St. Joseph, the husband of

the Virgin. What would the stern Moors, worshippers of a "jealous God," have thought of such solemn tom-foolery. Superstitious barbarisms without, as Mr. Hoskins says, any fun to relieve their childishness.

Mr. Hoskins made, he says, some cheap purchases in Valencia, and the search for these took him into the private dwellings of the people. "Having visited," he says, "with a Spaniard more than a score of houses of all ranks, most of them not in the habit of receiving strangers, but all civil and polite in the extreme, I have remarked invariably the greatest cleanliness and comfort, I might almost say Dutch cleanliness. The floors of the ante-rooms and halls often consisted of beautiful azulejos, and the saloons were generally covered with mats, except in the best rooms of rich houses, where there was always a carpet, often skins of wild animals, tigers, and panthers; and near a comfortable sofa there was always a circle of chairs for the evening tertullia; some of them were covered with damask, and others commoner than we would use in our kitchens; alabaster clocks, cabinets, and marbles, ornament the saloons of even tradesmen, and often the walls of the rooms I saw were covered with paintings with great names, but not a tolerable one amongst them."

A good picture is, according to this, the exception to the rule in Spain; and, at the academy of Valencia, Mr. Hoskins describes the students who were numerous, and studying gratis, as engaged in copying poor copies of the works of Mengs. Of the houses, also, our author says:

> Some of the entrances into the palaces are handsome, but frequently churrigueresque; and I admire more those of the houses of less pretension, whith are always very neat, and often handsome, with marble stairs, handsome balustrades, and courts ornamented with arched colonnades, frequently decorated with statues, and always scrupulously clean. The open arcades under the roofs are very Oriental, and extremely picturesque; charming bits of architecture are continually seen, which are sometimes Moorish and sometimes Gothic. The interior of the houses is frequently paved with the beautiful Valencian tiles, which are tastefully painted, and, being glazed, are not injured by being washed, and always look clean and cool.

English, who carry their nationalities everywhere, were not wanting in Valencia. Mr. Hoskins relates that, while he was admiring the Ribaltas in thê church of the Colegio de Corpus, into which ladies are not admitted except in mantillas,

> We heard a terrific ringing of a bell, which startled my conductor, as if the building had been on fire. An English lady had followed her husband into the forbidden precincts of the college, and, frightened at the solitariness of the large court, and not knowing what animal in the shape of a monk or a student might pounce upon her, or wearied with waiting, or envying her husband's prolonged enjoyment of the Ribaltas, she seized the rope, and gave it such a tug, that priests and scholars rushed out of their rooms to see what was the matter. At first they looked indignant at the intruder; but her triumphant smile, when she saw her husband, restored them to their good-humour, and they merely said "Inglese," that word being an apology for anything.

We wonder whether the gentleman also wore a "triumphant smile" on his face, when summoned so imperiously from his beloved Ribaltas. Valencia is under the protection of a saint—San Vicente de Ferrer, whose miracles are of an unusual cast.

> He is the male Lucina of Valencia, and possessed the gift of miracles to

such a degree, that he is said to have performed them almost unconsciously, and, not unfrequently, in a sort of frolic. Being applied to on a certain occasion, by a young married lady, whom the idea of approaching maternity kept in a state of constant terror, the good-natured saint desired her to dismiss her fears, as he was determined to take upon himself whatever inconvenience or trouble there might be in the case. Some weeks had elapsed, when the good monk, who had forgotten his engagement, was heard in the dead of night roaring and screaming, in a manner so unusual and so little becoming a professed saint, that he drew the whole community to his cell. Nothing, for a time, could relieve the mysterious sufferings, and, though he passed the rest of the night *as well as could be expected*, the fear of a relapse would have kept his afflicted brethren in painful suspense, had not the grateful husband of the timid lady who was the cause of the uproar taken an early opportunity to return thanks for the unconscious delivery of his consort.

We do not see anything very frolicsome in this, no more than in the circumstance that the saint—that was to be—barked in his mother's womb, which was taken to be a sure sign that he would turn out a mastiff, and hunt the wolves of heresy to hell. San Vicente, be it observed, was a chief of the Inquisition, and preached a crusade against the Jews. Representations of his miracles in the streets are said to delight the sight-loving Valencians on the Monday after Easter Monday. Considering the peculiar character of these miracles, we should think the same objection made by Mr. Hoskins to those of St. Joseph "that there was no fun in them," would hardly be the case then.

The hotels in Valencia are said to be excellent, and the expenses, including fish and meat breakfasts, dinners of several courses, and large rooms, five shillings a-day each. But the Moors have left one unpleasant legacy, "the fleas," according to an Arab poet, "are continually dancing there to the music of musquitoes." Mr. Ford says two or three days will amply suffice to see Valencia del Cid. Mr. Hoskins says, with great deference, it is a place of all others to linger at. There is a fine school of paintings to study, noble works of art, and a truly Spanish city.

Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins arrived at Alicante in a comfortable and social manner, on the same mule's back, one on one side, and Mrs. H., with a balance of a few carpet-bags, on the other. This picturesque and ancient port and stronghold, held by so many nations, appears to have had no attractions to our travellers, for, after a hurried visit to the Marquis d'Angolfa's gallery, and laying in a "large Alpujarras ham," which proved most useful, they started. Granada was the impulse now. Fine Oriental scenery and vegetation around Elche and Orihuela, followed by a dreary waste, led the way to the rich plain of Murcia, for the modern capital, to which the Spaniards are entirely indebted to the Arabs, who built it with the materials of a pre-existing Roman city. The chief things at Murcia were processions; 1500 men, out of 35,000 inhabitants, many of them of respectable station, submitting to the penance of carrying a heavy cross for several hours, walking on their bare feet over rough pavements; then torch processions; and lastly, jealous, illiterate men (how could it be otherwise, where such superstitions enthral the mind?), and pretty, dressy ladies, "of easy virtue, and so inflammable, that the custom of avoiding propinquity on balconies or elsewhere is very requisite."

The spur of the Sierra Baza is passed after entering the kingdom of Granada; and before the city, so much renowned for its beautiful scenery and splendid remains, is reached, the traveller passes two towns of some magnitude, considerable beauty, and rich with historical reminiscences—Baza and Guadix. Mr. Hoskins's impressions on seeing Granada are extremely brief and explicit. An imposing cathedral, a few plain towers, and a few domes, many trees mingling with the houses, the red (as its Arab name testifies) Alhambra, and the snow-clad summits of the Sierra Nevada rising above the white houses, and that under a burning sun. A French gentleman, of good family, who had accompanied our travellers of late, perished in Granada, from accumulated bile, bad diet, the fatigue and shaking of the galera or diligence, and the cholic of the country.

We will not follow Mr. Hoskins in his explorations of the Alhambra, with Gayangos, Conde, Jones, and Prescott, for guides, in addition to Ford; he did much that is new and interestingly compiled for others, especially in the way of translations of the numerous Arabic inscriptions. The history of St. James, the patron saint of Spain, is a characteristic tit-bit.

The Virgin Mary, it seems, sent this apostle, with twelve disciples, into Spain, to build a church to her honour. When he arrived there he raised an old pagan prophet from the dead who had been buried six hundred years, and, having baptised him by the name of Peter, consecrated him Archbishop of Bareza. One night, when St. James was at Cæsarea Augusta (now Saragossa), the Virgin Mary came riding in the air on a jasper pillar, attended by thousands of angels singing Ave Marias, and ordered him to build a church on the spot, which he did. Then he returned to Jerusalem, where he was martyred. His twelve disciples carried his body to Joppa, and put it on board a marble ship, in which they sailed with it to Galicia, whence they travelled to a wood where the city of Compostella now stands, and buried it in a vault, in a marble coffin. About eight hundred years afterwards the body was found by Don Theodomir, Bishop of Iria; and the king (Alonzo el Casto) built a church over it, and endowed it with lands. St. James soon after rendered the most signal service to his devotees in a war with the Moors. The Spaniards were then tributaries to them, and the annual tribute was a hundred Christian virgins. Don Ramiro refused to pay. The Moors attacked him (at Clavijo). Ramiro raised forces, and resisted; and St. James, in full armour, riding on a stately white horse at the head of the troops, mowed down whole squadrons of Moors, and freed Spain from the tribute. Hence came the rich and numerous military order of St. James; hence he was made patron of Spain; hence that knight-errantry which the author of "Don Quixote" endeavoured to subdue by ridicule.

This is from Robinson's "Ecclesiastical Researches." On leaving Granada, about two leagues from Alhama, renowned in story, our party encountered five bandits. Only one, however, had a gun, and they, seeing the strength of the party, moved off to the hills. At Malaga there are about 100 English residents out of a population of 96,000. A great deal of Malaga wine is sent to Cadiz, and thence forwarded to England as sherry. The "sights," Mr. Hoskins says, are seen in an hour or two. At the posada of Carratraca, their next station, there was nothing, not even an egg or a potato, so they had to congratulate themselves at having with them a supply of ham and chicken. Ronda, celebrated for its bull-fighters and most fearless smugglers and brigands, is described as the

prettiest of Spanish towns. Near it is the Tajo, a bridge over a dark chasm, upon the picturesqueness of which our author expatiates at length. Next comes Guacin, and then Gibraltar, "an English town," where Mr. Hoskins, having lost his passport, had the greatest difficulty in obtaining another, not being able, with the aid of letters of credit or personal card and address, to satisfy the authorities that he was an Englishman. We wonder that the fact of his travelling there was not considered sufficiently satisfactory as to his origin.

Quitting gladly the society of rock-scorpions who thus repudiated their countryman, a good dinner and plenty of fleas welcomed them at the posada of Algeçiras. Mrs. Hoskins was carried through the Trocha Pass, which has rather an unenviable distinction for smugglers and charcoal-burners—not the most scrupulous of mankind—in a chair fastened to two poles, and carried by peasants; and the party were also accompanied by an escopetero, or peasant, armed with a gun. At the Venta de Barca the silence of night was disturbed by the screams of "a lady," who had jumped into her bed with too much agility, and the ricketty affair came down bodily, with a crash of rotten planks enough to startle the strongest nerves. At Chiclana, where invalids go to feed on soup of long snakes, they got the diligence to Cadiz. The city of the Phœnicians struck the party on entering as perfectly beautiful—such a number of handsome houses and clean streets, but, like Malaga, being a commercial town, it had little fine art.

Seven hours' steaming takes the traveller from Cadiz to the capital of Andalusia, and hills planted with olives and orange-trees, the elegant Giralda visible also from a long distance, afford a great relief to the monotony of the journey as Seville is approached. We wish we could describe the view from the Giralda—the Alcazar, with its Moorish arches and towers; the squares, palaces, convents, and gardens; the tortuous streets, as pleasing as fresh white colouring and green paint can make them; but all would be of no use, for the proverb has recorded that—

Quien no ha viste a Sevilla
No ha visto a maravilla.

From Seville to Cordova by diligence. Mr. Hoskins describes the rich and populous capital of the Umayyah dynasty as now a miserable-looking town—a poverty-stricken place; but, changed as it is (its population of a million sunk to forty thousand), there are still sufficient architectural remains to recal its ancient glory, and time can never destroy its kindred associations. From Cordova to Madrid, two days' and two nights' diligence travelling; but neither gentleman nor lady were fatigued with the exertion, although the former had a severe attack of the *maladie du pays* (the cholic) at Cordova. As the traveller proceeds northwards, the beautiful villages and towns of the south of Spain are succeeded by wretched, dirty-looking huts, miserable hamlets, and uninteresting towns—a generally undisguised poverty. Vegetation also undergoes an equally remarkable change. The costume of the inhabitants was also altered for the worse. There was scarcely a bit of colouring to be seen which would not have required a large mixture of burnt Sienna; and notwithstanding a draught of Valdepeñas, at the place of that name, and reminiscences of Don Quixote at Quesada, Mr. Hoskins exclaimed,

in traversing La Mancha, "Alas! I fear there will be no tolerating the north of Spain, after the picturesque south."

Aranjuez, with its royal residence and beautiful gardens, its magnificent Alameda, and noble terrace on the Tagus, awakened enthusiasm for a moment; and Toledo, with its splendid avenue of elms, its lofty cathedral, its picturesque buildings rising terrace-like, one above another, the Alcazar crowning the whole, completed the reconciliation. With Mr. Hoskins, Moorish legends are now changed for Gothic chronicles, and he is as detailed—we were going to say as prolix, but it is impossible to be so with such material to work upon—in the one instance as in the other. Madrid, even after all that had been seen before, was, from its fine situation, a surprise to our travellers. "The approach," says Mr. Hoskins, "over the bridge into a plaza ornamented with obelisks and statues, and through the fine Alameda, is worthy of a great capital. It was eight o'clock when we entered. The well-built streets, lighted with gas, were crowded to excess with a smartly-dressed population, pouring out for their evening walk. Everything had the appearance of a metropolis, but the ordinary European character of the streets, their width, and regularity, announce to us that we have reached another land, richer, and perhaps more civilised, but not so picturesque."

After a good description of the contents of the Escurial, and a discussion upon the school of Velasquez and Murillo, we have picturesque old Segovia—everything is "old" in Spain—with charming streets and groups of houses, for the limner, but very dilapidated for the dweller therein. Valladolid, with its noble churches and public buildings, towers, "old" palaces, and picturesque groups of houses with fantastic roofs. Sad, ruinous, deserted, and yet time-honoured Leon. Burgos, with the finest cathedral in Spain. Vittoria and Pamplona, with reminiscences of British triumphs, and, lastly, Elisondo, where our author ate a whole goose, leaving a chicken for Mrs. Hoskins, and, with this act of real life, ceases the romance of the work. The transition from a kingdom half a century behind all others to the civilisation of France, left no further opportunities for revelling in dreamy legends, raking up musty old chronicles, bringing out old gems of art into the broad light of day, and contemplating ruins, still beautiful in their decay, of olden times, only in the light of what admirable pictures they would make. There was life now, and with it its dull realities; and Mr. Hoskins takes an appropriate and final opportunity, in thinking of this, to call attention to what is doing in Valencia in Spain, and in Mettray in France, in the cause of reclaiming young criminals and adult convicts, as worthy of being introduced into this country. In that which refers to Spain alone, Mr. Hoskins's work is an indispensable companion to Ford.

THE FATE OF JOBST OF RUDENZ.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

Chapter I.

THE HERO OF LAUPEN.

The sun has risen high above the Emmenthal, but the rays which fall on the snowy peaks of the distant Oberland have not yet found their way into the narrow gorge through which the rapid Aar pours its impetuous waters, after circling the walls of Berne.

That thickly-wooded valley still lies in deep shadow, but on the broad pastures which rise behind the grey towers of Reichenbach the *vacheron* has long been tending his herd, and the music of their bells has long floated on the morning air.

On the rocky heights which crown the pine-clad hills the goats are already browsing, and in the meadows which cling to the mountain slope the mower's scythe has swept down many a swathe of humid grass and many an opening flower; not idly have the oxen been yoked to the heavy wain, nor without tokens of his toil has the husbandman bent over the teeming earth.

It is a feudal period, and in every land that stretches from the Alps to the ocean,—east, west, north, and south,—the mace and the lance are oftener grasped than the stilts of the plough, and the mailed hand more readily wields the sword than the sickle. And the hand of the aged man, who now in peaceful garb watches over the labour which has made the valley so fruitful, was once familiar, too, with the glaive and battle-axe; and many a well-fought field attests the valour of Rudolph of Erlach.

But after the victory of Laupen, when, on the banks of the Sense, the Swiss confederates whom he led defeated the hosts of Burgundy and Suabia, the simple-minded, unambitious Rudolph returned again to the vassalage of the Lords of Nidau, and, hanging his conquering sword above his hearth-stone, devoted his days to the cultivation of the soil to which he had given peace. Twenty years had gone by since that famous battle with which his name is imperishably entwined, and of a numerous family, two sons and a daughter only survived. The former, grown to man's estate, were seeking that renown in arms which they afterwards sealed with their blood at the glorious fight of Sempach; and the latter, a fair girl of nineteen, had not yet left her father's side to fulfil her woman's destiny.

But not unsought was Azaline von Erlach, for the fame of her beauty had been bruited through the land, and few were the young unwedded knights of Berne who had not striven for her favour, few amongst the elder nobles who had not coveted her dower, the wealth of Rudolph being as widely known as his daughter's beauty. Yet still she remained unwon, and the Bernese chivalry sighed in vain. Tranquilly and happily Azaline passed her life in Erlach's cottage, for such was the simplicity of his manners, that, though lord of vast domains, he had renounced the halls and towers of his lineage for the rustic abode, which better, he said, befitted his present occupations. And in the times of which we speak, the

practice of this antique virtue was, in Switzerland, held to be no derogation.

It was a pleasant sight to see how, when the toils of the day were ended, Rudolph von Erlach sat with his daughter beneath the shade of the wide-spreading chesnut which grew before their dwelling, with one hand resting upon his long staff, and the other clasped in that of Azaline, while at his feet lay couched his two faithful bloodhounds, Brandmark and Grimm; and ever as he discoursed to her of the deeds of his earlier life, of which she loved to hear, the old man would interrupt his story to listen to the shrill notes of the "Ranz des Vaches" as they echoed along the valley, or pause to count the goats as they passed leisurely homeward to their nightly shelter beneath the common roof.

"Tell me, father, once more the story of the field of Laupen," said Azaline one evening, when thus they were sitting together. "My brothers Arnold and Frederick have chosen the profession of arms; and while yet the liberties of the Confederation are menaced by the house of Hapsburg, a day may come again when the few will be called to do battle against the many. The recollection of what was won by the brave Berners from the fierce Burgundians shall sustain me in the hope of victory whenever our countrymen march against their oppressors."

It was an oft-told tale; but when did age refrain from dwelling on the past, or youth regret to listen to the exploits of freedom's heroes?

"Thus it was, then, Azaline," said Rudolph of Erlach, "in the days when the counts and barons of Uchtland, of Aargau, and of Burgundy, leagued against the city of Berne to strike her to the ground.

"I was then—as I am now—the lieger of the house of Nidau, and though I drew my sword against Count Rudolph, I never made forfeit of the fealty I had sworn. I had heard with sorrow that my liege lord had consented to join with Gerard of Valengin, with the Counts of Gruyères, and with many of the proud nobles of Suabia, to destroy our liberties, and my first effort was to attempt to dissuade Rudolph of Nidau from arming against us with our common foes. I sought him in his castle of Nidau, and urged him to forbear while yet there was time. I told him that victory was not always with the strong, and reminded him of the fight of Morgarten, when the valiant Schwytzers humbled the pride of Duke Leopold of Austria; adding, that the men of Berne had hearts as brave and weapons as rude as those of the foresters on the shore of the lake of Egeri; but he laughed me to scorn, and bade me return to the rebel burghers—so he called them—saying, in his pride, that out of two hundred helmets that fought under his banner he well could spare a single man.

"'Be it so, my lord count,' I replied, when all my arguments had failed to move him. 'I am, it is true, but a single man, but I trust I shall prove to you that I *am* a man!'"

And as he described the scene, the aged features of Erlach glowed with the hues of youth, and the fire of manhood sparkled in his eyes as on the day of battle.

"I came back to Berne," continued Rudolph, "and rode into the town while the burghers were still assembled debating about whom they should choose to lead them against the Burgundian nobles. I had never followed warfare for its own sake, but my name was not unknown in warlike annals,

and many a bold burgher, remembering the deeds of my heroic father, believed that his son was not his unworthy successor. They named me to the supreme command by general acclaim, and the Avoyer of the people placed in my hands the banner of the Canton, charged with the emblem of the Bear, whose fatal hug our enemies have so often felt.

"I received it reverently, and planting it in the midst of the multitude assembled in front of St. Christopher's Tower, I harangued the people.

"Six times, I told them, had I stood on the field of battle when the smaller number had prevailed over numerous hosts, but that to gain such victories, subordination and discipline were the two things needful, and I exacted from all present implicit obedience to my commands. They swore by the Creator and his saints to obey me in all things; and then I asked them when I should lead them to battle?

"'Immediately,' was their cry.

"'How fight,' I again demanded.

"'To the last drop of blood,' was each man's answer.

"I then numbered my forces, and by moonlight on the night of the 20th of June, in the thirteen hundred and thirty-ninth year of Grace, there stood arrayed four thousand burghers and co-burghers of Berne, nine hundred men from the Forest Cantons, three hundred youths from Hasli, and eighty horsemen from the faithful city of Soleure. The venerable priest, Diebold Baselwind, who fought with sacred weapons, exhorted the army, and called down upon it the blessing of God, and of our patron Saints, St. Vincent and St. Ursus; and in the stillness of that night, with Baselwind bearing the host in front of the army, we took the road to Laupen, strong in the justice of our cause, and resolute never to turn back save as victors."

"But the odds, father, were fearfully against you!" interrupted Azaline.

"They were as four to one, my child," answered Erlach, "besides the disparity of our weapons and defences, for the chivalry of Burgundy and Suabia were clothed in steel, and their swords and spears were in practised hands. In that array were seen the banners of the Counts of Aarberg, Valengin, Nidau, Neufchatel, and Gruyères, and with them marched full fifteen thousand men-at-arms, and three thousand horsemen, besides seven hundred lords with crowned helmets, and twelve hundred knights in complete armour. Montenach was there with a hundred helmets,—Furstemberg with no less,—and the three proud Bishops of Basle, of Sion, and of Lausanne, with all the retainers they could muster. He, too, was amongst them—that fated boy, John of Savoy, whom his father, Lewis, had sent to compose matters between the Lords and the Cantons."

"And did he join the camp against you?" demanded Azaline.

"The hot blood of youth," replied Erlach, "flows ever in too swift a current to be checked by the voice of prudence. I would have given all my worldly possessions, could I have saved the life of John of Savoy, or that of Rudolph of Nidau; but destiny had marked them both. It is at least one comfort to remember that the wardship of my liege lord's children was afterwards given me by his kindred, as a pledge of their faith in my integrity, however I fought against their sire!"

Azaline kissed her father, and dried the tear that stole down the furrows of his cheek, as he recalled how Rudolph of Nidau was slain.

"It was high noon," pursued Erlach, after a pause, "when I marshalled my ranks on the plain of Laupen. In front of the almost countless infantry of the Suabians I set the brave youths of Berne. They were tanners and butchers, it is true, not soldiers skilled, but they had the hearts of men, and such weapons as they carried they were well able to use.

"'Where are ye now, ye gay gallants,' I cried to them, 'who, decked with flowers and feathers, are ever the foremost in the dance? The fate of Berne is at this hour in your hands. See! here is Erlach—here the banner of your Canton!'

"Their faces were crimson-red, as they shouted in reply:

"'Lead on—we follow!' and they closed around the banner.

"I made the first attack with a body of slingers, who, advancing to the front, thrice whirled the weapon of David, and at every discharge three hundred stones scattered death amongst the mail-clad men. The slingers then retired, in obedience to my previous orders, but their retreat was thought to be a flight by a body of foresters, unused to warfare, whom I had placed in front, and who, panic-stricken, left the field. No fear possessed me when I saw them run; and the words I uttered inspired the Berners with fiercer courage.

"'Now,' I exclaimed, 'we are sure to conquer, for all the cowards have left the army!'

"And these words were nobly responded to. No longer resting in an attitude of defence, and while the knights and leaders of the enemy were bringing up their men, yet unprepared to act, the Berners fell upon them with levelled pikes and death-dealing *morgensterns*, and drove them back, with fearful slaughter, like flocks of sheep before my brave butchers. The numbers of the mercenaries were now their bane; they fled in disorder, bearing down those who came to their support, and horse and foot were mingled in one confused mass. In vain the knights dashed on their fiery *destriers* through the *meslay*; faster fell the stones of the slingers, and at every flight a hundred saddles were emptied; our scythemen mowed down their horses, and the blades of our *pertuisanes* were red with the best blood of Burgundy. Valengin and Nidau were the first who fell. Peter of Gruyères, and his two brothers, soon lay lifeless amid a heap of slain; and the Baron of Blumenberg did not long survive them. I was near him, and summoned him to yield, for, 'See,' I cried, 'the number of noble knights who have perished at your side!'

"'God forbid!' he answered, 'that I should survive such men and such friends!' And, swaying over his head his huge two-handed sword, he drove right against me.

"A slinger stopped his course—the heavy stone mashed his face beneath the bars of his helmet. His head fell back, and he fell with broken neck to the ground——But why chase the colour from thy cheek, my Azaline, with the history of that direful day? Enough for thee to know, that when the fight was done the whole country for miles along the banks of the Sense, was strewn with the slain; that waggons were laden with the arms which the enemy cast away in their flight, or lost in the struggle of death; that eighty crowned helmets were amongst the spoil,

and that we carried back to Berne the banners of seven-and-twenty nobles and as many cities.

"Not, however, before we had on our knees, on that bloody field, devoutly praised the Lord of Hosts for that our great deliverance and wondrous victory, and every man said, 'Amen!' to the prayer of thankfulness of Diebold Baselwind.

"But see, my Azaline, the flocks are all gathered, and the waning light tells us that the hour of rest has come. Let us seek our pallets, and in our turn pray that the evils of war may never more deform the peaceful valleys of Berne; or, if my countrymen are doomed again to meet the foe, that God may raise up a leader braver and better than Rudolph of Erlach."

"Say not so, my father," said Azaline, with tearful eyes; "the saviour of his country can have no superior; the blessing of all good men attends his footsteps, and the end of that man is peace."

The old warrior looked wistfully in his daughter's face; he sighed unconsciously; and then, leaning on Azaline's shoulder—but lightly leaning, for his weight rested on his staff—entered his dwelling with slow steps, the two bloodhounds following close behind him.

Chapter II.

THE LOVER AND THE HUSBAND.

Six months have passed, and the evening of Erlach's life is no longer cheered by the presence of his daughter Azaline. Her heart, which seemed moulded for filial duty only, has yielded to an influence which nothing in this world resists. She has learnt to love; and on that love, whether it prove a rock or a broken reed, rests all her hope of earthly happiness.

And the prospect is passing fair, for the object of her choice is young, handsome, and of high lineage, skilful in the joust, graceful in the dance, and bold in the battle-field. Jobst of Rudenz—for so the youthful knight is called—has fought in distant lands, and dwelt in foreign courts, returning to his native country a paragon of accomplishments. Such, at least, he is held to be by the simple Swiss maidens, who have never seen one so courtly or so softly spoken among all the nobles of Berne or Soleure. Jobst of Rudenz has the sweetest smile, on his tongue are the most honied words, in his eyes beam the tenderest truth. He is a master of the *gaye science*, and can sing the praises of his mistress in verses of his own composition, as sweet as those of the famous Minnesinger, Walter of the Vogelweid. He has the reputation, moreover, of being rich, and is not the less admired on that account.

His companions—perhaps even his friends—hint that he is too gay to be constant, too profuse to be wealthy; and add, that such a knight had found a fitter home in the courts of Suabia or Provence than amid the forests and snows of Switzerland. But what they say in his dispraise is fully unheeded, for there are some faults which attract more than virtues. Gaiety of temper, say the Swiss maidens, is no proof of fickleness of disposition, and profusion is often only an excess of generosity. It is better to be thus than sullen and niggardly; and what less profit is it to listen

to the strains of a lute, especially when the listener's beauty is the theme, than to hear for ever the rude notes of the hunter's horn?

Azaline of Erlach had shared the more generous sentiments of the damsels with whom she occasionally mingled; but the censure cast on Jobst of Rudenz must have been far heavier than these excuses sought to exonerate him from, to alter the feeling which had sprung up within her bosom. The mind of the young knight of Unterwalden appeared as pure as the graces of his person were unrivalled; and when he told her that he loved her for herself alone, Azaline believed him with all the faith that dwells in the trusting heart of woman.

A keener observer than Rudolph of Erlach might have noted that the eagerness with which Jobst of Rudenz sought his daughter's hand arose from considerations that weighed with him no less powerfully than love. But it was sufficient for Erlach that Azaline's affections were fixed on one whom she thought worthy of them; and though his own frugal nature had made the gaud and glitter of the great distasteful to him, he could admonish without bitterness, and correct without severity, those whose habits of life were more luxurious than his own. And there was one point that misled him in estimating the character of Jobst of Rudenz. When the knight of Unterwalden, secure in Azaline's affection, came to demand the consent of Erlach to his union with his daughter, he dealt with so much shrewdness in all that pertained to the business of the alliance, that the unsuspicious old warrior imagined him rather a man who was bent on adding to his means, than of dissipating that which he already possessed.

He knew that though Herman of Attinghausen, the maternal uncle of Jobst of Rudenz, had been buried with helm and hauberk, in token that he was the last of his race, and that his fief returned to the emperor, yet he remembered that when the baron died, but three years before, he bequeathed other possessions to Jobst, and left him store of gold beside. But he knew not—neither knew the less fortunate rivals of the knight of Unterwalden—that these possessions had well-nigh all been alienated, and that gold all dissipated, in the prodigal haunts of the cities beyond the Rhine, before Jobst of Rudenz returned to Switzerland to mend his broken fortunes by espousing some wealthy heiress. Erlach was ignorant that rapacity may wear the mask of prudence, and prodigality be veiled beneath the garb of worldly wisdom. Rudenz spoke him fair besides, for he had the gift of a glosing tongue; and the dowry which Erlach gave with his daughter, and the more which he promised hereafter, might well have excited the envy of the unsuccessful suitors for the hand of Azaline.

There were great festivals and rejoicings in the castle of Reichenbach, where, for the occasion, Erlach dispensed his hospitalities to all the country round, in celebration of his daughter's marriage; but these gaieties over, he again returned to his cottage, and once more resumed the pastoral life which was so dear to him.

The knight of Unterwalden bore away his bride, not to his native canton, but to a castle which called him lord in the defiles of the Jura, beyond Soleure. It was a possession which he had won with the dice from the Baron of Falkenstein; but, sooth to say, it carried with it little of territorial endowment, and was somewhat dearly exchanged for the gold which the young baron, a ruined spendthrift, had been unable to pay,

and who therefore made over to Jobst of Rudenz all that remained to him of a once fair estate. The castle of Falkenstein, whose ruins still arrest the traveller's admiration as he climbs the steep pass of the Ober Hauenstein, was an extensive structure; but it had been partially dismantled when the vindictive Queen Agnes so cruelly avenged the murder of her father, the Emperor Albert, on the unhappy Rudolph von Wart. And when the knight of Unterwalden first visited his ill-gotten acquisition, he found that his fellow-gamester had played him a gamester's trick, in substituting the bare walls of an almost tenantless abode for the heavy sum of money in which he was indebted.

But when Jobst of Rudenz found that his suit for the hand of Erlach's daughter was fairly entertained, he lost no time in giving orders for the restoration of the halls and bowers of Falkenstein; and the traders of Basel and Soleure were only too eager to supply all that was necessary when the rumour of the knight of Unterwalden's wealthy marriage was confirmed by Rudenz himself.

To Falkenstein, then, Azaline was conducted by her husband; and for the first few months nothing occurred to disturb her domestic felicity, though she could fain have wished that fewer guests had been the inmates of the castle, and that Rudenz had been contented with less expensive pleasures. The constantly-recurring banquets, the oft-repeated hawking and hunting parties, the numerous *mesnie*, and all the accompaniments of a life of mere enjoyment, would gladly have been exchanged by Azaline for a nearer semblance of the quiet joys to which she had been accustomed in her maiden condition. But Jobst of Rudenz had no one to control him now, and his purpose in marrying having been achieved, his natural disposition began to show itself more plainly. It is true, he had, in the first instance, been nearly as much attracted by Azaline's beauty as influenced by the knowledge of her father's wealth; and, although he was a skilful dissembler, there was no dissimulation in the sentiments which he avowed. But the passion that glowed within his bosom was unworthy the name of love, for it was his own gratification he sought, not the happiness of her who was the object of his desire; and possession soon rendered him indifferent.

The quietude of a domestic life had no charm for Jobst of Rudenz. His pleasures were to be sought in the midst of companions in whose estimation virtue and propriety of conduct were only idle words: men, and women, too, who lived but for the moment, and passed their days and nights in one eternal round of extravagance and dissipation, whose hands were familiar with the dice-box, whose lips were ever wet with the wine-cup. Nor was Rudenz content with assembling his questionable friends at Falkenstein. That depravity of taste which springs almost as a natural consequence, from unrestrained indulgence, led him to haunts of vice without the walls of his own castle, and to the worst *répaires* of the city of Soleure, Jobst of Rudenz became a frequent visitor, where, amidst the most dissolute of either sex, he scattered the gold which he had received from the liberal hand of Rudolph of Erlach.

Thus the drain of his extravagance grew daily broader and deeper, and, besides the profusion of his expenditure, the claims of creditors began to press. The merchants of Basel and Soleure, thrifty men who calculated their profit in proportion to the contingency of loss, became urgent

for the payment of debts whose day of credit was long past, and other less legitimate claimants were no less clamorous.

Jobst of Rudenz found little difficulty at first in obtaining money from his father-in-law, which he told him he needed on various pretences, all equally untrue; and as long as he was successful in his quest, his behaviour towards Azaline was—if not free from blame—at all events, not marked by unkindness. But when the frugal-minded Erlach perceived that the demands of his son-in-law began to exceed all bounds, and when, moreover, the rumour reached his ears, that the sums which he advanced had been spent by Rudenz in riot and licentiousness, and that his daughter's home was daily becoming more solitary and neglected—for Azaline could not conceal this truth from Erlach's anxious inquiries—the stern spirit of the old warrior awoke, and he peremptorily refused any longer to minister to the reckless extravagance of the knight of Unterwalden.

Then came an hour of bitterness for the wife of Rudenz. He reproached her with what he called her father's churlish meanness; he scornfully laughed at her proposal to abandon the life of pleasure he had so long been leading, and return with her to the tranquil enjoyments which had been theirs before marriage; and when she appealed to his affection, and pleaded the ties which should bind a husband—and perhaps a father—he tore off the mask, and abruptly told her that he had never loved her, that he held her but as an instrument of gain, and, failing that, cared not how soon the link which had united them was severed!

Azaline sunk at once under the blow: her dream of happiness was dispelled for ever. He whom she had loved with such an earnest heart, on whose truth she had relied with such unswerving faith, in spite of appearances which would have raised a doubt in a less-confiding heart—he had abandoned her, and cast her off; and nothing now remained but to lie down and die!

Whatever the effect of his brutal disclosure, Jobst of Rudenz did not wait to witness it, but, mounting his horse, rode off to Soleure, to drown what sense of remorse still lingered in his nature amid the excesses of his dissolute companions.

Chapter III.

THE GULF OF SIN.

The evening bell had tolled eight from the old clock-tower in the market-place of Soleure—that tower to which tradition assigned, even then, an origin of vast antiquity; but though at the sound every house of public resort was ordered to be shut, the means of access to such places were not denied to all, nor were the revels disturbed of those inside, provided any of the *privileged classes* happened to be amongst them.

The hostelry of "The Good Saint Martin" was one of these, though that beatified personage, highly as he favours travellers, would have been sorely scandalised could he have raised the latch of the great room in which the principal guests were assembled, and have seen what was there going on. It was a long and lofty apartment on the upper floor, which was approached by a spiral stone staircase—not the safest mode of communication with the lower part, when the heady quality of the wine which was served up-stairs is taken into consideration. This saloon, as we may term

it, was hung with stamped leather, smirched here and there with daubs of bright colour and gilding, but for the most part blackened by time and smoke; and at rare intervals on one side, where the casements gave a doubtful light by day, pieces of faded tapestry were carefully drawn, so as totally to prevent the gleam of the lamps from being observed in the street. It was almost a needless precaution, for the rancid oil with which they were fed gave out to the full as much smoke as light. Nor was the general system of *éclairage* greatly mended by certain brown, resinous candles, in tin sconces, which were stuck against the wall at the upper end of the apartment. These last were meant to indicate where the dais, or board of honour, was placed, and none took their seats there who were not entitled to do so by reason of their rank or the extent of their means—a well-filled purse being held, in these purlieus, the equivalent of a patent of nobility. Below the dais a long table stretched from one end of the room to the other, at which knots of men were seated, some playing at draughts and some at dice, with stoups of wine beside them, from which they drank freely, and at their elbows flaunting women, whose red caps proclaimed at once that they belonged to the marked tribe of courtesans, even if their words and gestures, their bold language and wanton glances, had left any doubt on the subject.

The greater number of these men were roistering soldiers—*reiters* who fought under any banner, red or black, and who, when not bearing arms in the quarrels of their superiors, drew their swords on their own account, and filled their pouches from those of such straggling wayfarers as they chanced to encounter on the highways. But amongst them were a few townsmen, not of the most opulent, and certainly not of the most respectable class, whom the flagon and the dice-box had seduced from their homes to mingle in scenes of vice like this till they fully qualified themselves for the haugman's cord or the sword of the Scharfrichter. And besides these were seen, where the wine-cup circled quickest, where the dice rattled loudest, and where the most gaudily-dressed and handsomest courtesans were gathered, a group of young men, whose velvet caps and streaming feathers, whose mantles of *samite* and golden chains, and, above all, whose daring levity, sufficiently declared the nobility of their descent, and the depths to which they had fallen.

"What has happened, I wonder, to Jobst of Rudenz to-night, that he fails to keep his hour!" exclaimed Albert of Attiswyl, one of the gayest of the licentious crew. "He was not wont to be behindhand where good fellowship prevailed, where generous wine was to be drunk, where gold was to be won, and where bright creatures were waiting to help him to spend his gains."

"Perhaps," suggested Ulrick of Kirchberg, a heavy-looking youth, with a sinister cast in his eye—"perhaps he has forsworn our company, and gone to plead pardon for his misdeeds from old Rudolph of Laupen!"

"Most likely to ask him for money," said Peter of Diesbach, who was more in the secrets of Rudenz, and kept his counsel accordingly.

"I can promise you that he is not at Reichenbach," observed the Baron of Kestenholz, looking up from his game; "for as I came hither to-day I passed him near the ford of Wangen. And though we had no speech together—for the river lay between us, and he looked neither to

the right nor the left—I saw by the path he afterwards took, when I turned to look after him, that he was travelling towards Falkenstein, though his horse's pace was slow enough to show that Jobst had little pleasure in turning his head that way."

"Gone home to his wife," laughed Albert of Attiswyl. "What say you to that, Petronille la Gente? Will her blue eyes and fair skin keep him a captive long?"

The dark-browed beauty to whom he spoke tossed her head scornfully, as if Rudenz had been quite indifferent to her—as, indeed, he was at that moment, her eager glances being fixed on the Baron of Kestenholz, by whose side the gold was fast accumulating.

"If Kestenholz saw Rudenz on the road to Falkenstein," said Peter of Diesbach, "the more reason we have for expecting him here. The love he bears to the fair shepherdess will scarcely keep him from the dainty fare for which we have to thank our patron saint, the blessed Martin. A good saint he was for cutting his cloak in twain to cover a beggar; a pity it is that our fathers follow not his example, and divide their estates with their sons. I am sure the greater part of us have a beggar's claim!"

This sally caused a laugh among the dicers, and Peter of Diesbach would doubtless have improved the occasion if Attiswyl had not suddenly checked his speech.

"Hark!" he exclaimed, "I hear the trampling of horses' hoofs coming down the street,—nearer—now they stop! Quick, host, and unbar the door. It is Jobst of Rudenz!"

He was right in his conjecture. A heavy step was presently heard ascending the stone staircase,—the door was thrown open, and the knight of Unterwalden entered the apartment.

A shout of welcome saluted him from the table at which his friends were seated, but he gave them no smile in return. There was heavy gloom on his brow, and he threw himself in silence on the nearest bench.

"What ails you, Jobst?" said Albert of Attiswyl, "that you come without a word of greeting. Kestenholz tells us that he saw you to-day, spurring towards Falkenstein like a lover to his mistress, or an heir to his inheritance. Have you left them both behind? How fares the lady, and what of the bags of golden crowns?"

"Peace with your folly," returned Rudenz, moodily; "give me a draught of wine,—my throat is parched with dust and travel."

The flagon was three times raised to quench his thirst, and then he set down the cup.

"Tell me," said Peter of Diesbach, drawing Rudenz on one side, "how have you sped at Falkenstein? Has the old goatherd of Reichenbach relented, and sent you the gold you asked for?"

"Curses on him," angrily exclaimed Rudenz; "the churl keeps back from me even that which is mine own!"

"How so?" said Diesbach, raising his brows; "enough, methinks, that he should guard his own!"

"I think so, too," replied Rudenz. "When I mingled my blood with his, I too much honoured his peasant stock, and all the gold he possesses would not suffice to make us equal. It is true, he gave me some portion of his wealth when I wedded Azaline—that is—his daughter—but the

whole of her dower is not yet paid. There are lands which are still my due, and these I have a right to ask for, and, by St. Ursus of Soleure, these I mean to have!"

"Set one bear against another, and let them fight it out," said Diesbach, laughing with his accustomed irreverence at all things held to be holy. "But of this anon—have you nothing to make you welcome here—for I need not tell you that when gamesters and courtesans are met, he who has not money in his purse finds scant favour in their eyes."

"If I have not money, I have money's worth," replied the knight of Unterwalden. "See," he continued, thrusting his hand beneath his vest and drawing it forth again, "here are jewels, worth double the amount of that pile of gold which Kestenholz has won yonder!"

There was a charm in the sound of the word "jewels" which operated like magic on Petronille la Gente. Since the first glance which she cast on Rudenz as he entered, and, as she guessed, empty-handed, she had stood with averted eyes, and taken no heed of his presence; but she now turned her head quickly, and, seeing a casket in his hand, bestowed on him one of her most fascinating smiles.

"Truant," she said; "not one word for Petronille after a whole day's absence! What comfort is left her when Jobst of Rudenz forsakes?"

"The next comer," muttered Peter of Diesbach—"but the syren's lure must be stronger than I wot of, if it keep Rudenz from the dice to-night."

He was right. The knight of Unterwalden impatiently shook off the fair arm that strove to encircle him as he drew near the table, and seated himself beside the players.

"Have we any trader here, or haggling Jew, who can value me these stones?" he cried, drawing out a glittering carkanet from the casket, and holding it up to full view.

"Hans Knicker, who, when he is at home, lives in the Juden Gasse of Frankfort, is in the corner there by the Stube. If any man knows the value of diamonds and rubies," said Peter of Diesbach, "it is he! Come hither, Jew, and tell the noble knight of Unterwalden how much these stones are worth."

"Does his lordship want money for them?" asked the Jew.

"And if not?" returned Diesbach.

"That makes a great difference," replied Hans. "I could tell him what they are worth in my hands—but not in his."

"How so?"

"His lordship probably bought them, and has not yet forgotten the price he paid. He had better do so at once, for he will never hear it again. Diamonds are a drug now since the merchants of Venice have found their way across the Alps. Gold is far more worth than ever."

"Curses on your jargon!" exclaimed Rudenz, angrily. "How many golden crowns may I challenge against this carkanet?"

The Jew took the jewels in his hand, and examined them with the care of a dealer. He held them up to the light to catch the reflection of the rays and note their transparency, but he could not bring himself to declare their actual value, though he was not to be the purchaser—at least not yet. The instinct of his profession was too strong within him, and he stammered out:

"Two thousand golden crowns!"

"Two thousand!" cried the knight of Unterwalden—"they cost me five at the fair of Beaucaire; they are worth a knight's ransom!"

"I will deal with you more liberally than Hans Knicker," said the Baron of Kestenholz,—"here are five hundred crowns more than the sum he names. I will set the whole amount—two thousand five hundred—against the carkanet, or turn trader for once, and buy them for the money."

"Buy them, buy them," eagerly whispered Petronille la Gente, leaning fondly over the baron's shoulder—"buy them and—give them to me!"

Kestenholz smiled, but there was no denial in his eyes as he turned them upon the large full orbs of the courtesan.

"The money, the money," shouted Rudenz—"we can then play like nobles, not chaffer like Jews!"

Hans Knicker strove to interpose.

"I will give," he said, "but I have not enough in Soleure at present—I will give——"

His hesitation spoilt his bargain, for the knight of Unterwalden, who had paused for a moment to hear how much, thrust the carkanet across the table to Kestenholz, who clutched it at once. and gave in return a heap of shining coin.

"Where got he the jewels?" demanded Albert of Attiswyl of Peter of Diesbach.

"Saw you them not," replied Diesbach, "on a certain fair neck at the tournament held at Reichenbach? He bought them not at Beaucaire—they were an heirloom in the house of Erlach."

"What house they may belong to before this night's revel is ended, a prophet wiser than you or I could scarcely tell," returned Attiswyl—"for see the play is again begun, and Rudenz ventures boldly. Let each man fling in for his chance!"

The players now addressed themselves to their work—and save a few *reiters* who loved a full flask in their grasp better than the sight of a dice-box in others' hands, and one or two maudlin traders who were lulling themselves to sleep to the dulcet tones of a fiddle and hautboy, which still squeaked at intervals to amuse the inferior guests—the whole of the company in the saloon crowded round the upper table to watch the fluctuations of the game.

Those fluctuations were many. At one time Kestenholz had again nearly cleared the board—at another Rudenz was a large winner; Albert of Attiswyl had his chance of fortune, and Ulrick of Kirchberg at one moment hoped to go forth the victor of the party. But Fortune abided by none of these; it might have been chance, though in all probability there was something aiding—the art of loading dice being no mystery amongst gamesters even in the times of which we speak—for on Peter of Diesbach's shuttle all the luck finally descended. His was the gold and his the carkanet—and with both the smiles of Petronille la Gente—and his the towers of Falkenstein, which once more found their market at the gaming-table.

It was late in the morning, and the players had dropped off one by one, till none were left but Diesbach and Jobst of Rudenz. The latter had thrown his last stake, and sat with his head buried in his hands and

his bloodshot eyes fixed gloomily upon the board. Diesbach fearing, perhaps, to go forth with his winnings—for his friend, as he knew, was not incapable of a *guet-à-pens*—sat opposite Rudenz, watching him intently, and revolving in his mind some question of vital import. At length he spoke:

"Rudenz," he said, "wherefore despair? This is only a freak of fortune. What my luck is to-day, yours may be to-morrow."

"How mean you?" exclaimed Jobst, raising his head, fiercely. "Do you not know—who so well as you—that I have lost everything, and am at this hour a penniless beggar? Jest not with me, or the steel I wear may make your gold and gems of little worth to you."

"Keep your steel for better purposes," replied Diesbach, unmoved by the threat; "use it as I advise, and you may get gold for the carrying—enough to set against all my winnings—and be a richer man than ever."

Rudenz looked at the speaker fixedly. He did not speak, but Diesbach knew he was listening. The latter went on rapidly:

"Rudolph of Erlach," he said, "defrauds you of his daughter's dower; he shuts his ears to your prayers; make him open them to your importunity. He is old and feeble; you have a tongue to speak, and, if need be, an arm to strike. Erlach lives alone. Take horse at once, and go to Reichenbach. Come back with gold."

With these words Diesbach rose, and went towards a casement. He threw back the tapestried curtain, and the daylight came streaming in. He might now venture homeward with his prize, secure from ambuscade. Rudenz was still sitting where he had left him.

"Come back with gold!" repeated Diesbach, slowly and impressively, as he left the apartment.

Rudenz remained for some minutes in a state of stupor, but the noise of the closing doors, as his friend departed, roused him from his apathy.

"Come back with gold!" he muttered. "Be it so. I accept the chance, let the means be what they may."

A quarter of an hour afterwards, a solitary horseman passed over the drawbridge of the Berner-Thur, and rode rapidly in the direction of Reichenbach.

Chapter IV.

THE AVENGERS OF BLOOD.

The shades of night had drawn in after a fine October day, in the year 1360, and Rudolph of Erlach, alone in his rustic dwelling, sat poring, by the light of a cresset, over the pages of a richly-illuminated "Byble Hystorial,"—for which he had given a large sum to the monks of the abbey of St. Gallen—no longer the jealous guardians of their literary wealth, but anxious rather to exchange it for the wealth of the world, in order to prosper their intrigues, and advance the political influence of their Abbot.

Erlach's eyes were bent on the costly volume, but the sense in them was closed to the limner's art or the rubricator's cunning, for his thoughts had wandered to that fastness in the Jura, where dwelt the pride of his heart, his daughter Azaline.

They were, however, speedily recalled to present life, by the sudden baying of his two bloodhounds, which, with his own hands, he had chained an hour before in their nightly lair on the ground-floor of the cottage, the upper part alone, as is still customary in the canton of Berne, being occupied by the owner of the dwelling.

Erlach went out into the staircase, and leaning over the balustrade, rebuked the hounds for the noise they made.

"Be still, Brandmark! Lie quiet, Grimm! No wolves are near; take your rest in peace, and leave me to mine."

But still an under-current of growling went on, and Erlach soon discovered the cause in the sound of a hasty footfall which reached his ear.

"What ho, there!" he called, as he looked out into the night, "who comes?"

"It is I—Jobst of Rudenz," replied a voice, and presently the tall figure of the knight of Unterwalden was visible by the light of the lamp which Erlach held. He drew nearer, but though the hounds were familiar with his tones, they growled uneasily, and seemed to strain their chains to set themselves free; and it was not till their master had spoken harshly to them that they ceased from their chiding.

"Enter son," said Erlach, "your tidings must be worth hearing since they are brought so late What of my daughter? Is she a mother yet?"

"Of that I know nought," replied Rudenz, carelessly. "I left her—well," he added, after a brief pause.

"This visit, then," said Erlach, in a grave tone, "what means it? Our last meeting was none of the friendliest, and your present bearing bodes little better."

"I am come," exclaimed Rudenz, chafing at the old man's cold reception—"I am come to claim my rights!"

"Be it so," replied the aged knight. "Rudolph of Erlach never yet refused his rights to any man."

"Then give me mine," returned Rudenz—"mine—which you have so long withheld."

"I owe you nothing," said Erlach, calmly; "except a weight of care."

"That care may be increased," retorted Rudenz; "but to the point. I came not here to bandy words, or disguise my purpose; I claim the lands that are my due in right of my wife. Withhold them longer at your peril!"

"And so let the usurer clutch them in his grasp—the spendthrift hazard their value on the cast of a die. No, Jobst of Rudenz! Lands of mine—for yours they are not, and, perchance, may never be—shall not pass that way. My promise, as you well know, referred not to my lifetime; and bethink you, your memory is not so treacherous as to fail to remind you that the sum I last advanced was given in quittance for all future contingencies. Repay the gold I lent, or cease to trouble me with your pretended claims; or, if misconduct has led you to poverty, promise amendment, relinquish the vain rank you are incapable of sustaining worthily, and bring my daughter to Reichenbach. Here, amid these valleys, you may learn to love that virtue on which you have hitherto turned your back; here you may become a man fit to be the husband of Azaline of Erlach."

"A peasant's thought, and uttered by a peasant's tongue," said Jobst of Rudenz, contemptuously, "to tend cows and pasture goats—a fitting occupation for a knight of Unterwalden! Hear me, old man! I leave not this roof to-night with my purpose unfulfilled. Give me either, in gold, the worth of the land I claim, or sign me a deed—for this token of learning," he sneeringly added, pointing to the outspread volume, "seems to promise something of clerkly skill—a deed of conveyance of the land itself. I will then be gone, and trouble you no more."

"You may be gone now," returned Erlach, coldly, seating himself as he spoke; "whether sooner or later it concerns yourself only."

Rudenz trembled with passion. He came close to the knight of Erlach, and exclaiming, "Gold or the deed!" menaced him with his clenched hand.

The blood of the hero of Laupen rushed to his cheek at this insult. He rose hastily from his chair, and, though his hand shook with age and feebleness, grasped a truncheon that was lying on the table, and stood erect as when he offered the bold Berners to lead them against the foe.

It was a semblance of resistance and the pretext which Rudenz sought. He rushed at the old man, and, seizing him by the throat, endeavoured to throw him on the ground, there to bind and despoil him of his wealth; for at the moment he entertained no deadlier purpose.

But the strength of the old Swiss warrior had not entirely departed with his prime of life; he struggled manfully with his son-in-law, and together they swayed to and fro, locked in each other's fierce embrace, till both fell on the floor together. At this the hounds below rent the air with their howling, and the efforts they made to break their bonds were distinctly audible above the din.

Rudenz, who had fallen uppermost, shook off the grasp of his feeble opponent, and quickly gained his feet; but Erlach rose too as far as his knees, and hearing the baying of his hounds, called to them loudly for assistance.

"Hither, good dogs! Hey, Brandmark! hey, Grimm!—it is Rudolph of Erlach who calls."

The dogs replied by more vigorous bounds and louder threats. Not a moment was to be lost if Jobst of Rudenz held his own life of value. He glanced wildly around in search of a weapon, for his own dagger had escaped from its sheath and fallen somewhere out of sight. His eye fell upon a naked sword that was hanging from the wall. He seized it instinctively, and, as Erlach was rising to his feet, plunged it in his breast.

The old man staggered backwards a few paces, and then fell heavily to the ground, while his blood gushed out on his hearthstone. He lifted his head, and, looking at the dripping blade, exclaimed in dying accents:

"Mother of God! is this my last reward!"

They were the last words he spoke. The weapon dropped from the hand of Rudenz. It was the sword with which Erlach had conquered on the field of Laupen!

He turned, and rushing from the room, leapt over the balustrade into the open plain, and fled like one pursued by the furies.

Well might he fly, for the avengers of blood were on his track. He reached the spot were his horse was fastened, and mounting in hot haste, spurred furiously up the path that led from the valley, and, gaining the

table land, scoured away as fast as the startled creature could bear him. Yet once, on the brow of a hill, he paused, as a distant sound fell on his ear. It was the baying of Erlach's hounds, and it swept through the air like the voice of doom.

"Howl on!" he cried, "howl till you wake your master!"

And away he rode again with frantic speed, and soon the forest of Kemmenried was past and Reichenbach left far behind.

Good dogs! noble hounds! Brandmark and Grimm!—that last struggle has set you free! See—your feet are wet in the gore of Rudolph of Erlach! The pale face and lifeless hands which you lick with your sweeping tongues can never shine on you or caress you again. In vain you shake your master by the collar, in vain you thrust your heads against his senseless body,—he is dead,—dead as the stones on which he lies,—murdered in his old age by his son-in-law, the knight of Unterwalden.

Do you know what murder is? Methinks the God whose power informs all things has given you a new instinct. You gaze upon each other, and a brighter ray of reason descends upon you. One last despairing howl is given to your murdered lord and then—with one consent—you rush from the house of blood and scent the murderer's footsteps.

The track is soon found, and once found will never be lost. On Brandmark and Grimm! Good dogs! The blood of Rudolph of Erlach cries to you for revenge.

The night was half spent, and Rudenz, avoiding the high road to Soleure, had reached the ford of Wangen on the Aar. He had ridden full thirty miles since he quitted the valley of Reichenbach, and his steed, exhausted by the distance, added to the previous day's work, could go no further, and he was forced to abandon him at the river's brink. "But no matter now," he cried, "I know the ford well; once on the other side and I am safe—two leagues more and I stand within the walls of Falkenstein. Of Falkenstein! And who will come to greet me? Great God! the daughter of the man whom I have slain!"

He cast himself on the ground, and groaned sorely. Enfeebled in mind and body, he might have passed the rest of the night where he lay, but once again a sound fell on his ear, at which a shudder crept over his frame, and his fell of hair rose stiffly from his head. It was the baying of bloodhounds, and his conscience told him who were his pursuers.

He rose from the moist earth, damp with the river fog, but the moisture which trickled from his brow was colder than the midnight dew. He dashed into the Aar, and wading, scrambling, and swimming, gained the opposite bank in safety. "Accursed hounds!" he cried, "your instinct fails you now, the water spoils the track." But, determined to leave no opening to chance, or, as if doubting the truth of his own exclamation, he hurried on as fast as his wearied limbs would let him towards the defiles of Ober Hauenstein.

Good dogs! Brandmark and Grimm! Your instinct is truer than the murderer recked of; or has the special Providence who never suffers blood-guiltiness to escape unpunished, suspended the common laws of nature? You have passed the ford with as sure a foot as if your victim were in full view, though the night is dark, and the mists roll over the

river. Away, away, the scent is hot again,—another deep, long cry, and silently you sweep along.

Footsore, panting, staggering, bewildered, Jobst of Rudenz had struggled on till he reached the dark gorge of Klus, and though he feared to stop, he now deemed himself safe. A few hundred yards further, and the gates of the tower which guard the pass will open to receive him—for the warder is his own retainer.

Suddenly he hears the pattering of hasty feet, and the hoarse gasp of eager breath behind him. His limbs are like lead, his hands are powerless to strike, but yet he turns to face his pursuers. One bound, and their fangs have stricken him,—he screams in the extremity of his fear,—but the warder sleeps on his watch-tower, and the hounds are alone with their prey.

Good dogs! Brandmark and Grimm! What has become of the murderer of the hero of Laupen!

"The next day," says the old chronicle which briefly tells the story of this event,—"the next day the bloodhounds returned to Reichenbach with bloodstained lips, and nothing more was heard of Jobst of Rudenz."

ALEXANDER YPSILANTI AT MUNKAC.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF WILHELM MULLER.

Alexander Ypsilanti lies in Munkac's highest tower.
The rusty bars of his dungeon grate, shook with the wild storm's power;
As the drifting vapours hid the moon, and dark clouds veiled the sky;
Deep sighed the Grecian chieftain that in chains he thus should lie.
Still to the south horizon points ever his pale hand—
"Ah! that I lay beneath the soil of my dear fatherland!"
As he gazed on the wide and barren tracks that lay the tower around,
Where the eagle soared above the cliff far o'er the marshy ground.
Again he sighed, "Who tidings brings from the land where the lov'd ones dwell?"
Then his eyes were weighed with tearful sleep as by some mighty spell.
And the hero sinks his weary head upon his shrunken hand:
See, his countenance grows brighter, dreams he of the Grecian land?
Straightway on his slumbers entered a warrior of colossal size,
And he gazed upon the sleeper with joy in his spectral eyes.
"Alexander Ypsilanti, let thy lion heart take cheer,
Where blood of mine was long since shed a rocky pathway near,—
Where in a single narrow grave three hundred Spartans lay,
Have the Grecians smote the Infidel upon this very day.
To bear the news from another clime I left the spirit band,
A clime as free, O Ypsilanti, as thy Hellas holy land."
Then the prince awoke from slumber, and "Leonidas," he cried,
Not tears of joy the captive shed, and gazed all eager eyed.
Hark! the rushing o'er his head, as forth into the night
An eagle flies, whose mighty wings cleave the grey streaks of light.

JASPER THORSON.

* The noblest of the Greek patriot chieftains.

PICTURES OF MY BARRACK LIFE.

BY A GERMAN SOLDIER.

Chapter III.

REVEILLÉ—STABLE-TALK.

The first night I spent in the barracks I slept but little. Indeed, I would have defied the Seven Sleepers themselves to have obtained anything like a wink upon my fresh-stuffed mattress, which, having a sharp ridge in the middle, and slanting down with a steep inclination on either side, was calculated for anything but repose. If I did manage to close my eyes for a moment, the same dream constantly recurring to my mind disturbed my rest by its effects. I thought I was on the top of a high hill, and was seized with a childish desire so roll down from the top to the bottom. I did so, and found the descent pleasant enough till I reached the valley, when I bumped my side against the trunk of a tree which lay in my way. This awoke me, and I found to my surprise that I was on the hard floor by my bedside. This occurring every time I had the temerity to close my eyes, I at length gave up the attempt in despair, and passed the remainder of the night upon the floor. I was up with the lark, and at the first notes of the bugle issued from my dormitory to proceed to the stables. But what a strange spectacle saluted my gaze on crossing the threshold! Could it be real, or was it an optical delusion? I rubbed my eyes incredulously, but, alas! with all my rubbing I could not alter the obstinate fact which horrified my sense of propriety. A short distance from me the trumpeter, about whose office and dignity I had entertained many romantic and mediæval notions—at whose beck hundreds of gallant warriors ought, as I imagined, to be proud to follow —a man whom I had often thought of with respect, stood blowing a loud *reveillé* with the most provoking indifference, and, *horribile dictu*, in his shirt! In mute amazement I watched this unchivalrous trumpeter blow his blast and creep up to bed again. What a monstrous anomaly! A trumpeter sounding his inspiriting notes without even a pair of pantaloons! A breechless bugler! *O tempora, O mores!*

After he had disappeared I remained for a moment in a state of incertitude, unable to decide whether I had seen a real live trumpeter, or whether it was some wild phantasmagoria of the brain, caused by the broken slumbers of the night; but convinced at last, by irrefragable evidence, that I was actually awake, and in full possession of my faculties, I directed my steps towards the stable, musing by the way on this unromantic adventure with the degenerate trumpeter. My preceptor, Sergeant Dose, received me solemn and stately, as usual, at the stable door, and commenced the day's tuition by reading me a lecture out of a book on the management of the horse, which, as he informed me, had been written by one of our officers, who was also a great poet, and had written many patriotic songs. Lest the curiosity of my readers should be excited, I may as well mention that, notwithstanding Dose's eulogium, the officer in question is not extensively known among the *literati* of the present day, nor is he yet enrolled in the *corpus poetarum* of the Fatherland, though their name be Legion. His prolegomenon ended, Dose gave

me the book, which had evidently undergone a thorough acclimatisation in the purlieus of the stable, and recommended me to study it profoundly. I put the book in my pocket, and then perambulated the stables, to make myself acquainted with their various ways and doings, Sergeant D. enjoining me, meanwhile, to observe everything carefully, that I might commence my diurnal duties in the afternoon.

A military stable, when the soldiers are engaged in rubbing down their horses, is a most lively and animated sight. The scrupulous cleanliness of every corner, the snorting, shaking, champing and rubbing of a hundred horses, make a highly novel and interesting *coup d'œil.* Before one of the animals, a long-legged, wall-eyed mare, the sergeant stopped in his peripatetic discourse, and pointed it out to me as his charger.

"That is Crocus, one of the most distinguished mares in Christendom; see, how well she knows me. But Crocus, my jewel, don't turn your head to me in that manner, or if Captain de Foe comes he will say we seem to have made a very good breakfast this morning."

These words were scarcely out of his mouth when he felt a hard tap on his shoulder, and, turning round, he beheld the sharp physiognomy of the captain himself. It was an astounding *coup de théâtre.* The candescent countenance of his Satanic Majesty could not have alarmed the sergeant more than this unwelcome apparition. But this time, to our great, though agreeable surprise, the storm blew over. Satisfied, probably, with the dismay which he saw depicted on our faces, or perhaps taken too much aback at the sergeant's unexpected boldness to be able to collect the thunders of his wrath and launch them at his head, the captain merely remarked, with not more than his usual asperity,

"Sergeant Dose, it strikes me that we *have* made a good breakfast this morning;" and then turning to me, "I should have been better pleased if I had found you cleaning your horse."

I crept away with my tail between my legs, metaphorically speaking, and set to work on my charger's flanks. After half an hour's unwonted exertion, which reduced me to a state of thorough sudefaction, I accomplished my task to the sergeant's satisfaction, and proceeded to drill. That and appell being over, I had the afternoon to myself, till the time for "the prelection" came on. This prelection is that portion of a soldier's day which is devoted, according to rules and regulations, to intellectual pursuits. The assembled garrison is then instructed and examined by one of the officers on some useful military matters. On this day Lieutenant von Rump officiated as our pedagogue. He was kind and considerate, but somewhat too fastidious for a soldier. For example, when he entered our barrack-room he took the most particular care to steer clear of every piece of furniture, and he was followed by his servant, bearing his own peculiar chair, upon which he sat down with immense dignity and importance. Having arranged the ends of his beard, and turned up the tips of his moustache, he opened the proceedings with the words,

"This room smells horribly of stale tobacco."

He then hemmed, put a bouquet to his nose, and began to read the first chapter of our "Artillery Guide," from which I and the other neophytes learnt that a brigade of artillery is always commanded by a colonel, and consists of three divisions, each of which is under a major, and consists of five batteries of eight pieces each, and many other minute

details uninteresting to my reader, but necessary to be learnt by every aspirant after military fame. Whilst this was being read, above half of my comrades were in a blissful state of somnolency, and when aroused by a poke in the ribs from a neighbour, they responded to the lieutenant's interrogatories with the most outrageously foolish guesses, which, however, was the case with many of those who kept awake. I frequently found among the privates many who had abundance of mother-wit, and excelled in repartee, but were nevertheless incorrigibly stupid when required to learn anything. One cannoneer in my company could not, by any amount of pains, be made to recollect that gunpowder was composed of sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal. You might impress it upon him one minute, and a few minutes later he would not be able to name more than two of the ingredients. The colonel heard of his peculiar obfuscation of intellect, and resolved to examine the man himself.

"Well, my son, can you tell me what powder is made of?"

The man was silent. The colonel then desired him to remember that it was made of sulphur, saltpetre, and charcoal: and after repeating them to him desired him to recite them again.

"Charcoal—saltpetre," stammered out the cannoneer, and stopped.

A second time this was repeated, and a second time he failed. Von Teschchenschech then imagined the man must be embarrassed by his presence, and taking off his plumed hat he said to him:

"Now fancy that I am not your Colonel von Teschchenschech, but only your good comrade the cannoneer; and suppose I come to you, tap you on the shoulder, and say, 'Comrade, have the goodness to tell me what powder is made of?' What would you say?"

The man immediately looked up, and replied, with an unembarrassed air:

"I should say, comrade, that you know better than I do."

In this routine I spent some days, during which my former romantic ideas were being gradually dispelled by stern reality, and I now began to perceive that the chivalry of the nineteenth century is an organism in which the man who can best succeed in holding his tongue, keeping his buttons bright, and his belt white, is the most sure of fame and honour. I soon learnt the manual and sword exercise, and was then instructed in the noble art of equitation, by Lieutenant Diggendorf, who presided over that branch of our military education. He was one of the best and most beloved officers in the brigade; for, though strict, he was always just, and did not, like most of his *co-frères*, imagine that bluster and abuse are the best means of manufacturing country bumpkins into decent soldiers, whereas it is only a due admixture of firmness, gentleness, and judgment, that will ever convert the shapeless metal into the required form. For some time after my arrival at Dolmar we had a commanding officer who leniently allowed us many little liberties not strictly regular, if only they did not seriously impair the discipline of the regiment; but soon after I had ceased to be in *statu pupillari*, and had become a full-fledged defender of my country, hight Cannoneer Br——, the captain announced to us one morning at appell the ominous tidings that the staff of our brigade was to be removed to Dolmar; in other words, that Von Teschchenschech was coming in *propriâ personâ* to fill the gubernatorial throne in Dolmar. This information was accompanied, as well it might, by a recommendation from our captain to the regiment, and especially to the volunteers, to observe the strictest propriety, and avoid every breach

of discipline or decorum. *E.g.* We must not think of going out with our uniforms unbuttoned, or with a white waistcoat on, or a silk cravat, as the colonel had an especial antipathy to these things in private soldiers. In a few days the colonel appeared, and signalised his entry by a long parade, at which he stormed and anathematised at a great rate. That being over, he inspected the barracks and stables, making us shake in our shoes at the peering glances he threw around him. Sergeant Dose was custodian of the provender-chamber for the equine part of the battery, and in that office I was his deputy, and had, consequently, to keep the accounts for his department, the sergeant being about as good an arithmetician as if he had been brought up among the wise men of Thrace, who, as the sage Aristotle informs us, could never count beyond the number four. Our granary was part of an old convent, and was the hereditary stronghold of an army of rats and mice, which committed the most unheard-of ravages amongst our corn and hay, so that at last Dose had, unknown to the captain, procured a large cat, and set her to work to extirpate or reduce the numbers of these felonious depredators; and I, having caught an owl in one of the towers, had shut him up in the granary as the cat's coadjutor in her herculean task. But now that the colonel approached to inspect our department, we were not a little embarrassed about what we should do with our useful allies. We had not time, however, to form a resolution on the subject before the door opened, and the colonel and his *cortége* entered. Dose made his official report on the state of the stores, and, after looking round and finding nothing deserving of a reprimand, the colonel was just turning to depart when the unlucky owl, disturbed probably by the unwonted glitter of sabre and epaulettes, fluttered down from her lofty perch, and in her descent aroused grey malkin, who incontinently commenced a loud miowing. The colonel looked round in surprise.

"Ah! what is that? Do you keep wild beasts in his majesty's granary? What is it, sergeant?"

In a deprecatory voice Dose replied,

"There are a great many mice here, colonel, and I got a cat and an owl to——"

"Oho, I see, to catch the mice; that is very good, very good."

The captain, who had evidently looked for a violent explosion of wrath, now chimed in with,

"Yes, colonel; I thought it would be the best way to get rid of the vermin."

"Oh, yes! a very good plan. Quite right, quite right; I am quite content."

Not so Dose, however, for as soon as they were out of hearing, he exclaimed,

"Look, now; that is the way. As soon as he saw it was taken in good part he took all the honour to himself; but he shan't have it for nothing, I can tell him. In our next account I set down a good round sum 'for the keep of the creatures that the captain ordered to catch the mice.'"

Now that our Argus-eyed colonel was resident in the town, we could not be too circumspect and wary in our ways. He was ever on the watch, and we were always meeting when no one would have expected him to be within a mile. Every day convinced us more and more of his prowling

propensities, and showed us what to expect if caught in *flagrante delictu.* One morning we were just thinking of rising from our beds on hearing the trumpeter sound the first notes of the *reveillé*, when, to our surprise, the linked sweetness of his initiatory notes was suddenly superseded by a hoarse, discordant, blatant blare, which might have done honour to the bull of Perillus, and then the gruff voice of Von Teschchenschech, in high dispute, broke upon our ears. We hastened to our doors to view the fracas, and then we found, as most of us had already surmised, that the trumpeter, trusting as usual to the solitude of the courtyard at that time of day, had descended from his lair to blow the *reveillé* destitute of all clothing save his slippers, and that article of apparel which my too fastidious pen refuses to specify a second time, and whose nomenclature shall therefore be left to the reader's discretion. In this highly simple and unsophisticated state he had been surprised by our catchpoll colonel, and the harsh ejaculatory sound which had roused us from our roosts was occasioned by the rude application of the colonel's booted foot to the rear of the bugler, whose horror and petrification at finding himself in this dolorous dilemma must be classed among the things that are more easily conceived than described. After this hearty salute, the colonel seized our Misenus by the tail of his anonymous garment, and dragged him away in triumph to receive summary punishment. Such was the comical sight which met our gaze when we peeped out of our dormitories;—the burly colonel like a huge spattering steam-ship towing a small unrigged bark into a hostile harbour. The unfortunate wretch got two days' arrest, and blew his signals for the future in full costume.

Chapter IV.

THE SENTRY-BOX AND THE CELL.

The time was now arrived when I was to take my first watch, into which duty a new soldier is generally initiated by his comrades with sundry solemn rites, which consist, however, for the most part, in his providing them with Schnapps and beer *ad libitum.* In return for my compliance with this custom I got the best post, which was to stand guard before the colonel's residence; and I was therefore duly inducted into the little sentry-box in his garden about three o'clock in the afternoon, my predecessor informing me that the colonel was not at home, which fact it was my duty to know. For the first half hour I was pleased with my novel occupation. I walked up and down the little garden, admired the flowers, and built many castles in the air, hugging myself with the thought that I had already become "some one." Soon, however, the time began to hang heavy on my hands; I counted the buttons of my uniform, the flowers and fowls in the garden, and the pigeons on a neighbouring roof. I admitted to myself there were pleasanter ways of passing one's time than promenading a watch-beat, or kicking one's heels in a sentry-box. At last I made a halt in my obambulations, and, addressing a merry-faced maiden who stood at the kitchen-window, inquired when the "old fellow" would be at home. By this familiar appellation I alluded to the colonel, and I learned to my surprise that he had already come in by another door. Of this fact I was soon made fully aware, for I had scarcely received an

answer, when, Donner and Blitzen, what should I hear but the colonel's barbarous *patois*, which was always strongest when he was in a rage, exclaiming,

"Oho! you want the old fellow, do you? The old fellow will soon come down and settle with you, you rapscallion."

I speedily withdrew my horns into my sentry-box, and stood there anxiously foreboding the probable issue of my misadventure. After a short interval he stumped down stairs, and approached my box to annihilate me with his censures, but, as I had employed the little respite he had given me in putting my arms, accoutrements, &c., in the most unimpeachable order, he was forced to content himself with hurling five thousand anathemas at my head, and setting the offence down in the account-books of his memory as a debt to be discharged on the first opportunity, which, to my sorrow, was not long in happening.

One of the consequences (and to us volunteers the most provoking one) of the colonel's seat of government being removed to Dolmar was, that we were obliged to conform to the strict rules of the service on dress, in which a little laxity had generally been shown to volunteers, but from the colonel of course nothing of the kind could be expected, considering his innate aversion to the whole race. So that now we were not allowed to wear a waistcoat, or to have any uniform but the coarse one of the service, with which we were highly disgusted. For some time we prudently abstained from trying what effect the interdicted apparel might have on the sensitive nerves of the colonel; but, alas!—*nemo omnibus horis sapit*—in an evil hour of one never-to-be-forgotten Sunday afternoon, after holding a solemn council to decide on the plans to be pursued in case of our falling foul of our omnipresent bugbear, a troop of us sallied forth from the barrack-gates to promenade the town in the full glory of superfine uniforms, white waistcoats, and light sabres. We had not proceeded far, before one of our number exclaimed,

"Lieber Himmel! Here comes the colonel!"

All the elaborate plans which we had framed to meet such a contingency were instantly banished from our memories, and we stood in horrific expectation, as if, like those disagreeable demoiselles of yore, the Gorgons, his aspect had possessed the power of petrifying all beholders. We had, however, just sufficient presence of mind left to us to make a few attempts to conceal our irregularities, and with such success, that for a moment we buoyed ourselves up with the hope that we were saved.

"Ah! young men, you look quite soldier-like and tidy; I like to see you neat, but——" and here a dark scowl overspread his face—"what is here? Oho, you wear starched collars and silk neckerchiefs, do you?" and with that he pulled the obnoxious articles over the ears of the one who was next to him. "And you, too, sir, what do you mean by letting your shirt peep over your breeches there?"

These words being addressed to me, I looked down in horror. Oh weh! I had buttoned my coat crookedly, and a bit of my white waistcoat treacherously showed itself in the gap which had been left by that inadvertency.

"Well," said the colonel, "isn't it your shirt?"

"No, Mr. Colonel," I stammered out—"my waistcoat."

"Oho, your waistcoat! I'll waistcoat you. And this one has a pair of

black trousers on. You're a splendid corps. And the fourth of this noble company has a finer belt than my own. Right-about-face. To the barracks. March!"

Our arrival there created no little stir and amusement. As soon as the colonel's gruff voice was heard in the courtyard, we saw a head pop out of nearly every window, and in every head we could discern a mouth grinning, and two eyes twinkling with delight at our evil case. The colonel made but short work with us, and gave no quarter. After a few preliminary remarks on the enormity of our offence, he sentenced us to twenty-four hours' middle arrest, and ordered us to be led off to receive our punishment *instanter*. We were accordingly delivered into the hands of an old invalid, who discharged the functions of our military gaoler, and in virtue thereof styled himself "Our inspector;" but was generally known among us by the title of "The King of the Rats," on account of the great number of those quadrupeds which were domiciled in his domains. No one was ever more eminently fitted by nature for the avocation which had fallen to his lot. The exercise of his inquisitorial powers was the sole delight of his life. His hideous features expanded into a self-satisfied but sardonic grin whenever a new victim was brought to him for incarceration, but when not engaged in this congenial task he was a gloomy and morose old carl, with a physiognomy that bore evident marks of a bibaceous disposition. His nose was of most goodly size, projecting boldly from his face like the spout of a pump, and as sumptuously bestudded with rubies and other precious stones as a mountain of Golconda. Beneath this elegant proboscis yawned a cavernous mouth, which ever and anon assailed the olfactory nerves of a stander-by with mingled exhalations of beer and tobacco; and this distortion of a face was surmounted by a greasy nightcap, which might have been white at some remote period, but was now bronzed to nearly the same shade as the face over which it nodded its pendant tassel.

To this remarkable specimen of the *genus homo* I was now consigned, to be dealt with according to the rules of middle arrest, which, as its name imports, is not so severe as close arrest, but more so than slight arrest. He accordingly thrust me into a dirty stone cage six feet by three, and eight feet high, ventilated by a latticed air-hole a foot square—a loaf of bread, a jug of water, and a basin being the only appurtenances of the place, and there left me with a malicious leer to pace its narrow limits, like a bear in a menagerie-cage, and kill the enemy Time to the best of my ability. For this purpose, after invoking a considerable amount of malefications upon Von Teschchenschech's and my ugly gaoler's heads, I tried every device I could think of. I did as Jean Paul advises those who cannot sleep: I went through the numbers up to ten thousand, and conjugated irregular verbs till my brain was in a whirl; but, despite all my notable plans, Time put on his leaden wings, and all the clocks of the town seemed to have entered into a malicious combination to protract the period of my durance. If I had been entomologically inclined, and had had a little more light, I might have improved my time by studying the manners and customs of the numerous species of reptiles which I could dimly discern wandering about the floor and walls of my den; and, as it was, no inconsiderable portion of my time was taken up in repelling the attacks of

an army of certain parasitical animalculæ, which were feloniously phlebotomising on my unfortunate epidermis, with a zest that plainly showed that they had been on short commons for a considerable time. But as everything must come to an end in process of time, so did this long-delaying night. Soon after the *reveillé* had told me morning was come, I heard a slouching, slipshod step approach my door. The bolts were then unbarred, and, with unwilling steps and slow, his Rattish majesty made his entry into my cell, to escort me into a small courtyard, where, with the other (human) inhabitants of his dominions, I was allowed to disport myself and gulp down a quarter of an hour's fresh air, before he again showed his Mephistophelian physiognomy, which this time was adorned with a leer so malevolent that even its big-swelled nose seemed to grow more lustrous, and dart forth scintillations of delight, to reconduct us to our cabinets, as he jocosely styled his dirty dens. But now that half the period of my duress was completed, time jogged on a little faster. I had reached the summit of the hill, and was now descending with accelerated motion into the Valley of Deliverance, and I heard his Rattish majesty unbarring my door even before I had expected him. With a jubilant jump I bounded out of my lair, and triumphed exultingly over the malignant old scarecrow, who, however, as he ushered me into the barrack-yard, muttered a hospitable hope that he should soon have the pleasure of seeing me under his roof again. Once out of his clutches, I took care not to come within reach of them again; and, the better to avoid such a catastrophe, I applied myself with all the energy I possessed to complete my military education, and with such success that in a few weeks I was admitted as a candidate for the bombardiers' examination. A bombardier is the lowest non-commissioned officer in the artillery, and all aspirants for this rank are expected to be able to shoe a horse, to point a gun, to keep its carriage in good order, to understand arithmetic, and to have some small extra stock of mathematics. After going through the trying ordeal to the satisfaction of my superiors, I received the badge of promotion—viz., a gold stripe on each arm; and never did field-marshal, when receiving his newly-acquired batôn, indulge in half the self-gratulation that I did while contemplating these simple bits of lace. Never did Landwehr captain, fresh from the hands of his tailor, promenade the streets with a more martial air than I on that memorable day; and when at last, on passing some privates, I was saluted with due respect, I had reached the very acme of martial felicity; and, in the plenitude of my pride, I thus soliloquised: "Now Bombardier B——, you are really 'some one.' You have put your foot on the first step in the ladder of promotion, and you have nothing to do but advance steadily to the summit; another step or two, and you will mount a pair of gold epaulettes; when they are on, you will speedily tread on Von Teschchenschech's heels, and be ready to jump into his boots whenever he vacates them."

ATHANASIUS ROBICHON.*

There dwells in the Rue de Miromesnil, in the fourth story, a man whose intellects have been much disordered by the last revolution. His name is Athanasius Robichon. Perhaps some people remember him, as having lived in the Marais. It was in that quarter that he dwelt for thirty years, knowing nothing of the world but its infantile games, and applying all the resources of his intelligence to the art of perfectioning toys. Athanasius had, even at that time, one dominant idea. He belonged to the great school, which insists that France should produce dearly, but superiorly. His conscience was satisfied upon the first point; he sold his toys as dearly as he could. But it was not so with the second; Nuremberg held at that time the sceptre of art. Tradition and activity, both combined to ensure the empire of the stranger; dolls, more especially, were brought out in a manner that threw all rivalry into deep discouragement. Any other man than Athanasius would have bowed before the perfection of Nuremberg. But Athanasius felt not only his own honour, but that of his country, concerned. He defied Nuremberg, even in its dolls; for twenty long years he engaged in the struggle for superiority. He was often wounded; never killed. He even imbibed vigour from his defeats, and only became the more animated at the sight of his wounds.

At length so much perseverance met with its reward. Athanasius saw his dreams accomplished: he obtained that which he had sought for with so much ardour—a dear, but a superior doll. Europe adopted it—it crossed the Atlantic—it forced even the last positions of the enemy—an order came from Nuremberg. That was a great day for the toy-maker. It was France opposed to Germany. But the victory had its costs. The brain does not fix itself with impunity upon the same ideas: a spring always on the stretch must one day break. Athanasius furnished one proof more to that well-observed fact. Changes were gradually, but manifestly, taking place in his conduct and in his health, that begat anxiety amongst his attendants. Of friends he had few; and he had been so solely occupied by his passion for dolls, that he had never thought of taking to himself a wife. He was no longer the same man. Sometimes he was melancholy and silent; at others he gave way to violent and causeless bursts of anger. He would even get up at night, open his windows, and hold forth, to the great discomfiture of his neighbours, in long orations, in which the word Nuremberg was most frequently distinguished. Nothing is so destructive as the empire of great maxims.

A subject who has arrived at this point no longer belongs to commerce, but to the Faculty. The Faculty accordingly arrived, examined Athanasius, recommended baths, and a diet of milk and eggs. This treatment finished him off. He became more excited than ever—his visions increased in number, and their aspect was more frightful. There was no alternative: Athanasius must be torn from his beloved dolls, or it was all over with him. The great difficulty lay in the grief of separation. There had been a third of a century of life in common between Athana-

* Athanasius Robichon, Perpetual Candidate to the Presidency of the Republic. By the Author of Jérôme Paturot.

sius and his dolls—they had suffered together—they had prospered together—they had become as inseparable as one idea. The difficulty was, however, got over by insinuating a partner into the concern. Athanasius was not a man to endure rivalry, or to suffer a profane hand to tamper with his art. He withdrew himself in disgust, and the point was gained.

Athanasius, in his suburban villa, and a little garden to win his attention, soon grew better. He enjoyed his night's rest—his appetite was restored—his good-humour returned, and he even exchanged his love for national dolls to that of national flowers, which he set vigorously to work, cultivating, watering, and propagating in that correct and appropriate costume which a Frenchman associates itself with every pursuit—but with none so much so as gardening and field sports. He even went so far as to entertain an idea of carrying away the palm for roses; but fate ordered otherwise.

The last revolution had broke forth and changed the position of the citizen in France: it had made of politics an art and a branch of industry that was within everybody's reach. The most humble persons could not avoid being called upon to play their part—honours were conferred upon them with or without their concurrence. One morning, as Athanasius was trimming his lilacs, he learnt, by some words dropt indiscreetly, that he had become a sovereign! At first he paid no attention, and continued to cut away a little more rapidly at his lilac, as if he had not heard anything. But there are words which, when they fall on live flesh, take their place there, as if cauterised on the spot. Notwithstanding his apparent indifference, Athanasius felt himself affected. "Sovereign! Sovereign!" kept exclaiming unseen voices within him. "Sovereign! What can be more beautiful? But where? Since when? What rights are attached to that title?—what duties does it impose?" These were problems with which he found himself suddenly assailed, without having in his possession the elements for their solution, so he referred to a newspaper.

This was playing with powder. People do not consider to what dangers they expose themselves when they open their doors to a newspaper. It is like putting out one's reason to pupilage. Weak men capitulate without a struggle. They are not only subscribers, they become echoes. Stronger minds flatter themselves with their wariness, but they soon give way before the ease of judgments ready made for them. Then come the capitulations of pride; they imagine themselves to have thought what they have read, and they adopt and disseminate all the errors and follies of another. So it was with Athanasius Robichon. Good-by to lilacs and roses; Robichon became the man of his journal, and horticulture lost in one day that which it had taken nine months to win over.

But Athanasius, besides his perseverance, and his habit of pushing matters to extremes, also took a pride in being logical. "I am a sovereign!" he said to himself; "that means master. Master of what? Of going and coming, there is no doubt of that. None of the despots I lived under before the revolution, that made sovereigns of us all, denied me that privilege. But what am I then master of?—of reasoning on state affairs? As far as my memory goes I was never denied that pri-

vilege either. To vote, perhaps? Well, there was no lack of voters in the time of the tyrants. It was not for that, surely, that a country was turned upside down." In whatever point of view Athanasius contemplated his sovereignty, he could not make out either attributes or profits. It was evident that he possessed neither regal nor even feudal powers. He could neither coin money nor levy taxes, no more than he could oblige his vassals to beat his ponds at night to prevent the frogs disturbing his rest. The problem remained entire, and in the vague empire of definitions. For a time Athanasius was puzzled; but his was not a mind to be discomfited. A new light suddenly broke upon his lucubrations.

"I have it!" he exclaimed, in the tone of a man who is inspired—"I have it—I hold it—I have found it! When one is logical, everything may be attained. I am a sovereign, thou art a sovereign, he is a sovereign; we are all sovereigns, but only in the germ—in a rudimentary state—otherwise my sovereignty would exclude that of my neighbour, and that of my neighbour mine. We are all sovereigns, which means that we are all in a position of never being any one of us a sovereign. What do they say of the soldier?—That he has in his knapsack the baton of a marshal. Now, of these sticks, how many come out? It is just the same with the title of sovereign; all men become sovereigns—one only is a sovereign. That is incontestable."

In the intoxication of his discovery, the unfortunate man added these words, struck in the die of fatality:

"Well, if only one can be a sovereign. It is I that will be sovereign."

The Roman who crossed a river, the Spaniard who burnt his vessels that his soldiers could not think of returning, had not the conscience of the acts which they were accomplishing more exalted than at that moment had Athanasius Robichon. "Why not me?" was the logical conclusion with which he sealed his great idea. And why not me? It is the natural exclamation of human pride where the social institutions have broken down their barriers, and no one knows his own place. How many have it on their lips, but dare not utter it; how many would find it at the bottom of their hearts, if they had the courage to search there! Why not me? It is the formula with which the good are decapitated to make way for the dregs, and a nation is pressed down to a level that degrades it! It is the olden yeast of envy and jealousy which ferments when the councils of experience are disregarded. Why not me? has been the expression of ambitious people of all countries and all times. "Why not me?" also repeated Athanasius, and there were no want of great examples before him.

Athanasius had still one little scruple. Did he possess those external qualifications, that gift of words, those graceful gesticulations and charming smiles, which impart so much success to acts and words? In other words, would he fill the dignity efficiently and suitably? "Fifty years, and bald," he said to himself, "are certainly not positive titles; but I have a clear eye, a handsome leg, and good lungs,—and I place them with pride on the altar of my country." Having got rid of this fugitive scruple, Athanasius felt himself to be already President of the Republic, and he assumed the manners and adopted the airs of the sovereign to be. It is difficult to describe the dignity and the majesty which he threw into his whole bearing, at the same time that his politeness was so excessive

that he bowed to the ground to those who looked at him with a curious eye. At home he studied in solitude positions for three situations—public ceremonial, particular audience, cabinet council. Everything was arranged—the entrance, the exit, the situation, the answer, and even an expressive silence.

At the same time, Athanasius kept a strict eye upon the getting up of a constitution, which was being effected without his help, it is true, but for him alone. He could not, in consequence, do otherwise than consider in the light of so many personal insults everything that tended to confine the limits of action in the executive power. The details regarding pecuniary allowances were equally offensive, but he was not so particular on the score of a residence. As much as he had seen of the *Palais de l'Elysée* through the park-railings, satisfied his taste for meditation: the grass-plots, the shades, and the fountains, were sufficiently inviting; and he felt that he could deposit there the weight of his greatness, reflect upon what would best contribute to the happiness of the people, and, since it was determined that it should be so, live modestly and cheaply.

Things went on smoothly, till one day the question of exclusion was discussed. Athanasius became alarmed. He thought that those who had been engaged in the toy-trade might come under the ban of incapability with the members of royal families, relatives of the actual President, and others; but the enemies of Athanasius did not dare to go so far.

The constitution was completed, and solemnly proclaimed in a snow-storm. Athanasius was there among the spectators. He was in ecstasies at the thought that all this solemnity, this noise, and these flourishes of trumpets were for his benefit. His incognito was permissable for one day longer, and he enjoyed it. But the next, new duties, a new part awaited him.

"It is time," he said, "that I should gather together my political friends." And he summoned his party.

In the numbers of this party were François Prudent, a robust Auvergnat, who, from porter of the toy establishment, had become its factotum, and who, wedded to Gervaise, the attached domestic of Athanasius, had, with her, out of devotion to their common master, resigned the proffered business to a stranger, to retire to the country. Athanasius summoned his party, seated on a sofa, with the solemnity of a justice of the peace. The happy couple were gifted with that luxurious development which indicates maturity, and they also filled their chairs with magisterial amplitude.

Robichon opened his heart to his ancient adherents. He explained to them by what logical inductions he had been induced to start as candidate for the Presidency of the Republic. Sovereignty was, he declared, written upon his brow, as it had been upon that of David and of Saul. A republic had been made for him—a constitution had been made for him—and a presidency for him.

His two auditors had been present at many a campaign of Athanasius's imagination; they knew him to be adventurous, but they scarcely expected him to go so far as this.

Gervaise could not restrain herself.

"Well, here is another!" she exclaimed.

"Another!—no, Madame Prudent. I am satisfied with the present. It is true that this idea of a republic is not seriously entertained by many; but, from the moment that it elects me for its chief, things will change; it suits me, and, therefore, it will suit everybody. Is not that logical, Madame Prudent?"

"But, monsieur," interrupted François, in a vain attempt to come to his wife's help.

"It is not your turn to speak, Prudent," said Athanasius, in a tone of authority; "I must decide the order of discussion. Let us to the facts first, afterwards you shall know the great destiny that is in reserve for you. Friends," he continued, "before everything else, proper scenic effect is necessary. The French people are exacting upon that point. Formerly they were satisfied with sausages, now they require manifestoes. I have accordingly prepared a manifesto, in which I have exposed how I shall lead the country in that career of perfection to which formerly I conducted my dolls, and to which I will also lead the French people, who have so long been the dolls and the playthings of a succession of usurpers. What do you say to that? Is not that the grandoise tone of the day?"

Athanasius had given way to a little burst of vanity, which was unworthy of his high pretensions. He felt it, and, recovering himself, read his manifesto with the simplicity that was natural to him.

To the French People.

Athanasius Robichon,

Formerly Manufacturer of Toys, at present Fundholder, and Candidate for the Presidency of the Republic.

Fellow-Citizens,—

A Republic has been founded, and it is necessary to name a President.

You need not go in search of one, I am the man. I—I tell you there is only me. You may seek for a thousand years, here and there, invoking light from above, and you will be obliged to finish where I have begun: it is Robichon—there is only Robichon—let us name Robichon.

Howsoever little you may be versed in logic, you must agree in this.

Let us see, whom can you elect?

A member of the families that have reigned in France? Let us examine that alternative. First of all it is a threat held out to the Republic—a hint for those who hold by it. Next, it will be necessary to choose among those families, and to favour one. Now, that selection, that favour, what will it be for the others but a defeat and an exclusion? Here is certainly an inconvenience.

Whom else may you chose?

A man of the sword? But it will be said that he will be drawn, by the necessities of his condition, into arguments of force, and that, at the best, there will always be something prætorian in his rule. Another inconvenience.

Let us see whom else?

A party man? He will be accused of putting the rest under the feet of his followers. An inconvenience.

An orator? He will be fought with his own speeches of bygone times.

A writer? He will be blocked up by his own books.

A financier? They will say that he speculates.

A gentleman? They will see in his name an insult to the mob.

And so on with twenty others;—everywhere inconveniences.

When I said to you there is only me, it is not without having made a deep study of the situation. By dint of research, I have discovered among the possible candidates one hundred and fifty-four inconveniences that I do not possess, and that I am not susceptible of having.

I am neither a gentleman, nor a financier, nor an orator, nor a man of party,

nor a man of the sword. I need not say that I am not a member of any of the families that have reigned over France.

To these evident advantages I can add others that are not less precious.

I know nothing of public administration, so that I cannot be accused of following out systems.

I have no relations, but two old servants, and I cannot be accused of being influenced by my friends, or favouring my family.

I am a bachelor, and no one can say that the emblem of my authority is a distaff.

I have known restaurants at fifteen sous, and no one will pretend that I ruin the state by my prodigality.

I pass over others, and better than these.

Thus there are many advantages and no inconveniences. Was I wrong in saying: There is only Robichon—let us name Robichon. Think of it, my fellow-citizens. Under an anxious, susceptible republic, that the slightest trifle angers, it is an incomparable chance to have a name perfectly obscure, utterly unknown, which is neither a flag or a system, which inclines neither to the right nor to the left, which has neither influence, nor importance, nor meaning. They seek for a general level—there it is. Not to mention that an oath never issued from my mouth, and that I can therefore swear to anything with equal facility. Truly it is having too many titles at once, they humiliate me, they crush me, I am confused under their weight.

Oh! I know very well they will object that I was a doll-maker. There is no one that has not a cloud in his firmament. Well, I confess, dolls have had my affections, but I have an excuse; the Republic did not exist at that time. Besides, what is a toy but a preparation for public services? Do not smile; the proof is here. Yes, I have been trained to the public service, and in all its branches. Let us recapitulate:

In the Department of War—I have had soldiers both of wood and of pewter; I have had parks of artillery, camps, fortresses, cavaliers of pasteboard upon elastic horses, arms of all kinds, and equipments of every description.

In the Department of the Interior—I have had portable telegraphs for the political division; and in the division of fine arts, violins of red wood, theatres in pasteboard, accordions, and harmonicons

In the Department of Foreign Affairs—I have had Prussian rope-dancers, Chinese mandarins, and camels of papier maché.

In the Department of Justice—I have had three pieces on springs: the accused on his trial, the convict in prison, the condemned in the chapel; with effects of the eyes, and gestures adapted to their situations.

In the Department of Finance—I have had custom-house officers on the look-out; forests, with gamekeepers; and fireworks destined to benefit the tax on powder.

In the Department of Public Works—I have had railways and locomotives of wood, pumps and wells, windmills, and twenty other mechanical models.

In the Department of Commerce and Agriculture—I have had grocers' shops, farms with stock, shepherds and shepherdesses, wheelbarrows, and spades, and rakes, and carts with horses harnessed to them.

In the Naval Department—I have had the swan, and the magnet, and no small portion of the fleet that cruises in the waters of the basins of the Tuileries.

Lastly, in the Department of Public Instruction—I have had alphabets innumerable; geographical, geometrical, and architectural puzzles.

Is that enough? Who can still object against me the manufacture of toys? And to say the truth—where are there not toys to be found? Let us see: the wig and gown, and epaulets—what are they but toys? Honour and glory toys! Riches and birth toys! Always and everywhere toys! And yet they reproach me with having known the most real and positive of all, the only true and authentic toys!

Thus all objections tumble to the ground, and my advantages remain in all

their integrity. I remain what I was, the only President possible, the only one who offers nothing for malice to turn upon.

No doubt I shall be assailed on another point. I foresee it—I expect it. What are your politics? they will say to me. I shall be sincere. I have no politics. Really! and why so? To be what I shall always be—logical. Listen to my reasoning. In what consists my strength? It is to have no weak side exposed; of being neither illustrious, nor powerful, nor married, nor encumbered with friends. Do you not see at once the newspapers baffled, not knowing what to carp at? Not at my wife more than my name! not at my glory more than at my friends! Will they not be at fault—will they not have time to fight with shadows? The very idea fills me with delight. Not even a peculiar nose—not a wart upon my face. And yet they would wish me to cast my politics before this miserable world, for food, to diet upon—a bone to gnaw at! Ah! it would be curious to see how they would receive Robichon's policy! Wouldn't they bite at it! tear it to pieces! and dispute among themselves for the fragments. No, no! let us be consistent, and keep our advantages. I shall have no particular policy; that is something new. In France novelty succeeds.

What did I say to you? Will you not finish as I commenced, there is only Robichon possible: let us name Robichon. Robichon, that is to say, an unassailable, invulnerable President; never changing his situation, so that no one need be anxious about him; speaking little, so that he shall not be misrepresented; doing still less, so that his acts shall not be falsified. Come, I know what a republic is They do not want great geniuses, nor a great name, nor personal titles, nor hereditary titles, nor oratorical laurels, nor academical laurels; what they want are Robichons; that is the level, that is the limit; above that one becomes suspicious.

I finish by an appeal to union. Since I have no policy, all parties can unite to give me their suffrages. I do not support any, I combat none. I do not deny them, nor yet do I affirm them. By electing me there are neither victors nor vanquished; vanities are saved, rights also. Alone in the world, can I offer such advantages. Go, then, to the poll, fellow-citizens, and give me not a majority, I despise it, but unanimity. To the poll! shouting out the cry of safety: There is only Robichon possible! Let us name Robichon! You will be logical. ATHANASIUS ROBICHON, *Ancien Fabricant de Jouets.*

Athanasius rose, with a movement of pride, at the conclusion of his manifesto, and, addressing his party, exclaimed, "Well, what do you think of it?"

Gervaise and François were sound asleep in their arm-chairs. It was a double answer.

Athanasius's project was to have the manifesto published, stuck up, and distributed all over the country. This was a costly proceeding, and Prudent ventured to insinuate the fact. But the answer he always got was:

"Prudent, Prudent, I see you are ignorant of the great destiny that I have in reserve for you."

This was so often repeated, that the good Auvergnat began himself to think that there must be something in it, and he was induced so far to lend himself to his master's projects as to go to a printer's. It was beneath the dignity of a future President to carry his own manifestoes. When Prudent came back, the poor fellow looked astounded.

"What is the matter?" inquired Athanasius.

"Sir," answered the plenipotentiary, "your manifesto is out of all price. Here is the total,—it is eloquent, is it not?"

Athanasius could not help an ejaculation when he saw the printer's estimate:

"But," he said, turning round, "did he read the manifesto?"

"He did," replied the negotiator, "and he laughed, too. Oh, how he did laugh! And when I said it was to be stuck up, he shrugged his shoulders, and said it would be so much paste thrown away.

"The brute! He is in the pay of the police, or he is mad. But, Prudent, we will have another printer."

And so it was agreed, only the idea of a distribution in the provinces was perforce abandoned: the expenses of such a proceeding being inordinate. François was deputed to watch the stickers, and to see that no parasitical or inimical bills should eclipse the all-important manifesto. François performed his duty with devotion to the interests of his master. When he returned, the latter inquired anxiously after the fate of his manifestoes.

"Now, Prudent," he said, "no evasions—tell me the truth. Unanimity—was it not?"

"Yes," replied the Auvergnat, "there was unanimity—unanimity of roars of laughter."

"Oh! they laugh, do they, François? It is that they are disarmed. They laugh! Well, so much the better."

François was now sent to the newspapers, but he was received with the airs characteristic of those establishments. None would give the manifesto a place at the price of gold, except one, which, being needy, proffered an interval between a perfumer's advertisement and that of a secret remedy. Gervaise was, at the same time, busily employed cutting up the bulletins which were to bear the name of Robichon triumphantly into the electoral urns. Millions were wanted; Gervaise was equal to her task. They were distributed in the streets—cast to the four winds of heaven—never was such a shower of bulletins!

But, alas! the result is known. Athanasius was not elected unanimously; another candidate, more felicitous than he, was chosen by a large majority. But Athanasius, when he heard the result of the votes of Paris was not discouraged. "It is a mistake," he said; "I shall appeal to the departments." But in the mean time he made inquiries, and found that he had obtained five votes—five well-attested, exclusive votes! Now, of the five, two could be accounted for—François had been loyal; and Athanasius, like a man without prejudices, had not voted against himself, but for himself. Besides, he did not wish to disturb the unanimity that he was sure would prevail. But who were the other three who had given their unsolicited votes in his favour? What were their names? Where did they dwell? These were the questions constantly present to his mind. He felt an anxious desire to confer with these three solitary and respectful politicians on affairs of state, but he could not find them out. In the mean time, a general must never desert his troops; he must show to his three unknown followers that he held by his original pretensions, that he was still at the breach, and ready to carry the Presidency, if necessary, by assault: so he imagined a visiting-card, conceived as follows:

"ATHANASIUS ROBICHON,
Perpetual Candidate
To the Presidency of the Republic."

But there was one to whom Athanasius could not pardon his defeat—

that was the successful competitor. Without knowing him he heartily detested him; and after hatreds that take their origin from favours conferred, there are none more implacable than those the motives of which cannot be justly appreciated. Add to this there was a real cause for anger—the electors had been deceived. A rhythm had been sought for his name; and the spotless Robichon had been made to chime in with cochon!

The public exclaimed that France had been bribed; heaps of gold had been distributed among the peasants; hyperbolical salaries had been conferred on the working classes; and *croix d'honneur* had been given to everybody. Athanasius resolved upon a plan of revenge, which he communicated to François: it was to watch the usurper, as he called him; and it was with this view that he took the lodgings in the Rue Miromesnil, in which we found him at the beginning of our story. Thus it was that a camp of observation, from which nothing could escape, was formed round the Elysée. François represented the army—Athanasius, the general. Our hero was at least logical in his proceedings; his defiance of the President was loyal; he had declared open war.

The tactics of such a war are the same everywhere—the tactics of bad faith and still worse humour; to open against power, no matter what it is, a fire of depreciation and calumny, and keep it incessantly exposed to it —that is what constitutes such tactics. To approve seems, now-a-days, to be in such bad taste, that every one seems to fancy he is sacrificing common sense and independence of opinion in venturing upon such a course of proceeding. Athanasius enjoyed, with the rest of the badauds of Paris, the conviction that there existed in the *pavillons* of the Elysée two harems, comparable in number and in charms to those in which Solomon reinvigorated his old age; that the President was sued by 18,000 creditors, bearers of dishonoured bills to the tune of 144,000,000 francs! and that the interest of this enormous debt was paid by the Queen of England, on condition that he would become her vassal, and would embrace the Protestant faith!

Athanasius set François to work to obtain information by treating his fellow-domestics. François reported that the *frotteur des appartements* had had great trouble one morning in sweeping the rooms clean.

"That shows," remarked Athanasius, "that there were many people there yesterday, but that they were low people, or representatives. That is the category of dirty shoes."

Nothing, indeed, escaped his logical mind. The arrival of a few barrels of the vintages of the Gironde satisfied him that the President would not run away for a few days to come. One day, however, his logic took an active form. He was walking in his balcony in slippers and dressing-gown, when François broke upon his meditations, and, with an air of utmost consternation, announced that "the Imperial Guard was arriving!"

Robichon threw himself by an instinctive movement into the street. It was a vision of past times. All the regiments of the great army had its representatives there. There were cuirassiers, dragoons, Polish lancers, chasseurs of the young and the old guard. Only the pressure which the limbs made upon the garments showed that they had not got in without difficulty, and that they would get out with satisfaction. The empire was found again, but burdened with a belly.

It sufficed, however, for Athanasius, that the empire, or something like it, was there, to excite him to the highest degree. He saw in this group of veterans, come to salute the nephew of their Emperor, a military deputation that came to place at the feet of an usurper its eagles, its heart, its services, nay, the very buttons of its gaiters! How could he have hesitated. He forced his way in front of the deputation.

"Soldiers!" he exclaimed, "arrest these factious people in the name of the law. None but uniforms recognised by the constitution can be worn here."

He would have said more, but his voice was lost amidst clapping of hands and laughter, and it was in vain that the dressing-gown with embroidered flowers gesticulated to the crowd. At length a carabineer, wearied with his antics, made towards him with no friendly intentions, but our hero was saved by two police agents taking him under the armpits and thus conveying him back to his own house. Bruised all over and his garments in tatters, Athanasius was radiant. He had won his spurs.

'Well, François," he said, "you have seen what I have done. Had I not been there in time the empire would have been declared."

One day shortly after this, Athanasius was pursuing his recognisances in the enemy's territory in the Champs Elysées, in company with François, when the latter accidentally mentioned his name. A little old man, thin, with a sharp eye, and quick, decisive manners, turned round at once:

"What! is that you, Robichon?" he exclaimed. "Happy to have met you! Ah, you are Robichon! Co—co—chon de Robichon!"

Athanasius stopped short and looked at his accoster; a spy, no doubt, he said to himself, and making a sign to François.

"Pass on, sir," he said; "I have not the honour of your acquaintance."

"Nor I either," retorted the other. "I don't know you, Robichon, yet I gave you my vote. Yes, Robichon, my vote."

"You gave me your vote," exclaimed Athanasius, overjoyed at meeting one of the three mysterious voters. "You, sir! ah, permit me to embrace you."

"No reason for that," said the old man, avoiding the extended arms.

"Permit me at least to thank you."

"No thanks are due to me. There were two or three candidates; all had chances. I said to myself there is only Robichon that is impossible, let us vote for Robichon."

"Possible, you mean?"

"No, impossible! If you had been possible you would not have had my vote. You see that I am frank with you."

"Rather so!"

The blow was a hard one, coming from a friend, too, but Athanasius bore it like a stoic. Of three illusions he lost one; who was that one?

"Sir," he said, "may I inquire who I have the honour to address?"

"Certainly, Robichon; call me Roch. I am simply Roch, and as curt as my name."

"No doubt M. Roch occupies some eminent post?" bowed Athanasius.

"Very eminent and unique. For twenty years past I demolish governments, and I hope to tumble down a few more yet."

"And if I had been President," inquired Athanasius, raising his head and his voice at the same time, "would you have tried to have tumbled me down?"

"Would I have tried it!" replied the old man, with a satanic grin, "I see you don't know me."

"What, sir, the friend to whom you had given your vote?" said Athanasius, getting irate.

"The very reason. I have tumbled down many governments, but none with so much pleasure as those of my dearest friends. It is so pleasant to take one's friends, warm and tender, to stick needles into their flesh, roast them by a slow fire, or tear them up by bits! That is a treat worthy of my mission!"

"And if I was a government," asked Robichon, "what would you do to tumble me down?"

"Your government—it would go in four mouthfuls! Robichon, you do not know your countrymen. They like new faces, no matter whether white, brown, or red. They would have been tired of yours in a fortnight. Do you know what they say, Robichon? They say that you conspire against the state."

"I protest!" exclaimed Athanasius.

"Do not be ruffled. Can you prevent them speaking? Stronger men than you have tried to do so. They say that you flatter the people, that you seduce the army."

"Infamous calumnies!" shouted out Athanasius.

"There you are again in a passion. What would it be then, if you were really President, and I came back to the attack fresh every day? and if, after having covered you with wounds, I distilled the poison drop by drop; if I filled the saloons with cruel words and the papers with perfidious insinuations; if I set intriguers and women of bad repute against you, and heaped all the discontents, the bad passions, the disappointments, and the world's hates at your door? This is what I have done, and what I shall do again. But I must away; there are government doctors coming who would like to put me under treatment. Good-by, Co—co—chon de Robichon. I do not like the company of spies."

"This is a mad-dog kind of politics," said Athanasius to himself. "Is it possible that a man in power would betray his patron, calumniate, vilify, disgrace, and dishonour his bosom friend, and that only for the pleasure of demolishing! Alas! there is more than one Th——rs in France!"

Returned to his house, Athanasius, seeing the ardour of François cool in a cause in which the Auvergnat met with a great many more rebuffs than felicitations, communicated to him the great destiny which he had in reserve for him—neither more nor less than the Vice-Presidency. François' modesty took alarm at first. He was not quite sure that he was equal to the task. He did not know what might be expected from him in return for the emoluments of the situation. Athanasius relieved him of his scruples by his usual logical acumen.

"Go," he said; "I give you eight days to watch what the existing Vice-President does. You will see what are the duties attached to the situation, and then come and tell me the result."

At the end of the week François returned, his mind quite satisfied, and his conscience quite relieved of scruples. He had followed the Vice-President in his walks to the theatres, to concerts, to official balls and public solemnities.

"Monsieur," he said, "I am quite equal to the Vice-Presidency. I accept it."

THE QUEEN'S COUNSEL AND HIS PRETTY WIFE

MR. PETER QUINCE, Q.C., is a gentleman who stands so well at the bar, that it is more than probable he may one day reach its highest honours. He derives a very good income from his professional pursuits, and lives in an excellent house in that quarter of the town which is most affected by sober Judges, staid Masters in Chancery, and other legal luminaries of distinction. He is a man of lively imagination, somewhat sharp in his manner of speech, hasty rather of temper, and a little inclined to be suspicious, but withal a very good fellow in his way. He is not yet on the wrong side of five-and-forty, neither is he bad-looking when divested of those disfigurements, a wig and gown, and without being possessed of any remarkable accomplishments, is a sufficiently agreeable member of society.

Mr. Peter Quince goes the western circuit, and the year before the last he fell in love, at the Bath Assembly-rooms, with Miss Emily Snowdrop, of Bitton Court, a young lady of two-and-twenty, who, besides her beauty, which was considerable, had a fortune of twenty thousand pounds. Mr. Quince was a successful suitor: he married Miss Snowdrop during the recess, and, before term came round again, had made the usual matrimonial tour, which begins at Ostend and ends at Calais, and brought back his bride to his newly-furnished and very comfortable residence in Montague-place, Russell-square.

Though there was a difference of twenty years between the ages of Mr. and Mrs. Quince, they passed their lives very comfortably; the more so, perhaps, on account of the break between the nine o'clock breakfast and the seven o'clock dinner, during which interval Mr. Quince was engaged in the agreeable occupation of moving, demurring, pleading, arguing, refuting, convincing, hoodwinking, shifting, bamboozling, and working the participle present through all the forms of the law; while Mrs. Quince was no less agreeably employed in her domestic pursuits, in reading, writing, drawing, practising, driving, shopping, visiting, and otherwise disposing of her time in the manner most approved by ladies.

In consequence of this diversity of pursuits in the daytime, they joined issue much more amicably than most married people when they again met each other in the evening. Mr. Quince liked a good dinner, and Mrs. Quince knew how to order one; they had plenty to talk about on both sides; she kept him *au courant* of all that was going on in the circle of their mutual acquaintance, and he detailed, to no unwilling listener, how he had given the go-by to Mr. Serjeant Prosy, or taken the wind out of the sails of Brother Plausible—admirable lawyers both in their respective ways, but mere nine-pins when *he* rose in Court and shook his ambrosial curls. After dinner, with the dessert came the baby and the port. The first was pronounced a fine fellow, because he stared at the table-lamp without crying, and made vigorous digs—a strong sign of intelligence, the nurse said—to get hold of papa's double eye-glass; and the last was declared "the soundest glass of wine in London;" both of which demonstrations clearly indicated that Mr. Peter Quince was content with his domestic arrangements. After tea, Mrs. Quince played some of her favourite music, including, of course, the particular air which he had just heard "*that*

evening" at Bitton Court, and Mr. Quince—reclining in his slippers and easy chair—remained a rapt auditor, till the gentle melody that stole over his senses gave birth to a melody of his own, not quite so gentle, and Mrs. Quince, looking over her shoulder, saw that the hour had arrived for flat candlesticks and tranquil nightcaps.

Such was the habitual mode of life of Mr. and Mrs. Quince when they were alone. But it was frequently varied, either by dining out, or acting the Amphitryon at home, an occasional visit to a theatre, or some casual recreation of the sort; and really there were few people who managed better than they "to make things pleasant" to each other.

If the nature of Mr. Quince was not completely altered by matrimony, at all events that which was slightly brusque in his demeanour had become a good deal softened; and only the slightest ripple was seen to chequer the glassy mirror of his temper when such trifling incidents occurred as the key of the cellaret mislaid, or the time unaccountably consumed when *he* had long been ready and the brougham waiting "this half hour" at the door. But Mrs. Quince's smiles generally set these matters right when she made her appearance, and she looked so pretty when she smiled, and had—after all—made so good a use of the objectionable half-hour, that he must have had a harder heart than Mr. Peter Quince who could have looked cross at her for a single instant. Still, though he was proud of his wife, and liked to see and hear her admired, he had no desire that that admiration should be carried to excess; and he now and then felt a slight twinge—it might be incipient gout, or the consciousness of two-and-forty years—when Emily sang at the suit of a younger or handsomer man, while he was seated at the whist-table, with that knowing old lady, Mrs. Widgeon, for his partner, who had eyes for everything that was going on round her as well as for the game, which she knew how to play so well. On such occasions a little of the *quondam* forensic acerbity might be detected in Mr. Quince's remarks, as the brougham whirled the wedded pair back to Montague-place; but, standing on his hearth again, whatever cloud had arisen during the evening was speedily dispelled by Emily's ingenuous nature and confiding manner; and her husband never laid his head on his pillow with a single doubt to make his temples throb or cause one pulse to beat with quicker motion.

II.

Amongst the thousands who came up from the country, this last summer, to see the Great Exhibition, and have a fling at "the sights" in general, was a young gentleman from the banks of the Somersetshire Avon, who lived at one of the Nortons or Suttons in that part of the country, and went by the name of Ralph Tingle.

He was an old acquaintance of Mrs. Quince, the families of the Tingles and Snowdrops having been near neighbours. As children, and even after they had grown up, Emily Snowdrop and Ralph Tingle had seen a good deal of each other, more particularly after the young man had left the university, and was, as it were, *entre deux eaux*, with no necessity for choosing a profession, and yet not quite his own master. *En attendant* the particular event which was to decide his course, and send him abroad to travel or settle him amongst the squirearchy of Somersetshire, he had mounted the uniform of the Timsborough Yeomanry

Cavalry, and as the silver-laced sky-blue jacket and tight scarlet pantaloons, with Hessian boots *bien galonné*, "became him mightily," as Mr. Pepys says, he omitted no opportunity of showing it at the county *réunions*, whenever the display was admissible.

Intimate at Bitton Court, where Emily's father dispensed his frequent hospitalities, he was present there and thus attired at the grand entertainment which was given by Mr. Snowdrop to the judges and the bar during that circuit when Mr. Peter Quince, Q.C., discovered for the first time that his bosom was not cased in parchment. He danced on that occasion with Emily and her sister Ellinor, who was about a year younger, and, in the eyes of Mr. Peter Quince, appeared a formidable rival for the hand of the elder co-heiress. But whether he had not yet made his choice, or suffered the prize to slip through his fingers by taking it too easily, no one was well assured, though it was with strongly-expressed surprise that all the county people exclaimed, when they found that the Jason who had won the Golden Fleece was not Cornet Tingle, but Mr. Peter Quince, the eminent London counsel. Over the mind of the last-named gentleman uncomfortable recollections were wont to float whenever it chanced, after he was married, that Emily, in reading the long letters which came from Somersetshire, occasionally mentioned the name of Tingle. The sensation which it caused on the sensitive epidermis of Mr. Peter Quince was akin to the nomenclature of the Timsborough Hussar, and the eminent Queen's Counsel always felt that he would rather anybody else had been spoken of.

Not that he suspected Emily of having given a moment's encouragement to Cornet Tingle—even before his own fascination enthralled her—but, as he said, he knew the world, and had in the course of his profession seen so much of the worst side of it, that it was as well not to allow the thoughts of his wife—who was but a woman, after all, and a very young woman into the bargain—to dwell by any possibility longer than could be helped on the radiant glories of the sky-blue and scarlet hussar. The fact was, that Mr. Peter Quince, who had himself never ventured on anything more startling in costume than Oxford grey, or a dim pepper-and-salt mixture, was very much afraid of the effect of bright colours on the feminine mind, and entertained a secret theory that a woman, like a viper, always ran a great risk of being caught by a shred of scarlet. He might have calmed his apprehensions, for Ellinor Snowdrop, who was the writer of these fear-begetting apprehensions, was herself too much the object of Cornet Tingle's admiration to render any allusion to that young gentleman in the slightest degree dangerous to the peace of mind of Mrs. Peter Quince; and if she did not dwell upon this fact in her letters to her sister, and thus entirely dissipate the doubts which clustered like bats in the dark corners of the Queen's Counsel's brain, it arose simply from the circumstance that Miss Ellinor Snowdrop had made up her mind to say "Yes" whenever the gallant cornet should ask the momentous question, and thought it advisable not to say too much on the subject before the event actually came to pass.

Such being the state of the case, it was not with feelings of perfectly uncontrollable delight that Mr. Peter Quince heard his wife announce, one morning at the breakfast-table, that Ralph Tingle was coming up to town, and would no doubt be a frequent visitor in Montague-place.

"Ralph and I are such old friends," said Emily, "that I am sure you

will be glad to see him. I don't recollect if you ever happened to meet when you were in Somersetshire?"

Mr. Peter Quince mumbled out something about "thinking" he had, but couldn't be quite sure, for—here he recovered his presence of mind—he had thought too much of a certain fair lady then to recollect much of anybody else.

"Well, then," continued Emily, "it will be so much the pleasanter to make his acquaintance now, for I can assure you—I know him *so* well—that you will be greatly pleased with him. He has a little diffidence of manner with strangers, but when that wears off he can make himself very agreeable."

Mr. Peter Quince could not help inwardly wishing that Cornet Tingle's diffidence had increased since last he saw him in the sky-blue and scarlet, for his private opinion was, that the man who could have the hardihood to array his limbs in garments of those brilliant dyes, must be one of the most impudent fellows in the world; but in coming to this conclusion the Queen's Counsel wronged both his profession and himself.

He wisely, however, concealed his thoughts on this point, and forcing himself to be civil, told his wife that it would always give him the greatest pleasure to receive any friend of hers.

"I don't offer him a bed," he said; "that kind of hospitality doesn't

club or the hotel where he puts up; but I shall be very happy to see him at dinner, when we—that is, when he has no better engagement. I suppose he doesn't mean to stop long in town?"

Emily could not say; "a few weeks at most," she believed; and leaving the question a "moot" one, Mr. Peter Quince went forth to Westminster Hall, and made that famous speech in the case of "Tiger *v.* Popinjay"—for which he had a special retainer—wherein he so effectually pleaded an injured husband's cause, that the jury, without retiring from their box, gave a verdict for the plaintiff, with five thousand pounds' damages.

III.

THE day after the brief conversation above described, Mr. Ralph Tingle, who had left the Timsborough cornetcy and its captivating uniform behind him, arrived in London, and paid an early visit to Montague-place.

Mr. Quince was, as usual, at Westminster, but Emily was at home; they past a long morning chatting over country matters; and, not being "better engaged," Ralph promised to stay and dine, so that when the Queen's Counsel returned from his labours, he found his wife's friend very comfortably installed by the fireside.

Mr. Quince was, however, as good as his word, and welcomed the ex-cornet with a very good grace—the better, perhaps, for the absence of those adventitious ornaments which had more than once thrown a shade of disquietude over him. In plain clothes, he thought, there was nothing so very formidable in the appearance of Mr. Ralph Tingle; and as the young man was, in reality, rather shy, it gave the Queen's Counsel an opportunity of asserting his own superiority, of which he did not neglect to avail himself.

Fresh from intermixture with bigwigs of the extraordinary dimensions that prevail in Westminster Hall, and standing on his own hearth with

his coat-tails under his arm, the air of patronage which he assumed, and the magniloquent phrases which rolled over his tongue, were well calculated to impress a stranger fresh from the country; and the subdued and deferential manner of the ex-cornet satisfied Mr. Peter Quince that they had impressed his visitor, whom, in a short time, he ceased to regard as in any way disturbative of his repose. His natural tendency to hospitality and good fellowship then had full play, and the first day's intercourse went off very well; nor did Mr. Quince manifest the slightest discomposure when, at the request of her old playmate, Emily favoured *him* with some of the songs of "a long time ago." So smoothly and pleasantly, indeed, did the evening pass, that the Queen's Counsel had no difficulty in bringing himself to the point of asking his wife's friend to repeat his visit as often as it suited his convenience during his stay in town.

For a young man situated like Mr. Ralph Tingle, this offer was not to be refused, and every day almost found him a guest at the table of the Queen's Counsel, and certainly not a day passed without his calling in Montague-place, until Mr. Peter Quince saw and heard so much of the inoffensive ways of the ex-cornet, that he ceased altogether to give himself any trouble about him. He even heard with perfect equanimity an engagement entered into between Emily and Ralph for visiting the Great Exhibition together, and went so far as to agree to join them at the common place of rendezvous beside the Crystal Fountain on a particular day when, having disposed of a few "motions of course" he should be at liberty to cast aside the forensic wig at an earlier hour than usual, and enter into the unrestrained enjoyments of private life in the midst of the greatest crowd that was ever assembled for purposes of amusement.

The experiment—so to term it—was a successful one; and such was the serenity of the Queen's Counsel's mind, that he actually felt pleased to think that Emily had a friend at need to supply the place which his duties prevented him from fulfilling during the day.

But—as the old Norman *lai* says,

> Man by too much trust betray'd
> Too often is a victim made,

and something of this kind came at last to disturb the serenity of Mr. Peter Quince.

It happened one day that the Queen's Counsel, being minded to show Mr. Ralph Tingle how a gentleman learned in the law could entertain his friends, invited a party to meet him, not of professional men, but from amongst the general circle of Emily's visiting acquaintance. Nay, so desirous was he that everything should go right on the occasion, that he sacrificed a full hour that morning—of which, of course, Brother Glib took advantage to hurry on *his* cause—in an interview with his butler, Mr. Blithers, to consult with that functionary about broaching a particular bin of port, and airing a certain quality of Madeira. He even stayed to listen to some directions which Emily was giving the cook respecting the *entrées*, and went so far as to volunteer his opinion on the difficult question of preference between a Charlotte Russe and a Nesselrode pudding. Having decided in favour of the latter, with some jocose observation about advice without a fee, which made the cook laugh and declare that "master" was "the comiklest gent in the world," Mr. Peter Quince departed

for *Nisi Prius* perfectly satisfied with himself and everything around him. He was extremely successful too in Court, and, as he exultingly told Mr. Serjeant Pettifog when they ate their crust together in a corner of the Common Pleas, completely floored his adversary, Brother Glib, whom he described as being "literally without a leg to stand on." He little remembered, when he did so, the boding words of that uncomfortable poet, who tells us that

> Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
> But sends the dreadful tidings with the blow.

Mr. Peter Quince left Westminster Hall as much elated as any Queen's Counsel there, and calling a cab—for he feared he was a little late—drove off at a sharp pace to Montague-place.

IV.

"EMILY, my dear," said Mr. Quince, as he entered the drawing-room, where the light of the fire—for the candles were not yet lit—revealed the outline of a female figure on a *chaise longue*—"Emily, my dear, you will be glad to hear that I have gained the cause of 'Wotherspoon *v.* Wotherspoon and another,'—the great Blacklands Turnpike case, you know, of which the defendants were trustees;—but, God bless me, who's this?—Mrs. Widgeon, I declare! What, Emily not come down yet? Fie! fie! She gives a *leetle* too much time to her toilet, Mrs. Widgeon. But a pretty woman, you know, must be excused in these matters, hey, Mrs. Widgeon?—we men don't understand them."

And Mr. Quince laughed complacently.

"I dare say not," replied the croaking voice of Mrs. Widgeon—"I dare say not, Mr. Quince, but I think you're anticipating—or, perhaps, I am, though my watch is right by Mr. Dent's chronometer, and I believe your dinner-hour was fixed for seven—but still I may be wrong,—not being young and handsome."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Quince, astonished at this tirade. "What has Dent's chronometer or our dinner-hour to do with my observation?"

"A good deal, Mr. Quince," returned the old lady, whose natural sharpness of temper was not improved by the suspicion she entertained that dinner wouldn't be ready so soon as she had expected. "As far as I can learn, Mrs. Quince hasn't come in yet from her morning drive—at least, she hadn't five minutes ago, when I arrived; and, though I've been watching for it, I haven't heard the door go—till just now, when you came."

"That's rather odd!" said the Queen's Counsel; "there must be some mistake, I'm sure. Emily is always so punctual—and on a day like this——" Saying which he rang the bell.

"Oh, Robert!" said Mr. Quince, when a footman made his appearance, "isn't your mistress come in yet?"

"I can't say, sir," replied Robert; "I 'aven't been in the 'all, sir."

"Well, then, tell Leeves to come here."

Leeves, a smart *femme de chambre*, with a very pointed stomacher and very small Marie Stuart cap, rustled into the room.

"Where's your mistress, Leeves? Is she in her room?"

"Lor! no, sir! I've been waiting to dress her 'air ever since six o'clock. I can't think, I'm sure, what makes missis so late. I hope she's not met with no exident!"

"God bless me, I hope not!" exclaimed the anxious husband. "Perhaps the brougham has been upset, or something of that sort!"

"The broom, sir," said Robert, who had not retreated further than the landing-place, and now re-entered the drawing-room—"the broom, sir, didn't go out—leastways, after lunchin, sir."

"Mrs. Quince lunched at home, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, sir—and Mr. Tingle, sir. I waited, sir. After lunchin, missis and Mr. Tingle, sir, went out a-walkin'."

Mrs. Widgeon coughed ominously. She was one of those old ladies who always take the worst view of a question in the shortest possible space of time.

"You may go, Robert," observed Mr. Quince—"stay. What time was it when your mistress went out?"

"At three o'clock, sir."

"Three o'clock!—and now," looking at his watch—"now it's seven. This is really very extraordinary. Oh, there she is at last."

It was a sharp, rolling double-knock—for "Visitors' Bells" are not yet set up in Montague-place—that suggested this exclamation; but, instead of Emily's light footstep, the heavy tread of Robert was heard preceding and announcing "Sir Henry and Lady Gammage."

They were the first batch of guests, and Mr. Quince was fain to retreat hastily through a side door and rush to his dressing-room, leaving Mrs. Widgeon to receive the company. It was a false move, if he wished his friends to be ignorant of his wife's absence, for the fact being known to Mrs. Widgeon, it was not very likely that she would be silent on the subject, or put the best construction on it. But the Queen's Counsel felt that he had no remedy, and made all the haste he could to dress for dinner—a dinner which he now execrated by every epithet, legal or fineable, that he could lay his tongue to. His progress was not accelerated by the rapid succession of rat-tat-tats at the street door, for at every knock he bounced out of his dressing-room to the staircase, to listen for his wife's voice, and every time he did so he heard the name of a fresh guest, and bounced back again, in a state of mind in which fear and frenzy were struggling violently for the mastery.

"What *can* have become of her?" thus ran his soliloquy—"curse this boot! I've got it on the wrong foot—there!—what's that?—another knock—this *must* be her! No! it's that infernal fool, Major Priddy, with his long-winded Indian stories—it's not possible that she can have —no, d—n it, I won't even think *that*—I believe the devil himself invented white neckhandkerchiefs—that washerwoman deserves to have her neck broken for putting in so much starch—went out four hours ago, and Tingle—that Tingle—that cursed cornet of yeomanry with her—what am I to think? Surely that *is* her knock!"—listening—("Mr. Serjeant and Mrs. Goosequill")—"Goosequill, hey?—a pretty story he'll make of this in Court if she shouldn't come home at all—where *is* that beast of a waistcoat?—oh, here—now then, my coat—I wish all these people were—I won't say where—what is to be done?—what is to be done?"

And, smoothing his ruffled plumes as well as he might, and endeavouring to compose his looks, Mr. Peter Quince descended to the drawing-

room in a state of much greater trepidation than when he made his first motion in the Court of Queen's Bench before that awful personage my Lord Chief Justice Thunderbolt.

Mrs. Widgeon had just repeated her surprise—and something more than surprise—for the tenth time, and was in the act of saying,

"It's a pity that Mrs. Quince did not take some other opportunity of run——"

When the entrance of the Queen's Counsel cut short the sentence, and converted it into a whine of dissembled hope.

"Oh, here's Mr. Quince—now do, that's a dear man, relieve all our fears about your sweet wife—tell us that she's coming down directly, and for my part I'll forgive her all the anxiety this unhappy accident has occasioned."

The Queen's Counsel saw at a glance that Mrs. Widgeon had been making the best use she could of the time he had been up-stairs, and had put the case to the company as unpleasantly as could be devised, so he put a bold front on it and tried to laugh the matter off.

"How d'ye do, Sir Henry?—How d'ye do, Lady Gammage?—Ah, Goosequill—I see my good friend, Mrs. Widgeon, has told you that Emily isn't at home—awkward that a lady should be out of the way when her guests arrive—but it's nothing—stoppage in the street—call somewhere—detained—friend ill, perhaps—be here, of course, directly——"

"Mr. Tingle was invited too, I believe," observed Mrs. Widgeon to her next neighbour in a *sotto voce* tone that could be heard all over the room—"handsome young man, they say—brought up, I'm told, with poor Emily—that kind of thing never does—something always comes of it—and then the differ[illegible]age, my dear—shocking to think of, isn't it?"

"Lady Gammage," thundered out Mr. Quince, whom these remarks had reached, "I cannot think of keeping you waiting." And he rang the bell furiously, to divert the attention of the company from a conclusion at which he had begun rapidly to arrive.

"Dinner!" he shouted, before the servant had well answered the summons.

"Oh, dear no, by no means," said Lady Gammage, in the most courteous manner possible—"I beg you won't at all consider—pray let us wait a little longer——"

Other voices joined in chorus urging the same request—though Mrs. Widgeon whispered prophetically above her breath that it would be of no use waiting, *she* knew—and dinner was countermanded for another quarter of an hour.

To wait for that event is not a pleasant thing under any circumstances, but, in this instance, it was peculiarly disagreeable. Every one felt under restraint, every one was listening, waiting for something to happen—there was no conversation, only now and then an interjectional jerk of commonplace words on the part of Major Priddy or Mr. Serjeant Goosequill, but nothing like an anecdote or a joke to enliven the situation. At last Mr. Quince vowed he would wait no longer, and, giving his arm to Lady Gammage, led the way down stairs, followed by the rest of the company. Mrs. Widgeon kindly offered to take the head of the table—but this was unanimously objected to, and she indemnified herself, therefore, by asking

twice for soup and three times for fish, taking advantage of the non-removal of both in the hope of the arrival of the hostess.

It was a vain hope. The *entrées* came and went; the *pièces de résistance* were assailed; the woodcocks and the Nesselrode pudding were in turn discussed;—the Madeira, the hock, the champagne, made their rounds; the guests ate and drank after the manner of people at a funeral, and Mr. Peter Quince sat like one on thorns, now talking spasmodically, now listening with one ear bent, like a hare on its form, and ever and anon his eyes wandering uneasily towards the head of the table, and from thence to the chair which ought to have been occupied by Mr. Ralph Tingle. It was Macbeth's position reversed: the table was *not* full enough for him!

At length the cloth was removed—the dessert placed—the "particular bin" evident on the board,—and the servants gone. Then came a flood of opinion as to the possibilities in regard to Mrs. Quince's mysterious absence—and after these had been discussed, suggestions were proffered, thick and threefold. In the midst of the conversation the nurse entered according to her wont—and as if nothing had happened—to bring round "the baby."

At the sight of the poor little innocent there was a silence, as if by common consent, which was only broken by one of Mrs. Widgeon's remarkable coughs. On seeing the child, the long pent-up agony of Mr. Quince expressed itself in words.

"Nurse," said he, hoarsely—"did Em—did your mistress—kiss the baby—before she—she—went—out?"

"That she did, sir," exclaimed the nurse; "it was the last thing as ever she done. She comed up-stairs into the nursery and kissed its pretty face as it was a-laying in its cradle, over and over again, as if she was never going to see it no more!"

The nurse's answer was perfectly simple, and all she meant to express by it was a kind of sympathy with the possible fate of her mistress, who, according to a vague notion which she was possessed of, had been run over and tossed by a cab or a mad bull, or both. But its effect was very different from what she—or any one else—had expected.

Mr. Quince tried to master his emotion, but, failing in the endeavour, buried his face in his hands and sobbed audibly.

This was the signal for a general break-up. The ladies scurried out of the room—the gentlemen rose and gathered round their host; Mrs. Widgeon alone kept her seat—she was finishing some guava jelly.

"My dear Quince," said Sir Henry Gammage, "something had better be done,—really, we ought not to have waited so long—I think—hey—that—the police had better be consulted."

"Yes—yes," cried half a dozen voices—"the police—by all means—I'll go,—and I,"—and a rush was straightway made to the door.

By this time Mr. Quince had recovered his presence of mind and stopped the movement.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am very much obliged to you,—but in this—difficult and—I may say—unfortunate business—I must act for myself,—that is, in conjunction with one or two kind friends only, who I know will gladly lend me their assistance. Sir Henry, and you, Goosequill, and you, Major,—will remain with me a few minutes. For the rest, I must beg of you, gentlemen, to present my excuses to the ladies, and wish you all good night."

With the exceptions named, Mr. Peter Quince remained alone, and when the house was cleared—old Mrs. Widgeon being the last to ask for her fly—he took counsel with his friends as to the course he ought to adopt.

The inspector of the nearest station was sent for, and questioned as to whether any accident had occurred that afternoon within his district, but none had been reported. He was charged to make inquiries at all the stations at a distance,—and messengers were sent to the different hospitals,—but a dull blank was the result. Even the knowledge of some painful occurrence—to the peril of life or limb—would have been happiness to the state of suspense in which the wretched husband lingered.

Ten, eleven, twelve o'clock came, and there were no tidings.

Mr. Quince was afraid almost to utter his thoughts to himself, and would not breathe it to his friends. He begged them to leave him, and said, calmly and firmly, that he would sit up alone. His composure satisfied them, and, though reluctantly, they departed.

No sooner were they gone than he sent for Mr. Blithers, the butler,—he was a steady man, and could be trusted.

"Blithers," he said, "send and get me a fast cab. I shall want it for two or three hours. Be under no uneasiness on my account. I shall be back at the end of that time. If your mistress comes home meanwhile, tell her—tell her—that I was—a little anxious,—but that the party went off very well."

The cab came, Mr. Quince jumped into it, and away he drove to all the railway stations, one after the other. There were none by whom he knew to divine his secret thoughts. He spoke to none now but indifferent officials. He could describe the persons of—the fugitives—without compromising his honour. The electric telegraph was set to work on every line, and back he came to his home, exhausted, and sick at heart.

The butler opened the door. Mr. Quince was afraid to look at him, but faintly gasped out,

"Your mistress!"

"Mistress is in the drawing-room, sir," replied Blithers, in a tone of the most lively satisfaction—"in the drawing-room, waiting to see you."

Mr. Quince leapt from the cab and staggered up-stairs. He had not taken six steps before he found himself locked in Emily's arms.

"The most ridiculous thing I ever heard in my life!"

"Yes, dear, I could have laughed about it, if I hadn't cried so. And Ralph did his best to comfort me too."

Mr. Quince grasped the hand of the ex-cornet, and shook it heartily.

"And how did you get out after all?"

"Why, after shouting myself hoarse for full five hours," said Ralph, "and kicking at the doors till I wore away the soles of my boots—look at 'em—I managed to climb up to a high window-ledge quite out of reach—the light comes slanting down, you know, in that place—and then I broke half a dozen panes, cut my hand a little, as you may perceive,—broke away some of the window-frame, and succeeded at last in rousing the watchman;—made him understand how we had been shut in—got him to knock up Mr. What's-his-name, the keeper of the medals—and at a quarter to two this morning we were released, AFTER HAVING BEEN LOCKED UP NEARLY ALL NIGHT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM!"

HESTER SOMERSET.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER XI.

MR. PIKE AND HIS NOTABLE PLAN FOR BREAKING UP HESTER'S SCHOOL.

MR. PIKE in his last project had suffered a defeat, and this was occasioned, the reader will remember, by the repentance of Flemming, who, after the fearful scene through which Hester passed, had sent her back in safety to her lodgings. The circumstance caused the little attorney much chagrin and anger, for failure in anything he undertook was almost unknown to him, his sagacity and professional wisdom usually triumphing over every difficulty. Thinking of his discomfiture, he stamped to and fro in his office in St. Mary Axe; anon he stopped, and beat the table savagely with his fist, uttering, at the same time, many threatening words.

At length the indignant gentleman consoled himself by forming plans for the future, and in dressing his frugal dinner: the last was prepared in the inner room, and consisted solely of cheap vegetables; thus engaged, the fundholder sank into deep meditation; and whether his thoughts were of a pleasant description, or the savoury fumes of his favourite viands gratified his olfactory sense, certain it was that he smiled till his broad mouth puckered up at the corners, his three solitary teeth obtruded themselves, and his little round eyes twinkled like black glass beads.

"Ha! ha! she thought I shouldn't find her out, did she?" whispered the happy gentleman. "To be sure I have had considerable trouble in tracing her; and odd it was to stumble upon her in that way, amidst all her scholars. What a nest of them, too, the young creature has contrived to gather around her!—There's money coming in, no doubt of it; but the thing must not go on—no, no."

The face of Mr. Pike assumed a more serious and anxious expression. He did not, however, soliloquise again until he had finished his repast, and drunk his usual tumbler of spring water: that beverage agreed with him far better than ale or other strong drinks, the love of which, he maintained, in his rigid code of morals, ranked among the greatest of crimes.

"I wonder," said Mr. Pike, "if Hartley *did* make away with that youth, after all. If I were sure of this, what a hold I should have upon him!—I would not drag him to justice—no, no, that would never answer my purpose; moreover, I am averse to the system of hanging, for it cuts off a man from the possibility of repentance, and of amending his life. I should act most wickedly if I brought Hartley to the gallows; but instead, making good flow from evil, I would demand from him, for keeping silence, in lieu of my paltry annuity, say one thousand a-year; or he should pay me a large sum at once, as a provision for my old age. Thus Flemming's death would serve him and serve me, while the youth himself, spared the troubles and temptations of this evil world, would be happy in another—at least, I hope so."

With a placid and benevolent smile, Mr. Pike rose from his table, and

began to brush up the faded nap of his large hat; he brushed, too, his threadbare coat, and his little black trousers, worn very white down the seams; he then passed his straps under his broad, heavy shoes, which, to save the expense of blacking, were oiled, so that they looked in dull but respectable mourning all through the year. These things Mr. Pike did preparatory to his going abroad, for he hated slovenliness, and prided himself on being—not smart indeed in his toilet—but always "neat."

The attorney was going to the printer's office, to urge on the completion of certain placards. As usual, he assumed in the business a feigned name; and from this habitual precaution arose the difficulty of ever tracing an act to the agency of the politic lawyer.

A few days after the little scene just described, a man might have been observed walking slowly up and down in the vicinity of Wardrobe-place; he wore a top coat—for the weather was rather cold—and around his neck was wrapped a large woollen comforter, into which his chin was plunged, little of his face being seen besides his eyes. He looked at his watch; it was almost five o'clock; and as that apparently wished-for hour approached, he drew nearer to the entrance of Wardrobe-place.

"They'll not be long now," said the little gentleman, as he took a large packet of what appeared to be letters from his side-pocket, looked at them, and returned them once more to the deep repository. "The school is always over at five—that I know; we will put a stop to this money-making," he added. "If I was defeated last time, I'll try not to be defeated this. Why, I learn she saves money fast—a very annoying circumstance to Mr. Hartley; but I'll please him—I'll do his business for him cleverly, and he shall not upbraid me again with a failure. What do I meditate doing?—an evil action?—certainly not. First, I serve my employer—and every man's duty is to be faithful to his employer. Secondly, Mr. Somerset must not be freed from prison; he is better there, I say again, and leads a more quiet and virtuous life than he would do if at liberty, surrounded by the temptations of the world. Lastly, the close atmosphere of a room filled with children must be highly injurious to the health of this young woman. Oh! yes, I am justified in my conduct, and I feel quite satisfied and happy in my conscience."

Saying this, Mr. Pike, with a cheerful step, walked under the covered way which leads to Wardrobe-place. He took his station at the corner, opposite one of the old lime-trees; he looked up among the branches, and a red-breast was there singing merrily; the little chorister was harmless, and free from all guile, just as Mr. Pike believed his own spirit to be.

St. Paul's clock struck five; the attorney gazed anxiously at the house in which Hester held her school. The door opened, and the children, one by one, not noisily or in confusion, issued forth. They walked towards the covered passage where our friend stood, each proceeding to her home. Then Mr. Pike might have been seen with his large packet of letters in his hand, his snipy face half buried in the great woollen comforter, and his hat drawn over his eyes. The orderly conduct of the children, who did not crowd together, facilitated the performance of what he had in view. Quickly, as they severally passed, he placed into the hands of each one of his letters: it was carefully wafered, and addressed "To the Mother of this Young Lady." Some of the children stared;

but letters tendered to them by such an amiable-looking old gentleman, and directed to their mothers, awakened their curiosity, and they willingly received them.

"Don't give them to any one but your excellent mothers, my dear children," said Mr. Pike, in his mildest and most winning tone of voice. "Go home now, sweet innocents! and take an old man's blessing!"

Reaching the main street, the children dispersed to their respective dwellings; and Mr. Pike also turned away from Wardrobe-place.

"I think that will do," he said; "I have done it quietly—very comfortably. A happy thought it was, and far better than the plan I adopted on the former occasion, when I called on the parents. We shall see how the society's name in this way will work. Pike, you are an ingenious fellow—a clever dog—yes, yes. but a conscientious man too."

So the attorney went home pleasantly chuckling, and feeling all the while "satisfied and happy" in his own conscience.

Now, what might be the contents of the letters or circulars which Mr. Pike had so carefully distributed among Hester's pupils? Each, as we said, was addressed "To the Mother of this Young Lady," and it ran as follows:

"RESPECTED MADAM,—Perhaps you are aware that, in our great metropolis, two excellent societies exist, whose objects are to protect private families from the designs of thieves, and to watch over the morals of the people—their names being 'The Fraud-Preventing-Society,' and the 'Society for the Abolition of Vice.' You are now respectfully addressed by the last-named association. Our officers and visitors, in their philanthropic rounds through this populous city, have discovered that, in the neighbourhood of Doctors' Commons, a certain school has been set up, purporting to be kept by a young lady of respectable and virtuous character. We are sorry to be under the necessity of warning and undeceiving the people who reside in this locality; but our duty must be performed. One motive only influences us in our exertions—a desire that the rising generation should be honest, virtuous, and worthy of the parents who bore them. How important is it, then, that children, and especially young females, should be placed under the tuition of those only whose principles are correct. The school alluded to has been started by a young woman who *appears* to be a lady, and possessed of amiable manners: alas! so much greater the danger!—Our officers have discovered that she is not 'what she should be;' in a word, that she is an impostor. The unhappy creature has borne two or three different names, to hide her previous actions, and aid her designs in getting money. She is well known at the police courts, and has been in custody several times for divers offences—and among them, theft. At this very moment, her father is a prisoner in a common gaol!

"Under these circumstances, respected Madam, we feel it our duty to give you a friendly warning. If you desire the well-being of your child, take her away from that school. Our letter will be tendered to your daughter by one of our visitors; this mode of communication, for certain reasons, appearing to us most expedient.

(Signed) "The Society for the Abolition of Vice,

"JOHN JONES, Secretary."

In addition to the above alarming epistle, the indefatigable Mr. Pike had caused, in the dusk of the same evening, several printed placards to be posted on the walls near Wardrobe-place. The men—who with their cans of paste and long poles make their employment a regular profession—performed their duty well; for, in the morning, all who could read might learn that a certain young female of a very doubtful and dangerous character had come to that neighbourhood, and established a school. The counterfeit name she then bore, it would be needless—the paper hinted—to mention; but mothers were urgently called upon to—beware!

What effect all this might have, may easily be divined; alarm is so soon excited in the breasts of women, and people, for the most part, so readily give credence to evil reports concerning their neighbours.

Chapter XII.

MR. PIKE'S SCHEME PRODUCES RESULTS.

At the accustomed hour, Julie made her appearance to assist Hester before the school opened for the day; but, as the latter welcomed her with her usual happy smile, the turnkey's daughter seemed agitated and alarmed.

"I have seen a most strange placard against the walls this morning."

"Very likely," observed Hester laughing; "for London is a strange place, and contains strange people."

"Oh! I hope I may be mistaken. The school it describes as rapidly increasing cannot be——"

"But it can be. You teach the smaller scholars admirably; and I believe, my dear Julie, it is chiefly owing to you that my school has become so flourishing."

The poor girl caught her mistress by the dress. "Do not jest; but perhaps I am deceived; perhaps I read it wrongly; there may be other schools in the neighbourhood."

Hester seeing Julie so serious, and struck by her vague words, altered her manner, and asked her what she meant.

"The infamous placard, Miss Somerset——"

"Well, what does it say?"

"I have drawn one from the wall just outside," stammered Julie. "Here it is!"

Hester took the square piece of red paper, and her eyes were rivetted on it. At first her countenance expressed incredulity, then a gradually awakening conviction of some dreaded fact, and lastly, bitter and sharp anguish. The paper fell on the ground, and she moved backwards, sinking into a chair. Oh! the piteous look which Hester cast at Julie, as she felt that a cloud had suddenly come over the delightful prospect which lately spread before her!—"He has found me!" she said, in a low tone of voice, betokening an agony words may not express. All that her poor companion could do was to stand by her side, kiss her hand, and cover it with tears. At length Julie spoke, with a hope of encouraging her mistress.

"Grieve not thus—may we not both be wrong in supposing this paper

directed against yourself? Even if it is, can you not prosecute your wicked persecutor?"

"There lies the difficulty, Julie. So cunning and cautious is this man, that while we are certain of his evil deeds, we have no proof to convict him in a court of justice. You observe, no address is given on this placard—no real name; and the 'Society,' put forth so pompously, is merely an imaginary one. But people will believe all!" she cried, yielding again to her wild grief—"believe all, and I am ruined!"

"But wait the event—be patient for a short time," suggested Julie. "Perhaps we shall find every fear groundless. Yes, yes, no doubt all the scholars will attend as usual."

Hester listened to her companion; but it was not without great anxiety that she tarried for the hour when the pupils were accustomed to flock to the school. That hour came; two children only appeared. Still she waited, and expected; but so well had Mr. Pike's measures succeeded, that not one more arrived. The parents of these two children, were all out of the entire number who did not attend to, and believe, the malicious statements of the attorney. Even these children evinced a kind of shrinking and fear, and spoke of letters given them by some gentleman on the preceding day.

About an hour had passed, when several women were seen entering together Wardrobe-place. Their steps were hurried, and their eyes sparkled with anger. They looked at each other in surprise, for their business seemed to be the same. By a simultaneous movement they advanced to the house where Hester resided, and so eager were they to gain admittance, that two or three extended their hands to the knocker together. The unsuspecting Julie opened the door, and the women, without naming their business, instantly proceeded to the school-room.

"You are here, then?" said the foremost woman, throwing back her hair from her inflamed cheeks.

"Found out at last!" exclaimed a second.

"Oh, what hypocrisy and guilt we have around us in this evil world!" cried a third, sentimentally lifting her hands and eyes.

Hester moved back from the group with feelings of terror, but they kept gradually advancing upon her.

"What do you mean? Please explain yourselves, I beseech you."

"Oh! that's of no use!" cried the foremost; "you know your own character, young woman, so you cannot be ignorant of our business."

"We are come, ma'am," said another,—"and I dare say I speak Mrs. Gubbin's, Mrs. Montmorency's, and Mrs. Stubbs's sentiments,—we are come just to speak our mind, and serve you as you deserve."

Again the group drew nearer, and their gestures became more threatening.

"We love virtue, ma'am, and gentility," said the sentimental one, "and you appeared to possess both; therefore we loved you, and sent our poor innocent children to your school. Our eyes are opened now. Your school would be to them the nursery of perdition, and the road to the gallows.—Oh, unhappy young female! what mercy can you expect at our hands?"

The other women applauded this little speech; but Julie, perceiving

their passions grow every moment more violent, threw herself before them, and endeavoured to plead on behalf of her beloved mistress.

"What!" cried they, "are you in league? and do you both pretend not to understand us yet? At least, then, you shall know how we have become enlightened, and how poor deluded mothers have been warned to save their offspring from contamination and ruin—thanks to that excellent Society for the Abolition of Vice!"

Each woman now drew forth Mr. Pike's letter; Hester eagerly seized one, and read it as well as her swimming eyes and sinking frame would permit her. The women regarded her in bitter and silent indignation, yet curious to observe how she might bear the full discovery of her presumed guilt.

The plausibility, the hellish cunning displayed by the writer, surpassed even what she might have expected from her persecutor Pike. She could no longer blame the conduct of those before her, but rather marvelled that they were not even more exasperated. During that morning, her nerves had undergone a strain sufficiently severe; this last stroke exceeded almost what nature could bear. "Infamous falsehoods! Oh, I am wrongfully accused!" was all she could exclaim; and the poor victim of her father's enemies, like a flower bowed down to the earth by the step of some reckless passer-by, seemed crushed by the weight of her calamity, for she sank, without sense or motion, into the arms of Julie.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.

There were not wanting many who smiled and scoffed at the conclusion arrived at in the *New Monthly Magazine* for October last—that if Sir John Franklin's expedition had found its way through Victoria Channel into an open Arctic Ocean, it might also find its way to the coast of Asia, or even of Europe; and that the probabilities were, that the expedition was now, or had been, shut up or detained in the extensive regions of water, ice, and land, that extend between Victoria Channel or the Great Arctic Ocean, and the high and extensive lands north of West Georgia, seen by Captain Kellett of the *Herald*, and others, and considered by some to be a continuation of the range of mountains seen by the natives off Cape Jakan, on the coast of Siberia, and mentioned by Baron Wrangel in his "Polar Voyages." (*New Monthly Magazine*, No. 370, p. 202.)

This view of the case has, however, since been taken up warmly by the Ministry, by the Hydrographical Office, and by the Royal Geographical Society, and an expedition, proposed to be carried out by Lieutenant Pim, R.N., who served on board H.M.'s surveying ships *Herald* and *Plover* in the Arctic regions, is actually on its way to the districts in question.

Lieutenant Pim's idea, as laid before the Royal Geographical Society, is, that the plans adopted for the relief of Sir John Franklin and his

gallant little band, have been based on the supposition that the *Erebus* and *Terror* had failed at the very commencement of their voyage. This is scarcely the case. It is certainly very much to be regretted, as we remarked when first the news of the results of Captain Austin's expedition reached this country, that Barrow's Straits should never have been open to navigation since first explored, to its remote extremity, by Sir Edward Parry, and that, with the exception of Captain Penny's exploration of Victoria Channel, little had been done to extend research after Sir John Franklin. But this was owing to the state of the seas and channels, and not to the will or intention of the expeditions of research. They would gladly, if they could, have reached the parallels now in question. Besides, the *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, on their way from Behring's Straits to Parry Islands, would have to cut through a portion of the same unexplored regions. It has been, therefore, the result of untoward accidents—in the case of Sir James Clark Ross's expedition in 1848; in that of the *North Star*, 1849; and that of Captain Austin, of the Americans, and of Sir John Ross, in 1850—that their researches did not extend much beyond what would only be the commencement of the Arctic voyages and sufferings of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, and not that the plans of the ships were based upon a limited exploration of Lancaster Sound, or Barrow's Straits, or the mouth of Wellington Channel.

Lieutenant Pim said, that having perused Wrangel's narrative attentively, the fact that Wrangel, as well as Anjou, found an open sea in several places during the cold season in comparatively high latitudes, impressed itself upon him. The course of the isothermal lines, also, as deduced from various observations by modern philosophers, and the opinion of Colonel Sabine, as well as that of other men of science, of the existence of open water around the pole, afforded a clue to the probable course of Sir John Franklin; since strengthened, it may be added, by Captain Penny's discovering northward of Wellington Channel a sea free from ice. It is gratifying to state that Admiral Sir F. Beaufort's opinion is the same. In a letter lately received, he makes the following remarks:

"I have at all times, both publicly and privately, expressed my conviction that if the *Erebus* and *Terror* should succeed in passing through Wellington Channel, they would find the Northern Ocean comparatively free from ice, and find it an easy matter to penetrate to the westward. Franklin's difficulties would therefore begin when, having made his westing, he might endeavour to haul to the southward for Behring's Straits;—for Cook, Beechey, Kellett, and all navigators who have passed through that opening, found the soundings decrease on approaching the southern edge of the ice, making it almost demonstrable that a bank of some hundreds of miles in length, and most likely rising up in many islands, stretches across from west to east. If those ships, therefore, did find their way through Wellington Channel, they have got into some labyrinth of ice and islands abreast of Behring's Straits, or further west on the flats off the coast of Siberia."

From this opinion of Sir F. Beaufort, and taking all other circumstances into consideration, it appeared to Lieutenant Pim that Sir John

Franklin, having passed through Wellington Channel, attained the Polynia, or open water, and would then naturally steer to the westward, and, when reaching the meridian of Behring's Straits, re-enter the ice in order to penetrate to the Pacific Ocean. Difficulties, however, would again impede his progress. Embayed in the frozen masses which have checked the advance of every navigator from the earliest to the present time, he would be at the mercy of the winds and currents, rendering it problematical to which coast he would be driven, whether to that of the New or that of the Old World. The endurance, hardihood, and courage of a Richardson, a Kellett, a Pullen, and a Rae, have afforded negative evidence that the coast of Northern America is *not* the country where the final settlement of the question—what has become of Sir John Franklin?—must be determined. The next place, therefore, to which attention turns is Siberia. Wrangel's narrative proving that pieces of wreck have been found on the Asiatic shores, and historical accounts stating that various Russian expeditions experienced the greatest difficulties in penetrating even a short distance easterly, make it evident that the very course which produced that effect upon the Russian vessels would bring about an opposite result upon any ships which may happen to be about the meridian of Behring's Straits; consequently, that a well-organised search of the Asiatic shores would afford results highly satisfactory. H.M.'s ship *Herald*, after an absence of six years, having returned to England after three times visiting Behring's Straits, without more success than the squadrons on the eastern side of America, and the fate of Sir John Franklin being still wrapped in mystery, Lieutenant Pim said that he considered it his duty to make known the above conviction, and to submit to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty a plan for obtaining traces of the missing expedition. His proposal was, to start on the 15th of November, and travel by way of St. Petersburg, Moscow, Tobolsk, Irkutz, and Jakoutz, to the mouth of the Kolyma, latitude 68 deg. 31 min., longitude 16 deg. east, and thence to commence exploring the coast of Siberia, east and west from Siviero Vostotchinii Nos, or north-east cape of Asia, to Cape North of Cook—altogether a distance of 10,000 miles. He did not ask for a party, but merely a companion and a servant; and he stated that the expense attending the journey would be trifling in comparison with the result which it appeared to him to promise. To his great disappointment, the Admiralty, though thanking him for his suggestion, declined to undertake the execution of the plan. Lady Franklin, however, impressed with the hope of obtaining some satisfactory intelligence, requested him to carry out his proposal by private means. Unlimited leave of absence for the purpose having been readily granted by the Admiralty, he had no hesitation in responding to her desire. The funds which Lady Franklin was able to devote to this expedition amounted to no more than 500*l.*—a sum obviously inadequate to such an undertaking. It was therefore determined to use that money for fitting out the expedition, and to appeal to his Imperial Majesty of Russia to assist in effecting this object;—Lady Franklin considering that, even should the appeal be unsuccessful, the funds would have been appropriately expended in so legitimate an attempt to rescue her unfortunate husband and the gallant men who accompanied him.

It is gratifying to be able to add, that from a letter of Sir Roderick J. Murchison, always so active in the cause of geographical discovery, addressed to the *Times*, it appears that Lord John Russell has complied with the request made by the Royal Geographical Society, through its president, and has granted the sum of 500*l.* to aid the special adventurous service of the gallant officer, adding these kind words: "I trust he will not, in the ardour of the pursuit, risk unduly his own life. I heartily wish him success."

"This well-timed aid," adds Sir R. Murchison, "on the part of the first minister of the Crown, not only prevents the necessity of any present appeal to the friends of Franklin for a subscription (which I know, from numerous letters addressed to me, would have been promptly contributed), or of making further demands on the purse—alas! I fear, too much exhausted—of a noble-minded woman, but will also give Lieutenant Pim great moral support in Russia. It is known that the emperor is deeply interested in procuring intelligence of the missing expedition, and has long ago given orders to obtain every information respecting it which could be procured from the natives of the northern coasts of Siberia. It may therefore be hoped that the more definite mission of our countryman, who is well inured to the life of the Esquimaux, will be so countenanced by the authorities at St. Petersburg, as to enable him to carry out, with the imperial assistance, a survey of the distant and mountainous lands first descried by the Russian navigator Wrangel, and since seen by Captain Kellett, of H.M.'s ship *Herald*, beyond which it is supposed that Franklin's ships may have been frozen up. It is through such imperial co-operation that we must look for success."

It is to be observed that Lieutenant Pim, having previously laid his plans before the Foreign Office, he said he could not speak too gratefully of the kindness of Lord Palmerston on that occasion, as well as Mr. Addington's promptitude in forwarding the necessary documents. Count Wielhorsky, the secretary to the Russian embassy, also promised at the meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, on the part of the Russian government, that Lieutenant Pim should receive from the imperial government at St. Petersburg the best reception, and that every means would be afforded to assist him in so noble and generous an enterprise.

Supposing thus, of which there appears no doubt now, that the negotiations with the court of Russia terminate favourably, Lieutenant Pim's track would lead from St. Petersburg to Moscow by railway; from Moscow to Irkutz by sledge or sledges, a distance of 3544 miles; and from Irkutz to Jakoutz, also on sledges, a distance of 1824 miles. The whole journey occupying about four months. At Jakoutz all regular travelling conveyances terminate, and the 1200 miles to the river Kolyma, as well as the 2000 miles of search, will have to be performed in a manner best adapted to the resources of the country.

Lieutenant Pim does not imagine that the proposed task can be completed before 1854.

It would be very ungracious on the part of a public writer to treat with indifference the general enthusiasm with which this new project has been received; but Lieutenant Pim is already on his journey, and it becomes us, from the constant and earnest interest that we have taken in

the fate of Sir John Franklin and his brave crews, and in the researches made after them, that we should weigh the probabilities of success in a fair and unbiassed manner.

In the first place, it is not positively shown that Sir John Franklin's expedition did proceed by Victoria Channel. We see by Arrowsmith's map, recently published, that the opinions we emitted from the positions attained by the sledges under Captain Ommanney, Lieutenant Osborne, and Lieutenant Browne, in their explorations of the regions south-west of Barrow's Straits, that an immense tract remained unexplored between Cape Walker and Banks's Land, in which the expedition might remain entangled in ice and land. The expedition again might, profiting by an open sea, have sailed through Barrow's Straits to beyond Parry's Islands. The researches of Sir John Richardson, Kellett, Pullen, and Rae, cannot be said to throw any positive light upon either of these categories. In either case, the site of entanglement might be between Parry's Islands or Banks's Land, and the furthest point reached by those enterprising travellers.

We are, however, ready to admit that the greater number of probabilities are in favour of the *Erebus* and *Terror* having proceeded by Victoria Channel into an open Arctic Ocean. Undoubtedly, in such a case, as Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort has pointed out, Franklin's difficulties would commence when, having made his westing, he might endeavour to haul to the southward for Behring's Straits; for Cook, Beechey, Kellett, and all navigators who had passed through that opening, found the soundings decrease on approaching the southern edge of the ice, making it almost demonstrable that a bank of some hundreds of miles in length, and most likely rising up into many islands, stretched across from east to west. If those ships, therefore, did find their way through Victoria Channel, they had got into some labyrinth of ice and islands abreast of Behring's Straits, or further west, "on the flats off the coast of Siberia."

Now, admitting these leading facts, the first category scarcely comes within the domain of Lieutenant Pim's expedition. It would require an expedition provided alike with boats and sledges. The great question is, whether Lieutenant Pim has any chance of success in the second. In the vast regions of perpetual congelation that extend from the north-east cape of Siberia to Behring's Straits, and to which Lieutenant Pim intends particularly to direct his attention, a man, or a small party of men, would be, even aided by the Samoyeds, like native marmots or martens, pigmies in the immensity of Arctic solitudes. Still we know, by what has been done by one or two resolute men on the Arctic shores of the American continent, what man—little as his physical force is, yet his intellectual power so gigantic—can accomplish. It would appear, also, that there are some few, little known, permanent stations on the Arctic coast of Siberia, such as a few stations at the mouth of the Indigirka, and Nisjnei Kolvinsk, at the mouth of the river of the same name. Beyond this, to the eastward, all appears to be desert. Still it is probable that no very great difficulties will present themselves to the exploration of portions of the Arctic coast of Siberia; the real difficulties would present themselves in exploring the Likhov islands and the lands and ices which are supposed to lie to the north-eastward of that coast, or the "flats," as Admiral Sir Francis Beaufort calls them, but in reality an alternation of ice-clad

shoals, flats, islands, and mountainous land. Lieutenant Pim's expedition scarcely seems, at the present moment, maturely organised for such researches, and it is only to be hoped that the imperial government of Russia will feel and will meet these difficulties.

But we previously pointed to Europe, as well as to Asia, as the possible direction taken by Franklin's expedition, and these are our reasons: Supposing that expedition to have gained the open Arctic Ocean, and in fetching to the south, to gain Behring's Straits, to have found that outlet closed to them by an impenetrable barrier of land and ice;—supposing the expedition to have been entangled in that land and ice even for one or more winters, it might still have sought the first occasion to get to the westward. Sir Francis Beaufort says they would find it a comparatively easy matter to penetrate to the westward. Lieutenant Pim said, Wrangel's narrative proving that pieces of wreck had been found on the Asiatic shores, and historical accounts stating that various Russian expeditions experienced the greatest difficulties in penetrating even a short distance easterly, made it evident that the very cause which produced that effect upon the Russian vessels would bring about an opposite result upon any ships that might happen to be about the meridian of Behring's Straits.

This being the case, the distance to Great Britain by the channel between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen would be the same as if the expedition had retraced its steps amidst the difficulties of counter-currents and uncertain frosts. The nearer the expedition could keep—supposing it to be navigating a Polynia, or open Arctic Ocean, as there is every reason to suppose exists around the North Pole—to that pole itself, the more would the distance and the difficulties of such a navigation be diminished.

For the sake of science, and for the sake of humanity, then, we rejoice in such expeditions as that which Lieutenant Pim has engaged in; but, although by no means hopeless, we are free to confess we put little faith in its success,—at least, so far as Sir John Franklin's expedition is concerned. Should that expedition be still toiling its dangerous way—now free, now embayed, now ice-locked, or even ice and land-locked in the Arctic Ocean—our hopes would still lie in its own providential liberation; and it may be from the gallant survivors of these dread trials that we shall yet gather the first intelligence of their happy escape. Where that intelligence may be first obtained it would be almost vain to conjecture; yet it might be obtained in Great Britain, and that from the survivors' own mouths, with as much likelihood as from the north-east cape of Siberia, from Wrangel's and Anjou's Polar Lands, from Rae's Victoria and Wollaston Lands, or from Penny's Victoria Channel.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE BOA AND THE BLANKET—A BLOOMER MINISTRY—THE ST. ALBANS' WITNESSES—THE KOSSUTH DEMONSTRATIONS—THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH—THE GOLDEN INGOTS, AND WHO WON THE GREAT PRIZE.

A DISTINGUISHED poet of our own day has beautifully said,

> There's always daylight somewhere in the world.

So—to paraphrase his truthful line,—we may observe—descending to most ignoble prose: "There's always something going on somewhere."

The fall of the year is certainly not the most promising period for discovery, but the dreariest season has its events, and even the November fogs are not dense enough to obscure the world altogether. "Something" still "peeps through the blanket of the dark."

That same blanket, by-the-by, comes opportunely to help us in the discussion of our subject.

An amusing problem was recently offered for general solution, in the case of the Boa-Constrictor at the Zoological Gardens, who gorged himself with a blanket for supper instead of his accustomed Welsh rabbit. The question was, whether the serpent would digest his woolly provender, or die under the operation. It seems that he did neither, but—in true statesmanlike fashion—took "a third course," for which no one was prepared, though, after all, it was the most natural of the three. The blanket did not exude through the animal's pores—nor did it destroy the swallower,—but, after more than a month's gestation, returned to the place it came from by the way it went.

The story of the snake's delivery is told with a nice touch of feeling in one of the weekly papers:

"On the night of Saturday, the 8th instant, Tomkins the watchman, on going his rounds, saw the animal labouring to get rid of the blanket, a part of which protruded from his mouth, and he assisted it in doing so by taking hold of and pulling the blanket gently, *for which act of kindness it was thought the boa seemed grateful*, inasmuch as it offered no opposition, and did not strive to injure him."

"Tomkins and the Boa-Constrictor" will, no doubt, go down to posterity side by side with "Androcles and the Lion;" though, we confess, we are not so much struck by the serpent's gratitude as the writer of the above paragraph seems to be; for, had the Boa been ever so evil-minded, he could not by any possibility have injured Tomkins with his mouth full of blanket. We are willing, however, to assume that the creature *was* grateful, as it makes the picture more harmonious.

This story, which may or may not be true, for it is the time of the year when "*canards*" are most in season, has suggested one or two considerations; but before we notice them we must add another sentence to the preceding account:

"On examination, the blanket," it says, "was found to be much shrunken in size, and it was divested of the greater portion of the loose wool or hairy filaments composing its surface."

Now, our opinion of the matter is this,—that the whole affair is a political parable; that the Boa-Constrictor, who has always figured conspicuously in fable, is a myth of Lord John Russell, and the Blanket which he tried to swallow the new Reform Bill.

At the close of the last session of parliament the Premier—as every one knows—announced his intention of preparing a measure on Reform for early adoption. Unembarrassed by the acts of his colleagues, and left quietly, during the recess, to himself, Lord John set to work to prepare his plan. Of course he would much rather have swallowed the Rabbit than the Blanket; but, as people are not content now with anything short of a prodigy, he was obliged to commence operations with the larger and more difficult subject. To the surprise of all who learnt what he was about, he managed to get it down, and people began immediately to wonder in what shape it would reappear. Some said it would end in nothing, others that it would prove too much for him, and several weeks elapsed during which the public remained in a most uncomfortable state of suspense.

At last, the government paper, which always mysteriously foreshadows the coming of political events, made the announcement that the great problem was to be solved, and, under the guise of describing the throes of the Boa-Constrictor, revealed the fate of the future Reform Bill.

Its history appears to us to be complete.

It was swallowed *contre-cœur*, and when swallowed was found to be too hard of digestion. There was nothing left then but to try to dispose of it in the briefest manner possible, and, accordingly, on the day specified, Lord John set to work "to get rid of the blanket," and succeeded in casting it up again. Not, however, unobserved, that careful watchman—not Tomkins—but the President of the Reform Association, we will suppose—having a watchful eye on his lordship's movements. That functionary, who had always been of opinion that the measure was too much for the Premier's stomach, very promptly came to his assistance, and "pulling the blanket gently," restored it—yet undigested—to the country. It was not quite in its original state, being "much shrunken in size," and "divested of the greater portion of the loose wool or hairy filaments (the restrictive schedules and expanding clauses) which compose its surface;" by which we may plainly infer what Lord John's Reform Bill would have become in the course of time if his gorge had not risen against it altogether.

It is stated by the government organ, that the Boa "has now an extremely attenuated appearance, and drinks frequently, probably because of the great absorption of the liquids of its body by the blanket."

This is the natural consequence of attempting anything beyond a person's strength, and we hope it will prove a warning to the present cabinet. They are not equal to Blankets, whose texture is too compact for weak stomachs. Let the Whigs stick to Rabbits—light, lively articles of food, that go down easily and give nobody any trouble. The only question is, how far the public are likely to be content with the perpetual prospect of such a family party in the quiet enjoyment of cabinet pudding!

"Cabinet pudding" is, of course, suggestive of many other good things, turtle and venison not excluded; and the consideration of those dainties

at once brings to mind the worthies who have acquired a particular kind of reputation by eating them. This allusion will, we presume, be sufficient to explain whom we mean, without setting up a finger-post, with the inscription, "To Guildhall!"

It seems that "your most grave belly"—as Menenius Agrippa says—has been grumbling greatly against its corporate head, accusing it of all kinds of misdemeanours on the occasion of the Great Paris Fêtes—the chiefest of these outrages against the sensitiveness of civic feelings, having been a want of politeness—or, as the word is termed on the other side of Temple Bar, "politefulness"—towards the inferior members.

We are scarcely surprised at this, when we remember who they were who composed the general *corvée* on the occasion referred to. We entered our protest, at the time, against the whole representative lot, and can scarcely afford much sympathy now for any of the grumblers, who, as far as our experience went, would have done exactly the same as their chief, had they held his "dignified position."

Bloomerism, which has latterly engrossed so much attention, has hardly yet assumed a political aspect, but we have no doubt it soon will, and for our own parts we should be quite as willing to support a Bloomer administration as a Whig one. With Mrs. Dexter at the right hand of affairs, there might be some chance then of getting over the ground.

We all know how valuable are the services of a female canvasser at a contested election, but hitherto the fair sex have decked themselves in smiles, and dealt in silken phrases, solely on account of their husbands and brothers. The time is coming when they will canvass for themselves; when "Bloomerism" will be the test of a candidate's political creed, and "Pettiloons and Progress" the motto inscribed on his banners. He will no longer be asked if he is in favour of the Ballot, but whether he intends to support the "Pantalette." The People's Charter—with its five points, like a star-fish—will give place to the Ladies' Charter, hedged in by as many points as a porcupine or a pincushion. And when Bloomerism returns its supporters to parliament, that parliament—if there be faith in man—will legislate for Bloomerism. And woman knows how confidently she may rely on a suitor's promise—with nearly as much certainty, we believe, as on the vote of a St. Albans' elector, when he has been bribed on both sides.

Par parenthèse, that St. Albans' inquiry has somewhat agreeably diversified the events of the past month. If it had not been for such honest Britons as Messrs. Edwards, Blanks, and Blagg, we should almost have fancied that our national identity had been swamped in the marshes of the Theiss. But for the wholesale revelations of those gentlemen, each of whom seemed desirous of making a cleaner breast of it than the other, have satisfied us that "there are yet men in Denmark," and that all are not like the incorruptible patriots of Shoreditch, who—for want of something better to do—have taken to wearing the Hungarian rosette, and —what's more—have actually refused to sell it at an unheard-of advance upon the prime cost; and—more remarkable still—have declared, every man Jack of 'em, that the aforesaid rosettes shall be "handed down" as heir-looms in their respective families!

Apart from the risk to which we have just referred, the Kossuth demon-

strations have, in themselves, afforded the public a pleasing *divertissement*, in the absence of any other remarkable excitement. It has been quite refreshing to see with what eagerness John Bull, who, a few years since, had never heard of such a place as Hungary, or, if he had, never troubled himself to ask where it was, has plunged head-over-ears into the Serbonian bog of Magyar politics; how familiarly he talks of slaves and Wallacks,—as if they were the slaves he paid for twenty years ago, or the Wallacks who have amused him at the Haymarket Theatre; and with what a patient ear he listens to harangues, of which no one will deny the eloquence, though many may doubt the propriety. But John Bull has a safety-valve for the steam that sets him in motion. In the ordinary occupations of life—in fighting against fortune or making head against difficulties—in all practical matters, in short—his line of conduct is action. But when you broach an ingenious theory, particularly if it happen to be a political one, he then—like Balaam's ass—begins to talk about it, a sure sign that he intends to *do* nothing. M. Kossuth and his advisers appear to be afraid of this, for the orator is ever urgent with his auditors, that the expression of their "opinion" should not melt into thin air, nor evaporate altogether in words. *Il a beau dire, ce pauvre M. Kossuth!* All the eloquence with which he is gifted will not move John Bull to "march," as long as there is a chance that such a step may diminish the weight of his daily loaf and probably double its price. He will "sympathise" with Hungary as much as you please, but when her cause becomes a question of pounds, shillings, and pence, he contents himself with the expression of his best wishes, and, recovering his sanity, returns to his own concerns. It is not to the Czar of Russia, but to "Taxes," that he cries "Stop!" For such a purpose, John Bull has his own common sense to guide him, and need not take the word from the mouth of a base assassin like Popilius Lænas, whom M. Kossuth cites with so much satisfaction.

We may, therefore, at once dismiss the "Demonstrations" as only so much harmless amusement, being perfectly certain—unless the Magyars can make Hungary what Shakspeare made of Bohemia—a maritime country—that both effect and cause have disappeared with the *Humboldt* steamer, as far as we are concerned.

As to the minute chronicling of M. Kossuth's movements,—what he wore when he went abroad—the shape of the nightcap he slept in (a cap of liberty, of course),—how he tied it on, how he shaved (if he ever did shave)—how he pulled on his boots—which first, the left or the right—how he didn't take chocolate for breakfast, but preferred the best "Orange Pekoe," sold by Dakin and Company—how he sent his two little boys to the "Introductory Gymnasium" of the Reverend Philo-leutherius Flayskin, of Clapton, and his daughter to the establishment of the Misses Walkandtalk, of Hammersmith; these are points which we refrain from disinterring from the columns of the daily and weekly newspapers, where they found a fitting resting-place.

But enough of politics, and quasi-political personages. Let us glance at other things.

The Submarine Telegraph is no longer a problem at the mercy of the waves, but a *fait accompli* in all the strictness of the term. On the 13th

of the past month it fired the great gun of peaceful communication between Dover and Calais, in honour of the greatest warrior of the age, and almost simultaneously effected the first transaction between the London Exchange and the Bourse of Paris; and that political importance might not be wanting to develop its uses, the god-send of a ministerial defeat in the French Legislative Assembly was telegraphed along its wires.

The public have ever since been busily speculating on the thousand things it may hereafter accomplish, when the scale of charges is reduced to a somewhat reasonable rate. The tube across the channel is the ear-trumpet of the world. You have but to whisper your thought, and its echo is instantly returned from the Kremlin or the Vatican, from the Euxine or the Mediterranean.

"How are figs?" asks the head of the firm of Candy and Co., the great grocers of Leadenhall-street, and straightway an answer reaches them from their Smyrna correspondent, advising sales at (blank) per drum, by which Candy and Co. are enabled to turn an honest penny.

Instead of advertising the lost bundle of Bank-notes in the third column of the *Times*, the sufferer jots down the numbers at Lothbury, and before he gets back to his counting-house, the detectives of Paris, of Brussels, of Berlin, and of Vienna, are making the round of all the hotels and money-changers' shops in their respective capitals, to warn them against fingering the forbidden fruit.

Captain O'Blazer, no longer unattached, has eloped with the wife of the Honourable Augustus Fitz-Muff, and carried the frail fair one to "Porris," where he hopes—under a feigned name—to enjoy the "first sosoiety of the most fascinating city in Europe." But before the captain has set his foot on board the *Folkestone* steamer, the cast in his eye, the cock of his nose, and the ample spread of his auburn whiskers—(it was the whiskers did the mischief)—are safely booked in the Livre Noir of the Préfecture de Police, on the Quai des Orfèvres, and when the captain and his false passport arrive at the *gare* of the Faubourg Montmartre, it is quietly intimated to him that he must leave France by the nearest frontier, unless he desires to be accommodated at his own expense in the prison of Sainte Pelagie. Captain O'Blazer takes the unwelcome hint, and brings up at Brussels, gambles, drinks, quarrels, is ruined first and finished afterwards in a duel with a Belgian Count, who carries the cause of quarrel to California, where he dies in the diggins, and the lady's last sigh is exhaled over the wash-tub—all this poetical picture being one of the results of the submarine telegraph.

Here is a pleasanter view of the case:

The frost has suddenly set in sharp, and Chevet's shop in the Palais Royal is filled with blackened truffles from Périgueux. The Vicomte de Grandgousier, taking his morning walk, pauses at the accustomed spot, and rapturously surveys the earthy heap, his eye wandering from the truffles over capons from Le Mans, boar's heads from Brittany, and gélinoffes from the Ardennes. He orders his chéf to prepare a dinner for twelve, the telegraph is set in motion, and on the following day, at six o'clock, Paris time, the round dozen are assembled from every capital in Europe to eat the first truffler of the season, Lord Swallowell, from Guttleton Hall, in the chair, being the very first who arrived.

In short, not to multiply instances, the submarine telegraph must henceforward be looked upon as the general agent for the transaction of everything, whether it be a courtship or a game of chess, the apprehension of a runaway clerk, or the secret conveyance in cipher of the latest projected improvement in the trimming of a bonnet de mint.

This marvellous invention has carried our thoughts across the water, and cast our mental vision on the doings of our next door neighbours in Paris.

The battle of the "Owls and Rats" was a *canard sublime*, and is only to be considered amongst the apocrypha; but the struggle for the ingots has been *bien autre chose*. Not that there can be any real resistance where the hands are completely fettered by fate; but though all the efforts in the world could not affect the laws of chance, the struggle was still strong in every man's heart, between hope and fear, between the possible and the impossible; and such throes are of deeper consequence than any caused by open warfare with the world.

It was a singular spectacle to behold the crowd of anxious faces—anxious all, in spite of the assumed indifference of many—singular to feel the intense silence that prevailed when the terms on which the lottery which was to be drawn were read. And when the wheels went round, and the numbers were successively drawn, how eagerly was every glance directed to the one particular spot. The arena was one that had been often and often filled by an admiring and applauding multitude; but all the *tours de force* of the boldest equestrianism were as nothing to the revolution of a simple turning-box upon its pivot. And how they didn't admire, though they wondered, *outre mésure*, when up came No. 2,558,115, and everybody discovered that he wasn't the lucky man, and didn't know who was. Some said Louis Napoleon had won the great prize, as a sort of corollary to his general luck; others declared that M. Thiers was the fortunate winner, for the very satisfactory reason that, since he had again put his thumb in the political pie, and—unlike little Jack Horner—had never been able to pull out anything in the shape of a plum. It would be difficult to relate—not to travel out of the class to which the hon. member for the department of the Seine Inférieure belongs—to how many *décrotteurs* and *chiffoniers* the great ingot was awarded, but we are sorry to say that on none of these worthies does the mantle of fortune appear to have descended. We shall probably hear that a great English capitalist is the fortunate personage; but we request none of our readers to believe this or any other report, for we can assure them that he will go down to posterity arm-in-arm with the writer of Junius, the Editor of the *Times*, and the Man in the Iron Mask. Beyond this point our "bird's-eye view" does not extend—at least this month.

THE LAST NEW NOVELS.

If all the boulders of the Grampians were suddenly endowed with life, they would scarcely be more numerous than "The Livingstones,"* who come as claimants on our sympathies in one of the last new novels. Imagine the actors in a story of real life to be Campbells, the scene Argyleshire, with its lochs, its purple heaths, and wood-embosomed mansions, nestling the dowagered concentration of family pride, and some idea may be formed of what the Livingstones are in their own patriarchal domains. True, that we get rid of two of them at the onset. Walter Livingstone, a young officer, killed by a fall from his horse, and an aged father (Lord Glenruth), whose end is hastened by the sad catastrophe; and these events introduce us to the hero of the book (Edward Armytage), a brother-officer, who repairs to Glenruth, to comfort the father in his affliction, as also an only daughter (the heroine), Grace Livingstone; and the suppressed attachment that springs up between the two is one of the most delicately-told incidents in the work.

Then we have Glenruth passing, by the law of entail, into other hands, and Grace transferred to the care of a step-aunt—if there is such a thing—Lady Markham, widow of Lord Glenruth's brother, and who, dreading the rivalry of Grace in disposing of several marriageable daughters, confines her to the nursery as a monomaniac. What a family are these Markhams! The author delights in numbers; we will give him the benefit of the same: Charlotte, plain, passionate, heartless; Augusta, red hair, great hands, high cheek-bones, proud, selfish; Fanny, rude, vulgar-minded; Julia, vain, unamiable to a degree; Ellen, sickly, dying, good.

Next come the Livingstones of Lee, and here we are really for a moment at fault. All we can make out at the onset of the dwellers at Invercarron are, first, Lady Livingstone, a widow; one son, John Livingstone, a young guardsman; a fourth son, and favourite, Colonel Francis Livingstone, whose amiable wife, Magdalen, plays an important part in the story; a *thirteenth* daughter, Katherine, gifted, affectionate, generous, and true, but a monstrous flirt, with three lovers. But there are, also, Sir Thomas Livingstone, another son, a captain in the navy; another, Gilbert, in Australia; and a daughter, who has married Lord Dalrymple, at this time minister at Florence.

As Grace withdrew from Glenruth, so there were also new Livingstones installed there: Basil, a gentle, honest youth, with a noble and tender heart, devoted, like that of Captain Armytage, of Lord Beaumaris, and a host of others, to the incomparable Grace; and Basil's brother, Algernon Reginald. But it is time now to mention that two dark mysteries are connected with the history of the chief actors in this drama of real life. The first refers to Edward Armytage, who, the son of a baronet, the wealthy proprietor of Seaton Armytage, had been supplanted in his birthright by a rude and vulgar usurper, and a wretch calling herself Lady Armytage, whose claims, with those of her son, were founded

* The Livingstones. A Story of Real Life. 3 vols. Colburn and Co.

upon a "Scotch marriage," said to have been contracted by the late Sir Ralph, previous to his legitimate marriage with the mother of Edward. The second refers to the heroine, who, in virtue of a deed, purposely kept back by the actual and usurping lord (as is not unfrequently the case), had power to claim Glenruth: the entail by that deed, including the heirs whatsoever of a predecessor of the late lord—Baron Anthony.

A certain Colonel Heron—and a strange bird he is,—who has formed a close intimacy with Ned Armytage in India, comes to fish in these troublous waters. There is a villain by name Hudson, but who calls himself Hardman, who holds the link that attaches the two houses of Armytage and Glenruth together. But sore and puzzling to any but a dusty old Scotch writer to the signet, are the proofs of conspiracy and defrauding that are to be eliminated. . The reader has not enough of the Living-stones, he is forced with the persevering old colonel to wade through the whole genealogy of the dead ones too. In the mean time, a dark cloud has come over the scene. Grace and Edward Armytage had (chiefly through the instrumentality of honest Basil) become man and wife, and gone out in the course of events to India. The war in the Punjaub had broken out, and Captain Armytage was returned as dead. The heart-stricken widow—our heroine—on her way home is further bereft of an only child by an accident. Such calamities as these render the recovery of Glenruth, which had been effected for her in her absence by the indefatigable and generous old Heron, a matter of utter indifference. Grace is dead to all interests in this world, yet a lurking hope remains that, with so much genuine faith and piety, she will recover,—perchance even reward the goodness, the suffering, the sacrifices, and the affection of Basil. But no; there is nought but death for him: while Captain Armytage returns unexpectedly, and before this tale of "real life" closes, there is another heir to Glenruth and Seaton Armytage; for Colonel Heron, who had brought out of darkness into light the question of the entail of Glenruth, assisted by the dying usurper's own confessions and Basil's magnanimity, had also exposed the machinations of the *soi-disant* Lady Armytage and her confederates in iniquity, Hardman and Sir Richard Armytage.

The "Livingstones" will, we fear, be set down, from all we have said of the work, as a Scotch tale, requiring a Scotch head to follow it out in all its intricacies, and to make oneself familiar with the numberless members of a good old Scotch family. And it is so to a certain extent; but these evils, no doubt unavoidable in a story professing to be one of real life, are militated, if not effaced, by the clever portraiture of character —from the heartless, selfish, proud Markhams—"and as sweetest wine," says our author, "makes the strongest vinegar, so a mother's hate is as intense as mother's love can be"—to the honest Mrs. Onslow of Brighton, with her self-willed butler, Pettigrew; from the doughty lovers of the wavering Kathie, to the jealous and triumphant Hamilton; and lastly, from the fair Miss Ferrers to the positively ugly Miss Gwendolen Gibbs; and the beautiful, but frail, Lady Daventry, to the sweet, forgiving, and appropriately named, Magdalen. All these characters are ably sketched; and if the story is deficient in simplicity and sustained interest, it is, at

least, full of smart, clever writing, and of a certain kind of honest *naïveté*, much affected by North Britons, more particularly by the author of "Margaret Maitland;" and many of the scenes and incidents are replete with stirring dramatic interest.

The hero of the Falcon-rock * is of the true Byronic stamp. He had been, at sixteen, left "lord of himself," without father, mother, or any relation who could control him. Made an officer at fifteen, before a year and a half had elapsed he had fought six duels, caused two divorces, been three times at the point of death, and once condemned to a three months' imprisonment in the fortress. But Waldemar de Falkenburg, like a true hero of romance, was dark, handsome, dissatisfied, mysterious, and misanthropical, yet by no means misogonist.

A party of aristocratic English *désœuvrés* at one of the Rhinebads elevated one of those penniless youths inspired of art—Wilhelm Norberg—so common to the Fatherland, to the rank of a hero in ordinary, and confirmed Falkenburg, who is discarded at court, and apparently by all respectable people, into the position of hero extraordinary. With these fashionables, who would have been as exclusive as polar bears at home, Falkenburg's arrogance was only consciousness of worth; his intolerance of others, lawful pride; his waywardness, impatience for a distinction that was due to him; his sullenness, dignity; his bitterness, wit; his fiery temper, youthful impetuosity—in short, not a fault but was found to have its origin in a virtue disguised, or to resolve itself at worst into a graceful imperfection. For his more serious (and undeniable) derelictions—for his Don Juan-like sins—why it really was not *his* fault, if all the women would throw themselves at his head! Besides, in affecting to treat this portion of Waldemar's misdemeanours with comparative indifference, each separate individual wished it to be clearly understood that he or she had nothing to complain of.

Be this as it may, the hero of the Falcon-rock began his Anglo-German flirtations with a good and fair young girl, Helen Marlowe by name, but who, although captivated for a time, luckily escaped the vampire, and wedded an honest-hearted young Englishman, who was once treated as a rhinoceros by his more polished acquaintance in Rhine-land. Not so with the beautiful, the accomplished, but the little-principled Lilian, whose dowry went to restore the old *Schloss*, and her beauty to grace the table of a capricious, haughty, German, feudal baron. But "of what befel the haughty Lord of Falkenburg and his richly-dowered, bright-haired bride," the author says, "he may perchance tell hereafter." So we are at liberty to leave off at the same point—premising that Falkenburg is characterised, like the other works of its author, by a thorough knowledge of German characters, and no slight acquaintance with English fashionable life, especially as it is too often exhibited, not much to the national credit, abroad.

Mrs. Trollope's last—"Mrs. Mathews; or, Family Mysteries"†—is a genuine novel of the good old school. There are no occult doctrines, theological, political, or social, painfully delivered under the garb of

* Falkenburg. A Tale of the Rhine. By the Author of Mildred Vernon, Germania, &c. 3 vols. Colburn and Co.

† Mrs. Mathews; or, Family Mysteries. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Colburn and Co.

fiction. There is a Jesuit—that is a *sine quâ non* of present days; but although himself deceived by auricular confession, he is an honest and brave man, who comes in at the close with a cleaver—not a rosary—in his hand, to bring about the usual amount of poetic justice. "Family Mysteries" is no misnomer; the story is as intricate and perplexed as any most experienced hand ever fabricated, and yet the interest never flags. There is one volume of opening matter, one volume of business, and instead of one chapter of *dénouement*, there is a whole volume, carrying on the reader at a race-horse speed through the most delightful surprises to a most proper and fitting conclusion. First then we have Mrs. Mathews, wedded at the mature age of fifty to a husband twelve years her senior, but not without having had an early attachment to an India-bound Scot, John Anderson by name. We have a fine old father also, well portrayed, but little essential to the development of the story. The peace of "Welden Grange" is first disturbed by the arrival of a natural grandson of Mr. Mathews, a "splendidly handsome," most captivating, and most gifted youth, and proportionately idolised by his indiscreet grandfather; next, by Janet Anderson, orphan and penniless daughter of Mrs. Mathews's first love, John Anderson.

Then again we have in the neighbourhood the inevitable county people. The Otterbournes, noble, with a pedigree going back to the Conquest, but desperately involved; the Steytons, upstarts, but wondrous wealthy; the rector, a Mr. Price, with a tolerably handsome and tolerably clever wife and offspring. At the starting-point the noble family is to be enriched, and the rich family to be ennobled, by the alliance of Herbert Otterbourne—a gentlemanly and most meritorious youth—to Emily Steyton, who is as beautiful as she is rich. But she is also a most self-willed and inconstant young lady, falling in love, first with Stephen Cornington, the handsome supposititious grandson, and then ultimately running away with meek William Price, the rector's son. The manner in which the severe Churchman, and man of exceeding morality, is described as accommodating himself, and aiding and abetting in an elopement between his son and the fair, but somewhat frail young heiress, is told in Mrs. Trollope's very best vein.

Herbert Otterbourne has, it will be perceived, been a gainer by the loss of so versatile a young lady: not so his father, who depended upon the ready cash to relieve himself from pressing embarrassments, and from which he has, after such a disaster, no mode of extricating himself but by self-destruction—a sad alternative. Herbert and his mother are by this event plunged into great difficulties, which are soothed, and even made cheerful, by the friendship and sympathy of Mrs. Mathews, and her adopted daughter Janet, and the latter ultimately becomes the worthy bride of so good a son as Herbert, but not until it has been discovered that Stephen, who makes love to a well-sketched character—the maid Minny, as well as to her mistress, Emily—is discovered to be an arrant rogue and impostor, and is taken in the very act of committing a robbery, in conjunction with his real father, upon his supposed grandfather. This is but a superficial glance at all these "Family Mysteries," the real interest of which lies in their slow and gradual development. In that respect—that of continued and well-sustained interest—"Mrs. Mathews" may fairly take rank with the very best productions of its experienced

authoress, and in many points of view it is more faultless than many of its predecessors.

A most dismal tragic story is "Ravenscliffe"*—a story of two old houses situated in the southern extremity of that wild and mountainous country which, commencing with the northern spurs of the Cheviot, extends far into Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire. A wilder and more desolate region can scarcely be imagined. "It was literally," says Mrs. Marsh, "an impervious wilderness." The very names of Ravenscliffe and Wharncliffe are suggestive of things dark, ominous, and warning. As is the country, so also are the inhabitants. Randal Langford, the hero of the story, is as stern, as morose, and as forbidding, as the scenery by which he is surrounded. The most barren moor has, however, its flowerets. The heroine, Eleanor Wharncliffe, beautiful and fragile, possessed a heart and temper of the most exquisite susceptibility and tenderness, and an intellect fine to the last degree; and as out even of the repulsive bog, chemistry can eliminate rich and valuable essences, so did Eleanor's goodness awake to life the innermost heart of that stern rugged man.

This is all very smooth and romantic, and the Ravenscliffes and Wharncliffes, senior, are both anxious for the union of the two old houses; but, unfortunately, the tender-loving Eleanor has given her heart to a young Irish lord—Lord Lisburn, subsequently Earl of Fermanagh, whom she accidentally met at Cheltenham; and, worse than all, this very Irish lord had publicly flogged Randal in the face of the whole university, when the two were youths at Cambridge; and Randal, brought up by a cold puritanical mother, and austere to a degree in his principles of right and wrong—an austerity that follows him through life—had not resented the insult in the ordinary manner, nor in any way whatsoever, except to carry with him the memory of that dark outrage to his old rookery, and there brood over it in useless and powerless, yet passionate melancholy.

When in after-life Randal's heart is softened by love, he suspects he has a rival, but he does not know who that rival is; and the prolonged struggles betwixt love and pride in that implacable man, and between love and duty and friendship in that tender woman, are the most perfect and the most powerfully wrought portions of the story—a portraiture of sentiment, high feeling, and deep purpose, worthy of the author of "Emilia Wyndham."

The wedding of such an ill-assorted pair is as tragic as any scene in the story. But Randal, on this occasion, instead of being hard and vulgar, tenderly nursed his broken-hearted wife, and wept most humanely by her bedside: and Eleanor was reconciled to her fate by so much affection.

"Many," says the authoress, "will think her a marvellous commonplace—some, perhaps, an unworthy—creature, thus to accept her appointed portion. Many will blame her for letting that portion be forced upon her by the unreasonable violence of others. But some will sympathise with her, when the fatal deed was done, for thus endeavouring to submit, and devote herself to perform the duties she owed to the man to whom a power too strong to resist had united her."

* Ravenscliffe. By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham," &c. 3 vols. Colburn and Co.

Unfortunately, after these two hearts had got at last to understand each other—and when, if there was not ecstasy, there was at least happiness in the union—the turbulent Irish lover arrives to disturb the existing harmony. He is seen by the fiery, jealous Randal in converse with his wife—he, his old, unforgiven, hated rival. A fierce combat, or rather struggle, ensues, and Eleanor, crushed and broken-hearted, dies, leaving behind her a son and a heir to her own beauty and sweetness, but never to Ravenscliffe!

Time passes. The old people are dead and gone with poor suffering Eleanor, and Randal is wedded to a tenant's daughter, and has by her a son, Priest—whose character is not so distinctly made out nor so cleverly portrayed as most of Mrs. Marsh's personages—and a dear little pet of a thing, Emma by name. The implacable pride and austerity of the father, aided and abetted by a wily, unscrupulous stepmother, begets a misunderstanding between father and son; and Edwin—the most sunny character in the work—withdrawing from his paternal home, is kept away by the common female resource of stopping letters. Thus exiled, he forms an attachment with Geraldine, the beautiful daughter of the Earl of Fermanagh, by a marriage that took place one year after Eleanor's death. The two houses are united; and now we see a glimpse of a general reconciliation and of future happiness; but this would not suit the sombre hue of these romantic chronicles. Edwin dies a penniless, disinherited, heart-broken husband, leaving a son, heir to his sorrows, as his father had inherited those of his mother; but the good little Emma awakens her father at length, but too late, to a sense of what is right, and Randal is at last reconciled to his ancient enemy, Fermanagh, and Edwin's son is recognised as heir to Ravenscliffe, in defiance of the plots and treacherous practices of Priest and Madame Randal. We say too late, for the reader feels no interest in Edwin's son, except on account of his descent. Poetic justice should have been effected in the persons of at least one of two generations; but here we have to wait for a third. Truly, "Ravenscliffe" is a dark and dismal story—a story undoubtedly of great power, full of high-wrought passions, and replete with scenes sketched by a pen of no common ability—but it is far from being a pleasant story; it appears, if anything, to be a composition of a higher class—almost a tragedy in prose. Of such a story, Mrs. Acton Tindal, often quoted by the authoress, and who is now too generally accepted in literary circles not to take the place she deserves among the poetesses of the day, justly writes:

> Oh hush! may blest forgetfulness
> Our former being steep,
> And with its sorrows may its love
> In dead oblivion sleep.

END OF VOL. XCIII.

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